CARLYLE'S

PAST AND PRESENT

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with

Introduction, Text and Notes

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CHAPTER 1

The Life of Carlyle

Thomas Carlyle was born in a village with the peculiar name of Ecclefechan, in the south of Scotland, on the 4th December, 1795. His parents were of the simple, yet intellectual peasant class, a combination which is found in Scotland as it is hardly found any where else. Carlyle always entertained the deepest reverence and respect for his father James Carlyle. He spoke of him as being the last of the true Scots peasants, as Samuel Johnson was the last of the great English writers. Carlyle has left a magnificent testimonial to his father in the *Reminiscences of James Carlyle*, which was not published till some fifty years after his own death. His relations with his mother were equally tender and dutiful. He wrote: "I can trace deeply in myself the character of both parents, also the upbringing of both.

The village school of Ecclefechan supplied Carlyle's earlier education, and afterwards he learnt all they had to offer him in the high school of Annan, a larger town not many miles away. When he was fifteen years of age, he entered Edinburgh University. The sons of the poorest classes in those days often went to the Scottish Universities, where they studied hard and existed on very small allowances, often supplied only by the most heroic self-denial of parents at home. Many of the poor Scottish students of those days defrayed their own expenses by doing tutoring work,

and sometimes by performing actual menial duties in their spare time. Carlyle found it necessary to walk the eighty miles between Edinburgh and Ecclefechan, in order to save the cost of more expensive travel His father had resolved, no matter what sacrifice it might involve, to give his son the fullest advantage of higher academic education, such as he himself had never enjoyed.

The original intention of his parents was that Carlyle should embrace the profession of a clergyman. But Carlyle soon decided that he had no spiritual inclination towards such a career. From an early age he commenced to experience religious scruples and doubts, and it was a sheer impossibility for him to ally himself with the severe and unyielding dogma of Scottish Presbyterianism. So his mental doubts and scruples inflicted on him the severest of trials, since the tendency of the Scottish Presbyterian is all in the direction of resolute orthodoxy. So for a time he supported himself by teaching, and such translation work as he could get, but the living obtained in this way was necessarily precarious. However he found an outlet in the occasional journalism which was just beginning in his own times, owing to the growth of magazines and periodic literature. Carlyle had always been a proficient German scholar, and he felt himself more and more drawn by the thought of the leading German philosophers. Such being the case, his earlier literary efforts for the magazines were either in connection with the criticism and explanation of German literature, or translations from German. One of his first translations was that of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* in 1824, and the numerous references and quotations of *Sartor* will show the lasting impression this work had upon him.

In 1826 Carlyle married Jane Welsh, and settled down to live with her at Craigenpattock a lonely farm on the moorlands of Dumfriesshire. Here he wrote

Sartor Resartus, his first and most characteristic work, in 1826. But he felt the need of a wider social outlook, and in 1834 he moved to London. Here he lived in the midst of poverty and hard work for some years, during which time he published. *The French Revolution*, *Chartism*, *Cromwell*, and *Frederick the Great*.

It was in London that Carlyle did the bulk of his work, and the house where he lived, No. 5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea, still remains the property of the nation. Among his friends during the London period were John Stuart Mill, the Utilitarian thinker, Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, John Sterling and Martineau. It was to Mill that Carlyle lent the manuscript of that great work, *The French Revolution*, and it was completely destroyed by an accident while in Mill's possession. It speaks volumes for the indomitable preseverance of Carlyle that he quietly and uncomplainingly started the whole work over again.

Carlyle had also become well known as a lecturer on all subjects of literary and historical interest. and his famous *Heroes and Hero-Worship* was originally delivered as a series of lectures in 1840. It was said of him that he had a great power of unpolished eloquence, he lectured from very scanty notes, but his strange gestures and mannerisms used to amuse and bewilder his audiences. His public reputation was firmly established, and he refused two professorial chairs in important British Universities. In 1843 he published *Past and Present*, in which he launched out in a comparison of the spirit and condition of his own times with the past, and his verdict was infinitely against the present.

His *Oliver Cromwell* was a superb mixture of the historical and the biographical, and it gave quite a new interpretation to the great Protector. While less dramatic and showy than the French Revolution, it showed a sounder conception of history. It received

glowing praise from James Anthony Froude, who later wrote Carlyle's biography.

Carlyle's *Latter-Day Pamphlets* was, like *Sartor*, a violent attack on the ideals of his own day, and it lost him the friendship of John Stuart Mill, as well as injuring his own reputation for sound principles of political thought. His last really great work was *Frederick the Great*, and it cost him years of stern and strenuous toil. He often regretted having commenced this, but it was ultimately finished in 1865, and covered him with more fame than any of his previous efforts, though it is seldom read in our own times. It is a monumental work, full of vitality and vivid pictorial power. The great battles are described in an epic, rather than a historical spirit. In the same year as *Frederick* was published, Carlyle was elected Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, and his wife died. From that time, Carlyle wrote nothing that was really great. His final *Reminiscences* were tinged throughout with a spirit of gloom and sadness. Yet there was a final flicker of past greatness in such works as *Shooting Niagara* and, the *Kings of Norway*. Still there is no doubt that in his final years Carlyle was embittered and not of a very lovable disposition. His tendency towards sarcastic criticisms alienated very many, thought Ruskin, Emerson, and Froude, remained with him to the last. He died in 1881, and, in accordance with his own wishes, was buried in his own native village of Ecclefechan, the Entephuhl of *Sartor*, rather than in Westminster Abbey.

CHAPTER 2

Carlyle The Man

(1) A Great Personality

A gigantic personality

Carlyle lived to see himself recognised as a Seer or Prophet, and his Chelsea house became a place of pilgrimage for Britishers as well as foreigners. To find another instance of a man of letters we should have dominated his contemporaries by his sheer personality one must go back to Johson, the great "Cham" of letters. "Both men were Combative uncompromising in utterance, fierce and rugged, yet at bottom full of tenderness and affection. Each was a brilliant talker and owed much of his reputation to the force and charm of his reputation to the force and charm of his conversation. Each developed a peculiar literary style which, though admirable when employed by its inventor has never been imitated without disaster. Finally there is a great similarity in the essential message of each and Carlyle's insistance upon veracity is but another way of putting Johnson's advice to "clear our minds of cant," (Evans). Even those who disagreed with his views honoured him for the sterling qualities of his head and heart. One had to see him and realise that he was a most extraordinary man. "Nothing seems hid from those wonderlul eyes of yours ; those devouring eyes ; those thirsty eyes ; those

portrait-eating, portrait-painting eyes of thine" wrote Emerson to him, and doubtless others took away a like impression.

A rugged genius.

There was something about Carlyle which pointed out that he was not a drawing-room gentleman, but a rugged hero, possessed of elemental strength and intensity. Though he wrote of the Philosophy of Clothes, "he paid scant attention in life to the material clothes he wore. His contempt grew with the years and the acquisition of fame". Nor was he very careful or refined in his talk and deportment. Several anecdotes are on record which testify to his brusqueness and almost saveganess of demeanour. From Sir Henry Taylor we learn that Carlyle insulled the doctor sent to him by his friend, Lady Ashburton, by abusing all members of that fraternity, declaring that "of all the sons of Adam they were the most eminently unprofitable, and that a man might as well pour his sorrows into the long hairy ear of a jackass". Madame Venturi's anecdote about the unfortunate German visitor who had called upon Carlyle in one of his busy moments, and being received frigidly, almost wrenched the handles of the cupboard doors in his precipitancy and confusion is well-known. It is also admitted that Carlyle applied harsh nicknames to some of his best contemporaries and friends.

In spite of these defects Carlyle was a great and kind man. Being a Scotsman he did not like to wear his heart on his sleeve and concealed a heart bursting with affection under an outer covering of sourness and even bitterness. He behaved excellently to his parents, his brothers and his relatives, and he won and retained the friendship of some of the greatest men of the day. *The greatest charge levelled that he did not sufficiently care for her.* This misconception is the result of the well-meant but inaccurate picture painted of the relations between Mr. and Mrs.

Carlyle, by Froude, whom Carlyle made his literary executor. Misunderstanding the nature of the bond of affection uniting the husband and wife Froude so painted them that it appeared as if Carlyle was habitually harsh to his wife. Now the fact is that both the husband and wife were *geniuses*, and it did not suit them to speak or behave in the conventional manner. Both of them were *ironical* in their talk, and understood each other perfectly well, but a third person was likely to misunderstand them. Mrs. Carlyle, no dobt, had her genius subordinated to that of her husband and had to pass a life of comparative obscurity, but her sacrifice was intelligible and not something unparalleled. The true nature of the affection between them can only be seen in their letters. One can see from this correspondence that "No woman was ever loved more deeply ; had not the love on both sides been real and vital there would have been no tragedy to record. It was simply because these two were so much to each other that the slightest variation of temperature in their affection was so keenly and instantaneously felt by each. The real source of their difficulties was that they were too much alike in temper, in methods of thought, and in intellectual outlook" (W. J. Dawson) Mrs. Carlyle often felt that she was obscured by her husband's genius, and besides, she was too iealous a woman to be happy. If was not the fault of Carlyle that there was some martial unhappiness in his career. His sorrow after his wife's death was touching in the extreme.

Outwardly, Carlyle might have been harsh, melancholy, and eccentric, but he was essentially a benevolent and charitable man. Nicol says ; "We have referred to a few out of a hundred instances of Carlyle's benevolence. To all deserving persons in misfortune he was a good Samaritan, and like all benefactors the dupe of some undeserving . ...A more unworldly man never lived ; from his first savings he paid ample tributes to filial piety and fraternal kindness, and to the end of his life retained

the simple habits in which he had been trained. He hated waste of all kinds, save in words, and carried his home frugalities to excess". He cheerfully resigned the income of his wife's property to her mother.

Carlyle was an *original, sincere*, and *brave* man, profoundly animated by virtues of *loyalty*, and devotion to *work*. "His rugged independence made it difficult for his contemporaries to 'place' him ; ... He would admit allegiance to no one; he treated his peers and contemporaries with crying injustice, often with quite indefensible contumely.... He went through life fighting for high causes, scattering the forecs of cant and unbelief, grappling, like a modern Luther, with the very devil himself". (*Cambridge History of English Literature*). Neither flattery nor abuse could turn aside Carlyle from his chosen path, and he was strictly sincere in all that he said or did. As for his sense of duty, Longfellow testified that "Carlyle was one of those men who sacrificed their happiness to their work." Because he was rigid, unbending and patient in the performance of duty, he requried others to be the same, making no allowance for weak humanity.

The characteristic of Carlyle as a man is *Power*. He appears to us as one of his own Norsemen or Hebrew fighters and singers, intense in his conviction and powerfully fighting for them. Vigour and earnestness were some of the prime characteristics of Thomas Carlyle, and they urged him into *exaggeration*. Excess of energy is not necessarily productive of happiness, and some of Carlyle's gloom is directly attributable to the intensity of his feeling, and the forcefulness of his mind. He bore all pains with fortitude, but some of these miseries need never have been if he had not been so sensitive and intensily constituted. A nature such as his could never belong to a thoroughly cherful man. Too much must not be made of Carlyle's gloom, but it is a fact to be reckoned with. It temperamental intensity that his life was more a misery than anything else. Stevenson too was an invalid, but he was essentially cheerful by temperament, unlike Carlyle. This is not

the same thing as to say that Carlyle was a *pessimist*, which he was not as Chesterton observes, "As a thinker Carlyle is not sad, but recklessly and rather unscrupulously satisfied" *i.e.*, he is not a pessimist

(2) The three-fold constitution of Carlyle's genius.

The mystic :

There is a three-fold constitution in Carlyle's genius and temperament which must be understood if he is to be viewed aright. The first of these elements is his *mysticism.* As Birrell observes : First of all, it may be stated, without a shadow of a doubt, that he is one of those who would sooner be wrong with Plato rather than right with Aristotle; in one word he is a mystic. What he says of Novalis may with squal truth be said of himself : 'He belonge that class of persons who do not recognize the syllogistic method as the chief organ for investigating truth, or feel themselves bound at all times to stop short where its light fails them. In philosophy we shall not be very far wrong if we rank Carlyle as a follower of Bishop Berkeley ; for an idealist he undoubtedly was 'Matter,' says he, 'exists only spiritually, and to represent some idea, and body it forth. Heaven and Earth are but the time-vesture of the Eternal. The Uuiverse is but one vast symbol of God ; nay if thou wilt have it, what is man himself but a symbol of God ?. . . ' ". The first and the greatest influence on Carlyle was that of the German transcendentalists and mystics, and his one hatred was that of the "mechanical" view of the Universe, and creeds such as that of the Utilitarians. "For the most part, the scientific frame of mind, so far as it implies a tranquil dissecting of concrete phenomena into their dead elements, jarred upon every fibre of his nature. Political economy, which treats society as a complex piece of machinery, and the logic which resolves the universe itself into a mere heap of separable atoms, seemed to him hopelessly barren, and uninteresting to the higher mind" (Leslie

Stephen). "Practical mysticism, finally adopted as a creed on the faithful day of his spiritual new birth in Leith Wall, was the centre and secret, if not the Alpha and Omega, of Carlyle. It dominated his life and conduct. It is the adequate explanation . . . of his glorious inconsistencies in religion, politics, ethics, and economics . . . it explains the splendour of his visions, the pungency of his satire, and what he himself termed the 'Conflagration' of his prose-poetry" (*Chambers' Cyclopaedia of English literature*).

Realism

"But this is but one side of Carlyle. There is another as strongly marked, which is his second note ; and that is what he somewhere call 'his stubborn realism'. The combination of the two is as charming as it is rare. No one at all acquainted with his writings can fall to remember his almost excessive love of defails ; his lively taste for facts, simply as facts . . . . . This realism of Carlyle's gives a great charm to his histories and biographies . . . Give him a fact, he loaded you with thanks ; propound a theory, you were rewarded with the most vivid abuse." (Birrell).

Humour

"The third and last mark to which I call attention is his humour. Nowhere, surely, in the whole field of English literature, Shakespeare excepted, do you come upon a more abundant vein of humour than Carlyle's, though I admit that the quality of the are is not of the finest. His every production is bathed in humour. This must never be, though it often has been, forgotten. He is not to be taken literally. He is always a humorist, not unfrequently a writer of burlesque, and occasionally a buffoon" (Birrell). Carlyle's works can be properly understood only when we note that he was often *ironical*, that he loved to be *mirthful*, and that his love of powerful

excitement found a "magnificent outlet in his humour and derision." He laughed like his own Norsemen "a great broad Brobdingnag grin of true humour." Hugh Walker tells us: "The servants who waited at tables where he dined ran from the room choking down their laughter at his bursts of humour. His phrases could sear like hot iron, or illuminate like a sudden burst of sunshine". As for pathos, "His pathos is of the kind that goes naturally with such excessive indulgence in the excitement of power Wherever there is a height there is a corresponding hollow; the lower of intoxicating excutement too surely pays the penalty in intervals of exhaustions, of unutterable depression and despondency. With all his fire, his gospel of work, and his denunciation of unproductive sentimentlity, Carlyle has his inevitable fits of the melting mood We shall see that at times he is overpowered with sadness at the thought of human miseries and perplexities, and that he bemoans with more than Byronic despondency the irresistible movement of time." (Minto).

(3) *Carlylc's Defects.*

Weaknesses Contradictions

Carlyle's greatness was not unalloyed. He had notable weaknesses and contradictions in his nature. He was at times harsh, proud and unreasonable. "He cut himself off, rejoicingly, from all and science, including the science of history; he often butted at art and letters in a spirit of caprice; and, in comical contrast to J. S. Mill, he never supposed that he could be wrong." Various reasons have been advanced to explain the unlovely traits in his temperament. His early Calvinistic training, the struggle with poverty, and above all, his life-long torture by racking dyspepsia, must have combined to sure his nature. As for *contradictions* he minded them not. Holding on to a few principles like Hero-Worship he preached individualistic and socialistic doctrines in the same breath,

and showed himself a capricious being. He preached the Gospel of silence in forty volumes.

His Defects

Carlyle's defects, real and imaginary, have been keenly set forth by W. C. Brownell in *Victorian Masters*. Many of these so-called "defects" are due to the little mind and imperfect sympathy of the critic, but it will be still interesting to know what Mr. Brownell has to say. The first of these defects is *conceit*. There are few of even the greatest men in whom such conspicuous conceit has been so curiously condoned. . . . At times his self-satisfaction is positively smug. Neither humour nor dyspepsia can explain or excuse the outrageousness of much of his writings . . . What does explain it is the extraordinary self consciousness with which his conceit is associated—his egoism. Egoism was never, perhaps, illustrated in such completeness, such perfection.' The second is his wilfulness and lack of *discipline*. "'Discipline in thought, feeling, and expression is the one thing be conspicuously neglected . . . 'The most shining avatar of whim the world has ever seen,' Lowell calls him quite truly." The third defect is his *lovelessness*. "One can hardly avoid the conclusion. that he did not know what love is, that he had never experienced the sensation of it in either its tension or its transports, its energy or its enervation. . . . It is small wonder, that philanthropy meant nothing to him, that *service*, of any kind did not attract him, that his heroes, however admirable, are never winning——His temperamental tumultousness was singularly intellectual. It is his thinking, not himself, that is agitated— —And perhaps the exclusiveness with which his mind monopolized his feeling is at once the most characteristic trait of his personality and the most determining characteristic of his work." The fourth defect is his lack of harmony with the *spirit* of his age. "Specifically the two supreme influences of the nineteenth century have been the scientific and the democratic spirit. And each found in Carlyle an instinctive and a deliberate antagonist. Science

he neglected, democracy he described." The fifth defect in him is his inability to see his opponent's standpoint "the faculty for which was denied to Carlyle as completely as if he had been devoid of all imagination whatever." The sixth is his spiritual *narrowness* because of the excess of energy in him without the mixture of sweetness. "His real limitation—and it is, I think, a tragic one—is not the miscalled unpractical nature of his writings——but the defective nature of his spiritual ideal. His conception of character is of rectitude plus energy, and it is an imperfect conception——But character that is most efficient and most benign is character rounded and complete, its energy tempered with sweetness—In his hierarchy of heroes there are no saints." All these defects served to make him idiosyncratic and deliberately perverse.

(4) *Final Estimate*

All the above "dfects" point to only one and the same thing—the excess of *energy* in Carlyle's character, and the banishment of "sweetness" from it. Mr. Brownell has not understood Carlyle when he accuses him of delberate perversity, affectation or conceit. At bottom Carlyle was essentially *humble* and filled with the spirit of worship for the *Divine*, which he saw every where around him. He had his prejudices and intolerances' but they were not the result of egoism. If Carlyle was mediaeval in spirit and appreciated not the trend of the 19th century spirit it was because he was the *Censor of the Age*, and keenly felt that some of the old conditions must be revived if quackery, materialism, and sceptic sm were not to engulf his contemporaries in a bottomless pit.

A Hebraist.

Nicol's estimate of Carlyle is substantially correct : "Hebraism, says Matthew Arnold, is the spirit which obeys the mandate, 'walk by your light,' Hellenism the spirit which remembers the other, have a care your light be not darkness' ; the former prefers doing to thinking,

the latter is bent on finding the truth it loves. Carlyle is a Hebraist unrelieved and unretrieved by the Hellene. A man of inconsistencies, egotisms, Alpine grandeurs and crevasses, let us take from him what the gods or protoplasms have allowed. His way of life duly admired for its stern temperance, its rigidity of noble aim—eighty years spent in contempt of favour, plaudit or reward—left him austere to frailty other than his own, and wrapt him in the repellent isolation which is the wrong side of uncompromising dignity. He was too great to be, in the common sense, conceited. All his consciousness of power left him with the feeling of Newton, 'I am a child gathering shells on the shore' : but what sense he had of fallibility arose from his gilmpse of the infinite sea, never from any suspicion that, in any circumstances, he might be wrong and another mortal right ; Shelley's lines on Byron—

> The sense that he was greater than his kind
>
> Had struck, methinks, his eagle spirit blind
>
> By gazing on its own exceeding light.

fit him, like Ruskin's verdict, 'what can you say of Carlyle but that he was born in the clouds and struck by the lightning ?' which withers while it immortalises."

CHAPTER 3

Carlyle–The Thinker

(*1*) *A Tonic*

The Censer of the Age

Carlyle exerted such a profound influence upon his generation by his thought as to be called the "Censor of the Age." His was a clarion cry to Victorian England to abandon its self-complacency and profit-and-loss philosophy and to know and hold to the "Everlasting Yea." In an age of democracy and individualism he preached the gospel of Hero-worship and mediaeval organization. To a people drunk with the wonderful discoveries of science he pointed, almost in a derisive way, the transcendental path where he alone can walk who has not pinned his faith to "babbling atheistical" science.

Yet Carlyle's mind was not prolific. He had not abundance of ideas, "for though he handled and adapted them with infinite variety the main ideas upon which he worked were few. He recurs to them again and again, using often enough the same language and the same imagery, though giving them always some fresh application. No student of Carlyle can fail to be struck by this constant repetition. Belief in human freedom and in the 'infinite nature of Duty,' as the basis of religion; belief in the rule of the few wise and strong over the many weak and foolish, as the basis of government;

belief in mutual svmpathy, as the basis of society; belief in a spiritual interpretation of natural appearances, as the basis of philosophy; and, above all, belief in sincerity as the condition of all knowledget—hese are the foundations upon which Carlyle built." (P. C. Parr . He hammered these few ideas into the brains of his contemporaries, and never allowed them to forget them.

Carlyle was the opposite of a theorist or metaphysician. "We need not therefore look in his writings for any large views of the mind, for any enunciation of doctrines of a comprehensive kind" Even though he accepted the conclusions of the German philosophers he would not follow their metaphysics. He instinctively distrusted the scientific or analytic frame of mind, and seized truths in a poetic or intuitional manner.

Was he a Prophet?

It has been claimed for Carlyle that he was a great Teacher and Prophet. "In a sense it cannot be denied that he was both. But many of those who have most benefited from his teaching have abandoned the greater number of its distinctive tenets. They have a great admiration for the author, while mistrusting nearly everything that he has said. Huxley has placed on record the different ways in which he and Tyndall were affected by reading Carlyle. 'Tyndall and I,' he writes, had long been zealous students of Carlyle's work . . . . and my sense of obligation the author was then, as it remains, extremely s rong. Tyndall's appreciation of the Seer of Cheisea was even more enthusiastic; and in after years assumed a character of almost filial devotion. The grounds of our appreciation, however, were not exactly the same. My friend, I think, was disposed to regard Carlyle as a great teacher: I was rather inclined to take him as a great tonic,—as a source of intellectual and moral stimulus and refreshment, rather than of theoretical and practical guidence.' The attitude of Huxley, rather than that of Tyndall is the one which has gained ground—For

most of his readers to day, Carlyle is great Awakener." It has been said of Emerson, the great friend and peer of Carlyle, that he is the friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit. It may be said of Carlyle that he is a friend and aider of those who would believe in Power and Worship. It is not so much by what he teaches or inculcates that he is valuable to us, as by reason of the powerful current he induces in us.

An Iconoclast

Carlyle delivered vehement and even savage attacks against some of his most eminent contemporaries. "He regarded the efforts of Maurice to frame a rational basis for belief in the supernatural as the endless spinning of a rope of sand. He once pointed to Dean Stanley, and said with cutting sarcasm. "There goes Stanley knocking holes in the bottom of the Church of England' . . . . Of Mill he spoke with bitter and habitual ridicule (saying that he had not even the brain of a rabbit), although he recognised in him the finest friendliness of nature ; of Darwin 'as though he had robbed him.' He dismissed the discoveries of Darwin with the scathing phrase, 'Gorilla damnifications of humanity," (A. J. Dawson). This shows that in him emotion outran reason, and secondly that he was a destroyer, an inconoclast, much more than a builder. His wrath was specially directed at the *metaphysicians scientists* and *political economists* whom he labelled together as 'logic-chopping.' machines. Brownell has pointed out that Carlyle was antagonistic to the two supreme influences of the nineteenth century—the scientific and the democratic spirit—and if that be true we can readily understand his iconoclastic tendency, and his censorious criticism of the age.

Not a pessimist

"Because he frowned at the cockney cheerfulness of the cheeper economists, they and others represented him as a pessimist, and reduced all his azure infinities to a fit

of the blues. But Carlyle's philosophy, more carefully considered, will be found to be dangerously optimist rather than pessimist. As a thinker Carlyle in not sad, but recklessly and rather unscrupulously satisfied. For he seems to have held the theory that good could not be definitely defeated in this world ; and the everything in the long run finds its rights level. It began with what we may call the 'Bible of History' idea : that all human affairs and politics were a clouded but unbroken revelation of the divine" (Chesterton).

(2) *Carlyle's Religion.*

A Calvinist without the theory :

Carlyle repeatedly said that a man's Religion was the chief thing in him, and in any discussion of his own thought and belief his Religion must come first. Without professing any formal religious creed he remained essentially religious all his life. He was born and bred in a Calvinist household and was intended to be a Calvinist minister, but he early discovered that if he was not to be insincere and canting he must give up all idea of turning a clergyman. Yet he retained the impress of Calvinism all his life. "He remained to the end, like Emerson, but far more deeply than Emerson, a child of Calvinism, rejecting its formulas ; but faithful to its mandates to the soul," and he has been called "a Calvinist without dogma", "a Calvinist without Christianity," "a Puritan who had lost his creed". Nicol says : "We know that he revered the character of Christ, and theoretically accepted the ideal of self-sacrifice : the injunction to return good for evil he never professed to accept ; and vicarious sacrifice was contrary to his whole philosophy———We know the ah not only believed in God as revealed in the larger Bible, the whole history of the human race, but that he threatened almost with hell-fire, all who dared on this point to give refuge to a doubt. Finally, he believed both in fate and in free-will, in good and evil as powers at internecine

war, and in the greater strength and triumph of good at some very far distant date".

Against Scepticism and materialism :

Carlyle had a perfect horror of *scepticism* and *materialism* and all philosophies or creeds which made for what he called a "mechanical" view of the Universe. He repeatedly condemned the eighteenth century calling it "withered, unbelieving, secondhand" because it was characterized by *Scepticism* which meant for Carlyle "not intellectual Doubt alone, but moral Doubt : all sorts of infidelity, insincerity, spiritual paralysis," where "Wonder, Greatness, Godhead could not now dwell," Said Carlyle : "A man lives by believing something ; one by debating and arguing about many things. A sad case for him when all that he can manage to believe is something he can button in his pocket, and with one or the other organ eat and digest." He preferred a believing, uncivilized Pagan to a sceptic philosopher of our own enlightened times.

Being an idealist Carlyle could not sympathise with those who thought in terms of *material* prosperity or well-being. He especially directed his attacks against the *Utilitarian* philosophy of Bentham, Mill, and others. "The mechanical Profit-and Loss philosophy,'—Carlyle calls it in his less vituperative movements, 'mechanical' because it regards society as an aggregate of individuals, connected as parts of a machine, not as members of an organised whole, and conduct as determined by the necessary stimuli of pleasure and pain ; 'Profit-and-Loss' because it takes the balance of pain and pleasure for the criterion of moral action . . . . . . he was utterly opposed to the idea of taking pleasure is in any sense the end of moral action," (P. C. Parr.)

A Transcendentalist and a mystic :

Carlyle's religion was that of a mystic, a transcendentalist. He got his faith from the German philosophers

Kant and Fichte and from great German writers like Richter, Novalis and Goethe, the influence of the last one being paramount and abiding on Carlyle's career and belief. It is not necessary here to discuss abstruse questions of philosophy and religion, but it will be essential for any right understanding of Carlyle's beliefs to know what is meant by saying that he is an Idealist and Transcendentalist or Mystic. Two passages will make this clear. One is from Carlyle's beautiful essay on the German Mystic, Novalis, the other is from the most important chapter in *Sartor*. The first passage runs as under :—

"Novalis belongs to that class of persons, who do not recognise the 'Syllogistic method' as the chief organ for investigating truth, or feel themselves bound at all times to stop short where its light fails them . . . (he was) in good part a Mystic himself. Not indeed what we English, in common speech, call a mystic ; which means only a man whom we do not understand and in self-defence, reckon or would fain reckon a Dunce . . . . Novalis himself has a line or two, and no more, expressly on Mysticism. 'What is Mysticism?' asks he, What is it that should come to be treated mystically? Religion, Love, Nature, Polity—All select things. . . . . have a reference to Mysticism. If all men were but one pair of lovers, the difference between Mysticism and Non-Mysticism were at an end————'The Idealist again boasts that his Philosophy is Transcendental, that is, 'ascending *beyond* the senses; which he asserts *all* Philosophy, properly so called, by its nature is and must be : and in this way he is led to various unexpected conclusions To a Transcendentalist. Matter has no existence, but only as a Phenomenon : were *we* not there, neither would it be there ; it is a mere Relation, or rather the result of a Relation between our living Souls and the great first Cause ; and depends for its apparent qualities on *our* bodily and mental organs : having itself *no* intrinsic qualities, being, in the common sense of that word, Nothing. The tree is green and hard, not of its own natural virtue, but simply because my eye and my hand are fashioned so as to discern such

and such appearances under such and such conditions. . . . There is, in fact, says Fichte, no Tree there ; but only a Manifestation of Power from something which is *not* I—— But farther, and what is still stranger than such Idealism, according to these Kantean systems, the organs of Mind too, what is called the Understanding, are of no less arbitrary, and, it were, accidental character than those of the Body. Time and Space themselves are not external but internal entities : they have no outward existence, there is no Time and no Space *out* of the mind ; they are mere *forms* of man's spiritual beings, *laws* under which his thinking nature is constituted, to act".

The other passage is from the superb chapter on "Natural Supernaturalism" in Carlyle's greatest book.

"Sweep away the Illusion of Time ; glance, if thou have eyes, from the near moving-cause to its far distant Mover. . . Then sawest thou that this fair Universe were it in the meanest province thereof, is in very deed the star-domed City of God ; that through every Living Soul, the glory of a present God still beams. But Nature, which is the Time-Vesture of God, and reveals Him to the wise hides Him from the foolish. . . . . .

"So it has been from the beginning, so it will be to the end. Generation after generation takes to itself the Form of a Body ; and forth-issuing from Cimmerian Night, and on Heaven's Mission Appears . . . . Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's Artillery, does this mysterious Mankind thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown Deep. Thus, like a god-created, fire-breathing Spirit-host, we emerge from the Inane ; haste stormfully across the astonished Earth ; then plunge again into the Inane. Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up, in our passage : can the Earth, which is but dead and a Vision, resist Spirits which have reality and are alive? On the hardest adamat some foot-print of us is stamped in ; the last Rear of the host will read traces of the earliest Van. But

whence? O Heaven whither? Sense knows not ; Faith knows not ; only that it is through Mystery to Mystery, from God and to God.

"We *are such stuff*

As Dreams are made on, and our little Life

Is rounded with a sleep".

Carlyle's spiritual conversion :

From these passages we cannot make out the nature of the God on whom Carlyle relies ; we can only see that he considers Universe to be Divine and Matter having no existence. It is not necessary to define Carlyle's Pantheism or Polytheism. Did he not tell Emerson, "You are the only man of the Unitarian persuasion whom I could unobstructedly like" ? The great fact in Carlyle's religion and thought is his spiritual conversion in June 1821 while passing through Leith Walk—an experience which he has vividly set forth in the "Everlasting No" and "Everlasting Yea" chapters of *Sartor* :

"To me the Universe was all void of Life, of Purpose, of Volition or even of Hostility ; it was one huge dead, immeasurable steam-engine, rolling on, in its dead indifference, to grind me limb from limb . . . Full of such humour, and perhaps the miserablest man in the whole French Capital or Suburbs, was I . . . . . when, all at once, there rose a Thought in me, and I asked myself : "what *art* thou afraid of ? . . . . . And as I so thought, there rushed like a stream of fire over my whole soul ; and I shook base Fear away from me forever . . . . The Everlasting No had said : 'Behold, thou art fatherless, outcast, and the Universe is mine (the devil's) ; to which my whole . . . now made answer : I am not thine, but Free and forever hate thee !' It is from this hour that I incline to date my spiritual New-birth, or Baphometic Fire-baptism."

And again :

"On the roaring billows of Time, thou art not engulfed, but borne aloft into the azure of Eternity. Love not Pleasure ; love God. This is the Everlasting Yea, wherein all contradiction is solved : wherein who so walks and works, it is well with him."

(3) *Carlyle's Ethics.*

(adapted from Professor Minto's *Manual of English Prose*).

Performance of Duty :

According to Carlyle, the chief end of life is the performance of Duty. He is full of contempt for the pursuit of happiness. His stern creed allows no collateral support to the discharge of duty. If men labour in hope of reward, they are still unconverted, still in darkness. Our only consolation in life is to be the sense of doing our duty ; as regards every thing else, we must expect nothing, lest we should be disappointed.

Duty of work :

The first great duty is the duty of work—Action, Activity. This eminent feature in his preaching has been called "The Gospel of Labour." Man's greatest enemy is Disorder : his most imperative and crying duty is to subdue disorder, convert chaos into order and method. To the question, what is to be done? he answers peremptorily. "Do the duty which lies nearest thee." "Produce ! Produce ! were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a Product produce it in God's name." He upholds the dignity of work at all points. "Two men he honours and no third" . . . "the toilworm Craftsman who conquers the Earth" and "him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable."

He sets off his own Gospel of Work against other pretended Gospels. He despatches the Stoics by telling them that "*the end of Man is an Action and not a thought*, though it were the noblest." He taunts those that make happiness the end of life. He is also vigorous against what he calls sentimentalism, which he dubs "twin sister to Cant."

Duty of Obedience :

Anoter great duty is the duty of Obedience. Not only is obeying the best discipline for governing. but "Obedience is our universal duty and destiny ; wherein whoso will not bend must break." Too early and too thoroughly we cannot be trained to know that "Would in this world of ours is as mere zero to Should."

It is the heroic, the divine, the true that he would have us obey. When the powers set over us are no longer anything divine resistance becomes a deeper law of order than obedience. If we ask how we are to know the heroic, the divine, we are left to understand that it will make itself manifest.

Duty of Sincerity :

Another duty is the duty of veracity, of Sincerity as opposed to Cant, the duty of being Real and not a Sham. On these virtues and their opposites ; on those that observe them and those that violate them, he expends much eloquence In none of his works can we read a few pages without encountering some declamation on Truth. Sincerity, Reality, Falsehood' Cant, Puftcry Sham.

On one point his preaching of Truth may mislead. He does not seem to think that Truth requires a man to make a frank and open declaration of his beliefs. For his own part he is very reticent as to his real opinions on matter of religion, of instance. The fact would seem to be, that all

his requirements of Veracity, Sincerity, Reality, are satisfied by one thing, the conscientious performance of one's appointed work. His characteristic love of reality appears in his preference of Fact to Fiction, and his condemnation of Fine Arts as Dilettantism.

(4) Carlyle's Political and Social Teaching.

***Contradictory Thought*:**

Carlyle was often contradictory in his statements, but nowhere so much as in his political and social view. At the close of his career he was to all intents "a Radical, and believed in Democracy," and yet none has so witheringly condemned Democracy, election by ballot, and popular movements, as he. He spoke dirisively of Liberty ("Liberty, I am told, is a divine thing. Liberty, when it becomes the 'Liberty to die by starvation,' is not so divine") and Democracy ("If of ten men nine are recognisable as fools, which is a common calculation, how in the name of wonder will you ever get ballot-box to grind you out wisdom from the votes of these ten men?"), but his name is associated with "socialist" slogans like "A fair day's wages for a fair day's work," "Permanence of employment", "Chivalry of labour" and so on. Professor Muirhead is undoubtedly right in claiming that if there is any single name more than another that represents the ideas for which our new imperialism stands, it is Carlyle's; but it may be claimed with equal justice that no man of his time was more insistent on the duty of government applying itself of all to remedying the evils that caused such appalling misery among the poorer classes at home. Further, he carried his individualism to the most extravagant lengths, yet his great doctrine of the 'Organisation of Labour' is almost at one with views of modern socialism" (Evans).

***Hero-Worship*:**

To the readers of Carlyle nothing in his writings is so well-known as his doctrine of Hero-worship. We conceive

of History as the history of peoples, Carlyle conceived of History as the Biography of Great Men or Heroes who are responsible for what the world has been or will be. Carlyle swept aside the current conceptions of Democracy and Freedom and said : "In freedom for itself there is nothing to raise a man above a fly ; the value of human life is that of its work done ; the prime province of law is to get from its subjects the most of the best work. The first duty of a people is to find—which means to accept—their chief ; their second and last to obey him. We see to what men have been brought by 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity', by the dream of idealogues, and the purchase of votes. And again : "Find in any country the Ablest Man that exists there ; raise *him* to the supreme place, and loyally reverence him : you have a perfect government for that country ; no ballot-box, parliamentary eloquence, voting, constitution building, or other machinery whatsoever, can improve it".

The great fallacy in the doctrine has been pointed out by Mazzini, Mill and others. As some one observed correctly. "It was not the Hero that developed the race but a deep mysterious energy in the race that produced the Hero ; the wave produced the bubble and not the bubble the wave" Mill accurately pointed out : "the history of the past shows that individuals are able to produce great changes and colour the whole complexion of History long after their death, the crowning example of this being found in ancient Greece; but this is likely to be less and less the case in the future ; for the more civilized our world becomes and the more the communications between the different parts, the more does the influence of the past over the present and of mankind as a whole over individual become predominant ; in this way the general advance falls more and more into a definite tract".

Might is Right :

The second defect in this doctrine was - how to discover the Hero ? The only possible answer in Carlyle to

such a query is that Might is Right. Carlyle has been much criticised for assuming in Nicol's words that "virtue is in all cases a property of strength, that strength is every where a property of virtue; that power of whatever sort having any considerable endurance, carries with it the seal and signal of its claim to respect, that whatever has established itself has, in the very act established its right to be established". Does it mean that the only criterion of right is success? Carlyle did not say so, and he worshipped not mere vulgar success. He rather worshipped Energy wherever he found it but his faith was that "Given a thing time; if it can succeed it is a right thing." In this thought of Carlyle there is a confusion : *He confounds the physical with the moral order*. Lord Morley pointed out this defect of Carlyle. "He identifies the physical with the moral order, confounds faithful conformity to the material conditions of success, with loyal adherence to virtuous rule and principle, and then appeals to material triumph as the sanctification of nature and the ratification of high heaven. . . . .Compliance with material law and condition ensures material victory and compliance with moral condition ensures moral triumph ; but then moral triumph is as often as not physical martyrdom."

The Doctrine "Might is Right" leads Carlyle into many errors. He could not see any fault in the strong man. He refused to sympathise with oppressed people ; "the cry of 'oppressed nationalities' was to him mere cant. His Providence on the side of the big battalions, and forgives very violent means to an early end". He could not find fault even with the Czars and ridiculed Mazzini's efforts for ths freedom of Italy. He had no sympathy with the slaves, while he *had* plenty of sympathy with "drilled" Prussians who were making themselves masters of Europe. Carlyle never perceived that his Gospel of Might, if followed, was bound to lead to such world-wide catastrophes as the Great War of 1914.

His Socialism :

At the same time we cannot forget that Carlyle felt

intensely and pleaded powerfully for the amelioration of the condition of the working classes. He made the "Condition of England question" a burning question of the day, and many of his suggestions were afterwards put into practice. He drove deep into the public mind the conviction that "social advantages involve social duties, and those who have inherited wealth and power are called upon to do something to justify their position". While on the one hand he derided the rights of women, of slaves, of criminals in prison, and of the poor, on the other hand he was instrumental in having several laws passed which clearly savour of socialist doctrines. Nicol has summarized these in chapter IX of his little book on Carlyle. He points out three ideas as dominant in Carlyle's political treatises, firstly a protest against the doctrine of *Laissez Faire*, side by side with strong support of Free Trade, secondly the advocacy of the *Organisation of Labour* with insistence upon the State to provide work for the unemployed and to apportion profits of labour by some rule of equity, and thirdly advocacy of *Emigration*, as a sufficient remedy for Over-population. Carlyle scorned the "logic-chopping" intellect of the Political Economists and Scientists, and yet he supported many of their conclusions !

This contradictoriness is one of the prominent features in Carlyle's teachings ans Evremarks : By a strange irony this fierce opponent of democracy has spoken the words and kindled the emotions which provide democracy with its most powerful weapons. Indeed the strangeness of Carlyle is that he has furnished weapons for so many sects and so many parties. He was

critical rather than constructive. He had no belief in the efficacy of mere institutions whatever their nature, and if his criticisms are often inconsistent, his inconsistencies are always lit up by flashes of genius. We may say that his chief contribution to political thought was the vigour of his demonstration that man lives by spiritual as well as material things, and that civilisation is not a piece of mechanism grinding out results of itself, but is dependent on the energy and will and devotion which men put into it."

CHAPTER 4

Carlyle—The Man of Letters

(1) Four-fold division.

***Carlyle's literary work* :**

"Carlyle's work fails naturally into four broad divisions. First of all there is his criticism, under which heading we mav include the greater part of the *Miscellanies Heroes and Hero-worship* and the biographies of Schiller and Sterling. Next there is *Sartor Resartus*, a book impossible to classify but requiring separate treatment as setting forth the principles that underlie Carlyle's whole philosophy and his most deep-seated beliefs concerning the problems of life. To the third division belong his utterances upon political and social subjects contained in *Chartism, Past and Present* and the *Letter-Day Pamphlets*. Lastly we have three histories, *The French Revolution*, Cromwell, and *Frederick the Great*." (Evans).

***As a critic* :**

Carlyle is the pioneer of the *historical method* of criticism, as well as the inculcator of the doctrine that "a critical judgment is worthless unless there is some measure of sympathy between the critic and the author of whom he treats." It was his discovery of *German* literature, and the Interpretation of that literature to England, which give him an opportunity to make his valuable contributions to the history of criticism. "For many years he stood almost singlehanded as the champion

of German thought and German art against the scorn or neglect of his countrymen. But he knew that he was right, and was fully conscious whither the path he had chosen was to lead." His critical dicta in the Essay on *Goethe* and in other essays embodied in the *Miscellanies*, have become classical. Here are two extracts which are often quoted, and which clearly indicate the difference between the new method of criticism inaugurated by Carlyle and the old judicial and "bludgeon" dealing method of the older critics. The first extract shows Carlyle's breath of mind and originality :—

"First we must have made plain to ourselves what the poet's aim really and truly was, how the task he had to do stood before his own eyes and how far, with such means as it afforded him, he has fulfilled it. Secondly, we must have decided whether and how far this aim, this task of his accorded . . . not with us and our individual crotchets, and the crotchets of our little senate where we give or take the law—but with human nature and the nature of things at large ; with the universal principles of poetic beauty, not as they stand written in our text-books, but in the hearts and imaginations of all men."

The second extract defines the task of the literary historian : it declares that there is an inseparable bond between the poetry of a nation and its history, and secondly, "assumes that the matter of the poet is no less important than his manner," remarking that the poetry of a nation is the expression of its spiritual aims :—

"Poetry, were it the rudest, so it be sincere, is the attempt which man makes to render his existence harmonious, the utmost he can do for that end ; it springs, therefore, from his whole feelings, opinions, activity, and takes its character from these . . . Hence, in any measure to understand the Poetry to estimate its worth and historical meaning, we ask, as a quite fundamental inquiry ; what that situation was Thus the History of a Nation's

Poetry is the essence of its History. political, economic, scientific, religious. With all these the complete Historian of a national Poetry will be familiar : the national physiognomy. in its finest traits and through its successive stages of growth will be dear to him : he will discern the grand spiritual Tendency of each period, what was the highest Aim and Enthusiasm of mankind in each, and how one epoch naturally evolved itself from the other."

Hugh Walker remarks that three conspicuous features mark the criticism of Carlyle its profound *humanity*, its *penetration*, and its *reach*. The first springs from Carlyle's insistence on the *biographic* character of all notable books. He always views the man and his work in relation to each other. As for "penetration," Carlyle achieves it because of his indifference to superficial and subordinate matters, and his anxiety to go to the heart or root of a person or a thing. The third excellence elevates his critical essays into creative literature. He cares little for mere elegance of form and phrase in the writers he criticizes ; he values them in proportion to their genuineness and greatness of outlook over history and an insight into human nature. He believes tthat there is nothing of Dilettantism in literature, its function being to reveal the Divine Idea of the World (a throught borrowed from Fichte).

Carlyle does commit a slip here and there in his critical opinions, *e g.* in his essay on Sir Walter Scott. But on the whole his work as a critic entitles him to a front place among English critics. As for his "German,' essays we have the word of Goethe : "Carlyle is more at home in our literature than we are ourselves:" Among other essays the essay on Burns is supreme, and is one of the gems of English criticism Mathew Arnold's purely literaly criticism is of smaller bulk and the fruit of a greater concentration of effort, but there is none of Arnold's essays which must not yield to that of Carlyle on Burns."

Sartor Resartus

This book may be divided into two parts, one the biography of Professor Teufelsdrockh, the other the opinions of the Professor about Man, Universe, and other subjects. The Professor is of course none other than Carlyle himself, and the history of the German Professor is the history of the moral development and a thinly disguised account of some of the outstanding events in the life of Carlyle. In the other part, under the symbolism of clothes and clothes philosophy Carlyle's "most comprehensive ideas about the universe came out, in terms of the dualism of reality and appearance. In the symbolism here adopted this dualism is expressed through the central ubiquitous image of that which is clothed and that which clothes. It is not only Carlyle's metaphysic that turns upon this image ; his ethic and his theory of society do so as well. In the three domains he preaches one doctrine—that of revolutionary frankness, of the stripping away of all veils. While showing the necessity of appearances, he degrades them to the level of mere shams. Beneath the spurious dignity of the garment he reveals and re-establishes the superior, the substantial, dignity of the thin clothed" (Cazamian) *Sartor* contains some of the most magnificent passages in Carlyle.

Political and social works :

In his political and social writing, "Carlyle was as one crying in the wilderness ; his hand was against every man's ; he was disowned by all parties, and, apart from a certain confidence which, in earlier days he had felt in Peel, he was notoriously out of sympathy with the leaders of the two great political parties. He trampled ruthlessly on the toaes of Victorian liberals, and flouted there most cherished ideas, Deep down in his heart, he remained the democratic Scottish peasant, who demanded, with Burnslike radicalism, that the innate nobility of Manhood, whether in king or peasant, must be recognised ; he claimed the right of nobly born souls to be rulers of men. His own cure for all political ills was government by the ablest and the best : but he denied

vehemently the possiblity of the ablest and best being discovered by the vote of a majority ; for such a purpose, reform bills and secret ballots were wholly unsuitable. . . . . Exactly in what manner the best man, the hero, is to be discovered and endowed with power, is a problem Carlyle never reduces to practical terms or intelligible ; and methods similar to those whereby Abbot Samson became the head of his monastery, if applied to the conditions of modern life, would—he must himself have admitted it—lead to anarchy, not stable government. Carlyle had rather a kind or mystic belief in the able man entering into his inheritance by virtue of a supernatural right" (Cambridge History of English Literature.)

As a historian :

Carlyle's conception of History was that it was "the essence of innumerable biographies" so he wrote history as if he were writing biographies. "Even in *The French Revolution* where the author has mainly to deal with masses in tumult, he gives must prominence to their leaders. They march past us, labelled with strange names, in the foreground of the scene, on which is being enacted the death wrestle of old feudalism and young Democracy. This book is unique among modern histories for a combination of force and insight only rivalled by the most incisive passages of the seventh book of Thucydides, of Gibbon, and of Michelet" (Nicol). "To give Carlyle's method the briefest possible definition, were perhaps to say that he strove to write history in the study as he would have reported it in the street—That peculiar feeling of reality, as if one's own blood bounded with the emotion of the event, which others successfully called up in detached scenes—Carlyle excited throughout a long history: The secret was his power of such thorough identification with the feelings of the actors in the occurrences that the reader felt a witness, and the witness seemed well nigh an actor in the impassioned drama" (Garnett).

Carlyle had three great qualities as a historian. He had (i) untiring industry in the collection of materials

(ii) "a faithful regard for accuracy in their use", and (iii) a passion for the concrete. "Gibbon, Carlyle, and Macaulay are the three English historians who seem lest likely to be superseded. Their works, as Professor Grant puts it, are the only historical writings in English to which scholars have been contact to add additional formation in footnotes and appendices without re-writing the whole story". Carlyle's love of *facts* as *facts* is illustrated in Emerson's famous observation: "give him a fact, he loaded you with thanks; a theory, with ridicule or even abuse".

Carlyle's greatness as a historian is due to his *vivid dramatic* power, in which no English historian has equalled him. Lowell said of Carlyle; "the figures of most historians seen like dolls stuffed with bran, whose whole substance runs through any hole that criticism may tear in them; but Carlyle's are so real that if you prick them they bleed". The penetrative imagination which enables him to enter into the heart of an historical character and the poetic imagination with which he shapes and renders it have often caused him to be likened to Shakespeare———He gives no consecutive and ordered narrative, but draws a number of selected scenes with a force and colour that makes us feel that we have seen them with our own eyes. The modern view that history is a science and the historian an impassive chronicler of facts who must neither acquit nor condemn, finds no support in Carlyle————Further, he has a rich and refreshing vein of humour which relieves the gravity of his style and enables him to bring out the significance of details which other historians pass over without mention". (Evans).

Carlyle's most popular historical work is the *French Revolution*, which is the very opposite of a dry-as-dust historical tome. In his work on *Oliver Crom well* he made a notable contribution to English history by presenting the character and achievements of the Great Protector in a true and favourable light. The most ambitious historical work of Carlyle was *Frederick the Great* upon which he spent astonishing vigour and accuracy and which was readily

adopted as a text-book in German military schools. But the book lacks the appeal and spontaneity of his other works, and shows Carlyle's defect of blinding his eyes to serious defects in a strong man more clearly than any other work from the pen of the author.

(2) *Literary artist*

How he wrote :

Carlyle was not one of those literary men to whom writing comes easy. He laboured hard over each composition of his and made drafts and redrafts till he was satisfied. His industry and patience were remarkable, as evidenced by his sitting down to rewrite his manuscript on French Revolution when the original draft was destroyed through the carelessness of Mill. He collected facts laboriously and as laboriously shifted them and arranged them in order for his purposes. It was a positive torture to him to write a book, and he generally became ill after the completion of every work. But that did not deter him from eternal drudgery at the desk. His paper-bags were like Teufelsdrock's: filled with scraps and memoranda of all kinds but he did not mechanically rely on them. He wrote those scraps to make himself full of the subject: "To keep the thing you are elaborating as much as possible actually *in* your living mind; in order that this same mind, as much awake as possible, may have a chance to make something of it." Carlyle was a born man of letters ; it would have been calamity to literature if he had succeeded in his attempts and became a Professor of Mathematics or secured some such other job.

An Artist :

Though Carlyle had no appreciation of the Fine Arts he was himself an artist. "He made his own picture, to which everything he saw was contributory material, and he was so egoistic that the combinations of others did not interest him. You may like the technic or not, but the

effect—and the effect evidently preconceived, combined—is not to be denied. . . . . No writer ever thought more of *how* to do whatever he did .... And his effect is always the supremely artistic effect of totality. In an elaborate work, as in an essay, the sense of the whole prevails with truly organic persistence in even the most individualized parts. His purpose is always an informing purpose, and his aim the single one attained by a convergence of the most multifarious means ... [In *Frederick*] when the immense size of the canvas and the heterogeneity of the subject are taken into consideration, the way in which the central figure is at once made to stand out in accentuated individuality and at the same time intimately connected with related figures and events remote or near at hand, the result seems a marvel of artistic unity." (W. C. Brownell).

His vision :

To consider the literary gifts of Carlyle we must first notice his *power of vision*. Emerson's sentence is famous : "Nothing seems hid from those wonderful eyes of yours ; those devouring eyes ; those thirsty eyes ; those portrait-eating, portrait painting eyes of thine." As Mr. W. J. Dawson observes : "There is, indeed, something almost terrible in his power of vision. Nothing escapes him. If he visits a strange town or village, crosses the Irish sea with a rough group of 'unhappy creatures' talks with a labourer at Craigenputtock......the result is the same, a powerful etching, done with the fewest strokes, but omitting nothing of either pathos or folly, absurdity or weakness. A rarer gift—let us also say a more perilous gift—than this could not be ; perilous because from its inconsiderate display upon those who stood nearest to him. Carlyle's reputation has suffered most. But it is a supreme gift, and that which more than any other constitutes the great artist. It is by virtue of this extraordinary vigour of intellectual vision, and artistic sensitiveness, that Carlyle has written books which not merely reflect life, but are life itself, and move us as only the greatest masters of the creative imagination can move us".

His pictorial description :

Carlyle's imagination is, as Emerson truly observed, of the stereoscopic order. He can give substance and perspective to his pictures. He is a master in the art of describing natural scenery, human beings and narratives in a *pictorial* manner. In his descriptions of nature "his peculiarities are to bring forward in strong relief the comprehensive aspects, to impress those by iteration and by picturesque comparisons, to use the language of the associated feelings, and in the shape of harmonious groupings to introduce some of the elements of poetry". He makes his narratives eminently pictorial by stopping, as Minto observes, at every step in the succession of events, to look at some posture of the actors or their surroundings. That is how he made his French Revolution "a historic word-tapestry, a series of significant word pictures ; it rather describes events in order than relates the order of events". "His dramatic instinct is perfect, his eye for the fine points and grouping of his picture inevitably right......Not even Ruskin has a truer eye for colour and affect in Nature, nor can Ruskin paint Nature with a more impassioned sense of fellowship in the mysteries and glories of the outward world." (Dawson).

His character sketches :

Great as Carlyle is in descriptions of nature or in narrative, he is still greater in his character sketches. His superiority can easily be discerned by comparing him in this respect with some acknowledged masters in the art of skeching characters—say Macaulay. Now Macaulay does light up a historical character by giving a number of facts about him, but he is unable to concretise his characters and reveal the working of their mind in such an effective and vivid manner as Carlyle. Nor will Macaulay have the gift of *phrase-making* which Carlyle has. In Carlyle, "without an effort, by the mere instantaneous flash of a word, the photograph stands complete. Sometimes the process is slightly more elaborate but it is always characterised by the

same intensity and rapidity". No one can vie with him in describing "with a strange daring and completeness not merely the outward appearance of men, but their spiritual significance also'. He could not have achieved this splendid success except by his superb gift of *phrase-making* which enables him to convey by a metaphor or metaphors briefly and felicitously what other would have expressed in a whole book. Some of his reported remarks are unjust, but they are the result of prejudices. In his writings he is usually very careful regarding what he said about people.

Sincerity and Insight :

Two other qualities which lent a great value to Carlyle's writings are his *Sincerity* and *Insight*. "He will have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about his hero" Carlyle never shuts his eyes to facts against his pet heroes or doctrines, as Macaulay and others did ; and he speaks with justice even about the men he dislikes *e.g.*, Bentham, and Voltaire. Then again, Carlyle is never superficial, but had both the inclination and gift of penetrating beneath the outward veils and shams and discovering the reality underneath. "What he wants, and will have, if it be discoverable, is the spiritual truth about the man. He constructs history and biography from the inside, not the outside. He sees, and boldly fingers, the 'very pulse of the machine' ". (Dawson).

***Humour and paradox* :**

Carlyle's literary work is apt to be misunderstood, unless it is continually realised that he is a very humorous writer, the chief element in that humour being a love of paradox. In his own mental constitution there were several contradictory features, and in his writings these features come out. Then again "his sense of the ludicrous runs riot ; it may be said to be present everywhere in his writings. When not absolutely predominant, it makes itself felt as a condiment, adding a grotesque flavour even to his serious declamations" M(ınto). He appears sometimes to superficial observation

as a cynic, which a kindly man like himself could never be. His humour is most funny when, as in *Sartor*, he makes himself the target of his ridicule.

Epic quality **:**

Lowell has said of Carlyle : "with the gift of song, Carlyle would have been the greatest of epic poets since Homer. Without it, to modulate and harmonise and bring parts into their proper relation, he is the most amorphous of humorists, the most shining avatar of whim the world has ever seen." The final impression left upon the mind of Carlyle's reader is that of strength of an *epic* kind. If Carlyle came to be "the greatest moral force in the England of his day" it was due to his colossal energy, superb faith in himself, belief in Heroes and his insistence on the "Divine Idea of the World." The elements of strength found in his style, "powerful and original similitudes, bold metaphors, vivid handling of abstractions, choice of telling circumstances, sensational contrasts, habitual exaggeration of language, and daring liberties with ordinary forms of speech" were the outcome of the Berserker fury and the epical quality of his mind.

(3) *Carlyle's style*

"Carlylese."

Like Johnson, Carlyle too is well-known for his peculiar style, known as "Carlylese." "His style is a perfect mirror of his minds. No writer's is so idiosyncratic—so intensely idiosyncratic. It illustrates not only all his traits but all his moods. It brings out into the starkest relief his defects as well as his qualities. It is terribly indiscreet and lays bare his caprice, his back of deference, his defiance of discipline, his intoxicated irresponsibility. But it does more than this. It accentuates its substance, notably. It accelerates the momentum of his perversity and carries him along with it, through a *crescendo* of Berserker surrender to the wild delight of pure and utter expression, to a *finale* that is often

outrageous and not infrequently inept. Never was there such an instance of the faculty of expression running away with its possessor." (Brownell).

From whom did he get his style ?

Critics have naturally been busy with settling the question of the progenitors of Carlyle's style. There are some who, like Lowell, consider the effect of German writers, specially that of Jean Paul Richter, to have been supreme in the moulding of Carlyle's style. There are others who have traced "the oral characteristics of his style, its exaggeration and its humour" to his inheritance and imitation of his father's talk in Annandale. As for the claim advanced on behalf of Richter it has been disposed off by Thoreau and other American writers, who point out that there is nothing like Richter's endless meanderings, incurable vice of parenthesis, tender and sentimental note, forced composition, and lack of sentence-structure in Carlyle. As for his father's influence upon him it cannot be gainsaid that it *was* a decisive factor in the formation of his style. Froude tells us that Carlyle himself admitted that his style "had its origin in his father's house in Annandale."

It is futile, however, in the case of a personality such as Carlyle's to look outside his own self for an adequate explanation or source of his style. Carlyle often stated that style was not a thing a man could put off and on, and that matter was more important in a writer than manner. A man should have *something* to say, and should say it in the manner that comes natural to him. Bearing this in mind we can only conclude that Carlyle was the *parent* of his own style. Mr. Bliss Perry has discovered that Carlyle's "choice of words and sentence-structure, like his whole method of composition, was really necessitated by his physical organizaiton. He exhibited in an extraordinary degree, a combination of what are known as the 'visual', the 'audile' and the 'motor' types of imagination. If his sensitiveness to visual impressions resembles that of Dickens......in his response to stimuli of sound he is like

Walt Whitman, and in his motor type of imaginative energy he is another Tolstoi. Artists of this motor type think with their whole body. Their nerve centres compel them, whether they will or no, to a perpetual dynamic activity. . . They write in terms of bodily sensation.

***Defect of Carlyle's style* :**

The defects in Carlyle's style are more apparent than its merits. Its "ellipses, gestures, capitals, interjections, iterations", its "barbarous coinages", "new and erroneous coinages", "new and erroneous locution", "the constant recurrence of some words in quaint and queer connexion", "Germanised compounds, frequency of inversion, fatiguing over-emphasis", "occasional jerking and almost spasmodic excitement" lie on the surface. When the reviewer in *Blackwood* described Carlyle's style's as "a barbarous, conceited, uncouth, and mysitical dialect", or when Taine said of him that "the symmetrical constructions of human art and thought dispersed and upset, are piled under his hands into a vast mass of shapeless ruins from the top of which he fights and gesticulates like a conquering savage", the criticisms, however unjust or superficial, are at least intelligible. They all point to one defect—Carlyle's oddity of style amounting to barbarity. We now know that too much has been made of these mannerisms. But Carlyle himself was partly responsible for his impression by comically exaggerating the peculiarities of his style when he was writing of Teufelsdrockh : "On the whole Professor Teufelsdrockh is not a cultivated writer. Of his sentences, perhaps not more than nine-tenths stand straight on their legs : the remainder are in quite angular attitudes, buttressed-up by props (of parentheses and dashes), and ever with this and that tagrag hanging from them ; a few even sprawl out helplessly on all sides, quite broken-backed and dismembered".

Besides these easily perceptible defects there are two others which are more fundamental. "One is the *noise* of the style, and the strident emphasis, betokened by the trick

of italicising, which Carlyle uses more and more to the last; and the other is the intense self-consciousness of all his writing, good and bad alike ; the self-reference, the self-lashing, the self-scrutiny, the self-distrust ; a quality which is deep down in the man, and which sometimes mars the form, even as egoism of another and nobler cast does not mar the form of Dante.'' (Elton).

The other side of the shield

The others side of the shield is presented by R. H. Hutton when he says of Carlyle's style : "He had the temperament and the powers of a great artist with what was in effect a single aspiration for his art, and that, one which required so great a revolution in the use of appropriate artistic materials, that the first impression he produced on ordinary minds was what of bewilderment and even confusion. He was always trying to paint the light shining in the darkness and the darkness comprehending it not, and therefore it was that he strove so hard to invent a new style which should express not simply the amount of human knowledge, but also so far as possible, the much vaster amount of human ignorance against which that knowledge sparkled in more radiant points breaking the gloom... ... It seems to me a style invented for the purpose of convincing those whom it charmed, that moral truth can only be discerned by a brilliant imaginative tact and audacity in discriminating the various stars sprinkled in a great vault of mystry, and then walking boldly into the doubtful light they give ; that there is much which cannot be believed except by self-deceivers or fools, but that wonder is of the essence of all right mindedness ; that the enigmatic character of life is good for us so long as we are stern and almost hard in acting on the little truth we can know, that any sort of clear solution of the enigma must be false, and that any attempt to mitigate the sterness of life must be ascribed to radical weakness and the smooth self-delusions to which the weak are liable.'

Characteristics of Carlyle's style

The following is a summary of the observations made by various writers (like Minto, Evans, MacMechan etc.) on the characteristic of Carlyle's style :—

(*1*) *Romantic and oratorical Prose.* Carlyle's style is not that of the "classical" writers of English prose and does not possess the "classical" qualities of clearness, ease and balance. It is *romantic* prose being "addressed to the ear rather than to the eye, to the feelings rather than to the understanding" *i.e.* it has oratorical qualities. There is "the constant impression of an audible voice" in Carlyle's prose. This prose is characterised by colour and ornament, poetic emotion and rhythm.

(*2*) *Love of the concretely picturesque.* "His faculty of vision was that of a born artist . . He saw intensely, and his power of description enabled him to write down what he saw in a way that makes his readers share his vision." "Carlyle's mental vision is so keen, and his sympathies so strong that he realizes in its sharpest outline, in its most minute detail, in its exact gradation of color, the fact which is to duller eyes a mere blur, and sets it before the reader in its very form and pressure." Metaphors and similes are his *natural language.* He speaks in images, one image calling forth another "until the tissue of impressive pictures forms one consistent and illuminating whole."

(*3*) *Wealth of allusion.* Carlyle's range of allusions is very wide, and in one passage he will be giving allusions from half a dozen different and widly separated books in literature. He draws not only upon literature, but upon theology, mathematics science, philosophy, history, economics etc. for his instances and images. To appreciate Carlyle properly one must have read largely and well. If Carlyle is any where obscure he is so by reason of profusion of imagery and metaphors and allusions.

(*4*) *Vocabulary.* "His command of words must be pronounced to be of the highest order. Among the few

that stand next to Shakespeare he occupies a very high place. In the language needful for describing character he probably comes nearer Shakespeare than any other of our great writers." He coins new words and compounds plentifully and makes new forms of syntax.

(5) *Strength* : "Among his figures of speech we meet with many elements of strength powerful and original similitudes, bold metaphors, vivid handling of abstractions, choice of telling circumstance, sensational contrasts, habitual exaggeration of language, and daring liberties with ordinary forms of speech." Carlyle has a rugged grandeur of style. When he becomes too loud in his utterance he becomes rhapsodical.

(6) *Humour*. Brownell calls Carlyle's humour a trifle flat, and artificial, because "it is more than wilful." But that is an unjust sentence. The essence of Carlyle's humour really "consists in a juxtaposition of the remote and the incongruous with the result of awakening a feeling of amusement or of scorn or sadness." Sometimes his feeling looks a little out of place and his humour a bit "elephantine," but as a rule he is a master of irony and the *ludicrous*. He is great in sarcasms, satire, and euphemisms.

(7) *Mannerisms*. "The apostrophising habit is perhaps the greatest notability of his mannerisms." Then came Exclamations, Interrogations, Hyperboles and Personifications, the last being a favourite device of his, cerain personifications (like veracities, Dryasdust, Fact) being always present to his mind.

(8) *Structural peculiarities*. Among the structural peculiarities of his sentences are the "free use of the triad or grouping of words in threes" excessive use of capitals, coinages of compound words and plurals, introduction of jingling words in prirs and insertion of quotation marks in a puzzling manner.

CHAPTER 5

The Historical Background

The Industrial Revolution

It is not possible to understand Past and Present without knowing the times which brought it forth. Carlyle wrote this book at a time of great distress and widespread depression in Britain. The Industrial Revolution, which began with the invention of the steam-engine, and the substitution of hand labour by machinery, threw out large numbers of men and women on the streets, while Corn-Laws and protective tariffs raised the price of food and led to starvation and acute misery. The passing of a Poor Law Amendment Act in 1884, by which it was enacted that able-bodied paupers should be given relief in work houses only, brought the working-classes to the verge of despair ; the workhouses were regarded as little better than prisons. The Trade Unions of modern times had yet to be organised. Wages rose long afterwards. After the Industrial Revolution had worked itself out there was a great rise in the prosperity of England, and specially of its working classes New inventions, and growth of manufactures absorbed all available talent and labour in the country, and Mid-Victorian England was an England of peace and prosperity. But the first ten or twelve years that elapsed after the succession of Queen Victoria were years of interregnum : the old order had disappeared and the new had not yet arrived, *Past and Present* refers to the worst phase which England passed through in the course of the Industrial Revolution that transformed it from mainly an agricultural country into the greatest manufacturing country in the world. Population increased

by leaps and bounds, the price of food was abnormally high, while the wages actually went down for a time. There were no such sanitary reforms as we have now: "Co-operation" had not come into being. Education was not compulsory, there was no well-planned Emigration to settle surplus population in the Colonies. The old oligarchy of noblemen and land owners was being thrown out by reforms Acts, and the new oligarchy of either Capital and Labour had not been established. There was much loose talk of Democracy but England had not yet been truly democratized. Carlyle diagnosed the distressful condition of England, Scotland, and Ireland in his two books *Chartism*, *Past and Present*, and suggested remedial measures to alleviate the misery of the working-classes, and to have a proper organisation of labour.

England in the early forties

The following adaptation from Sidney Law's and Lloyd Sander's volume on the History of England in the reign of Queen Victoria will elucidate many of the references Carlyle makes to contemporary conditions in *Past and Present*. The other points will be made clear in the notes :—

In the early forties of the last century England had many domestic pre-occupations. The country was in a disturbed and somewhat disorganised condition, still tossing heavily in the tough of the depression, which intervened between the earlier industrial movement of the century and the swelling wave of material prosperity which occupied its middle years. The supsersession of manual labour by machinery, and the displacement of agriculture and rural industry by manufactures, had been making rapid progress. The result teemed temporarily disastrous. An economic revolution had come upon a community which had not as yet learnt to adapt itself to the new conditions. The labour saving machinery enriched manufacturers but temporarily deprived many thousands of work-people of employment, the villagers poured into the towns, which

were swollen hastily to an unwiedy bulk and were ill-regulated, overcrowded, and extremely unhealthy. The interests of the middle-class electorate, and the fashionable Benthamite philosophy of the time, alike deprecated interference with the iron law of competition, unsoftened either by state supersession or philanthropic effort ; wages were kept down by the pressure of population ; and prices were held up by the protective tariffs. The English working class has seldom been in a more deplorable condition than it was during the years that were really those of great industrial and material progress—the years during which the first railways were being laid, the ocean-going steamship developed, the electric telegraph installed, and the cheap postal system established. Before long this extension of communication and transport enlarged the area of employment, and diffused a wider comfort and greater material wealth among all the classes. But the beneficial effect of the new mechanical science had yet to make itself felt. Over 1,100,000 persons in a population of some 15,000,000 were in receipt of public relief ; and the new poor law, designed to confine pauperism to the workhouse, was angrily resented. There was much suffering, and much impatience with the prevailing social and political order. Agitation, often revolutionary and violent, was rise among the unenfranchised masses.

Chartism

Chartism was the most formidable of these movements. Its rival was the organisation for the repeal of the corn laws, which owed its imitation to a section of the middle class. The aims of the chartists were avowedly political. The six points of the "People's charter," manhood, suffrage, vote by ballot, annual parliaments, the abolition of the property qualification, the payment of members, and equal electoral districts, were all intended to give the masses the control of legislation ; for only by this means, it was argued, could their condition really be ameliorated. The movement had gone on for many years and had numbered highly respectable names among its supporters. By 1838

it was in rather a languishing condition, when the public distress and the feeling against the poor law gave it a new birth. In the latter part of 1838 and the following year chartist meetings, some of immense proportions, were held all over England. In many cases there were riots and disturbances. A Charist convention was assembled in London, and a petition, with some millions of signatures, was presented to the House of Commons in 1839. The house declined to receive it, and the Charists, in several localities, broke out into a kind of insurrection. At Birmingham there was furious rioting and much destruction of property. There was fighting at Newport on November 3, when several bodies of Welsh chartists, under John Frost, engaged in a concerted attempt to size the town, and the outbreak was only quelled by the military after a fierce conflict involving cansiderable loss of life.

Concession to Free Traders and Anti-corn Leaguers.

The ministers had met the chartist outbreaks with strong repressive measures, but they could not avoid presenting a deficit budget, In 1840—1841 the deficit was estimated at nearly £ 2,750,000. The Government decided to fall back on the alternative of attempting to increase consumption by diminishing taxation. It was distinct concession to the free traders, whose propaganda, under Richard Cobden and John Bright, was gradually winning over the manufactured classes. The Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed to reduce the high diffierential duties on timber and sugar. In addition, the ministers announced an intention to repeal the existing corn taxes, and to substitute a fixed duty of eight shillings a quarter for the sliding scale. On this plank the ministry suffered a defeat, and Peel came into power.

When the legislature reassembled early in 1842, the queen's speech recommended that immediate attention should be paid to the state of the finances, and to the laws which affected the import of corn and other articles. Peel was as yet a protectionist, so he ventured merely upon

altering the sliding scale of 1828, reducing the amount of the duty and adjusting it so as to encourage importation. The trariff was hotly debated. Strikes in the north and midlands, riots promoted by the chartists, and described by the home secretary as "a social insurrection of a very formidable character." and destitution, necessitating in the case of Paisley alone the support of 9000 people by charity, set their mark upon the financial proposals, of 1843. Two years later, *i. e.* in 1845 Peel introduced his second free budget to abolish most of the import duties, and take away all duties on British exports making England a Free Trade country.

Repeal of Corn Laws

One of the most pressing problems that was agitating the public mind in or about 1843 was the demand for the repeal of Corn Laws. Richard Cobden entered the Parliament in 1841 for the express purpose of carrying on the free trade agitation in the House of Commons He, John Bright and other able men associated with them in the work of the Anti-corn-land league, adopted novel and ingenious methods for gaining public support. After the new corn bill of 1842 (which relaxed duties on articles of food) the leaguers entered upon a fresh campaign of extraordinary vigour and within three years were able to convert the Prime Minister (Peel) to their side. The most cogent argument afterwards advanced by Peel on the free trade side was that cheap food for the people had became a national necessity. Reference was made to the experience of 1842, a year of the greatest danger. It was a time of high prices and scarcity, and the danger arose from the want of the means of subsistence among the working classes. The abolition of the duties alone could render the law certain, give steadiness to prices, and rid the landed interest of the reproach which had been often cast upon it, of wringing from the poor for their own advantage a paltry increase of rent. The Corn Laws were ultimately repealed in 1846, after extraordinary events and political combinations, involving among other things

the political downfall of Peel, the minister responsible for the repeal of the duties.

The repeal of the Corn Laws coincided with the passing away of the era of economic distress in Great Britain. In 1845 or 1846 the foreign trade had increased by 25 p. c. from what it was in 1842, wages had risen and the demand for labour in the manufacturing centres exceeded the supply. The powerful levers of chief raw materials and cheap food were placed in the hands of the mercantile community.

The comparative ease with which the battle for Free Trade was won was due to the propaganda which eminent writers and economists had carried on for a number of years in favour of doctrines of freedom of contract and liberty of action. In an age in which *laissez faire* was apt to be regarded with the respect due to an established rule of science, it appeared easy and natural to attack the maintenance of barriers againt unrestricted commercial intercourse. Free trade, even by many of those whose sympathies or whose interests were opposed to it, was received as an inevitable step in the process of emancipating the individual from the fetters assumed to have been artificially riveted upon him by the misused authority of society and the state.

Ireland

The state of Ireland was very much worse than that of Great Britain. Throughout Queen Victoria's reign Ireland was fated to be the disturbing element in English domestic politics. The poverty and discontent of the smaller island formed a marked and painful contrast to the increasing prosperity of its neighbour. In 1838 the destitution in Ireland was so great that the government brought a bill for the revision of the Irish poor law, but the relief they proposed to give was not acceptable to the Irish. The proposed bill intended to apply to Ireland the principles of the English poor law of 1834, with somewhat greater rigidity. Poor law unions were to be established, but no outdoor relief was to be granted, though the workhouses

were to be open to all destitute persons who were willing to enter them. The bill was opposed by the Irish leader O'Connell and other leading Irishmen, and was very unpopular in Ireland, where the workhouse was regarded with an aversion even deeper than the dislike felt towards it by the English peasantry. Some other bills were passed at the same time *e. g.* the titles bill, and Irish Municipal Corporations bill but the discontent in Ireland went on increasing. Crime was rife in Ireland, and was fomented by secret associations. The agitation for the repeal of the Act of Union received powerful impetus. In 1842 a band of young journalists, including Charles Gavan Duffy and Thomes Davis, founded the *Nation* newspaper ansd et popular passions aflame with their eloquent articles and verse. O'Connell placed himself at the head of a movement which had already passed beyond his control. He boldly declared that 1843 would be the repeal year, and while his subordinates zealously collected "rent" from a willing peasantry he addressed meetings numbering hundreds of thousands. The Government took action. The Lord Chancellor of Ireland dismissed from the magistracy O'Connell and thirty two other justices who had taken part in the meetings of the Repeal association. The Irish arms act was revived. Troops were poured into Ireland : ships of war anchored in the harbours. On October 14 O'Connell and his principal associates were arrested on a charge of conspiracy. Eventually O'Connell was released, but his power had passed away. In 1844 a more conciliatory policy was adopted by the government and a royal commission was appointed to inquire into the "state of the law and practice in respect to the occupancy of land in Ireland."

"The condition of the people" question:

In the early forties the "condition of the people" question engrossed the time of Parliament in session after session. There was continued depression of agriculture in spite of Corn Law duties, and there was unhappiness in the manufacturing populalion in spite of advance in industries. When the free traders made scornful allusions to the suffer-

ings of the agricultural poor, the country gentlemen pointed by way of reply, to the oppression of the children in mines and factories. In 1840 Ashley moved for a commission to inquire into the employment of children in mines and collieries. In 1842 the first report was issued, and it was an "awful document." It showed that children were kept for twelve or thirteen hours a day in the dark at the terribly monotonous occupation of opening and shutting a door; that boys and girls, naked to their waist, were forced to drag masses of coal on this hands and knees by "girdle and chain"; the younger victims, six or seven years old to carry half a hundredweight of coal up precipitous steps many times a day; their health, morals, and education were totally neglected.

Ashley's humanitarianism

Ashley introduced a bill excluding women from mines altogether, and forbidding the employment of children under thirteen. There was an outcry from the colliery owners, and Ashley was forced to accept a compromise by which boys of ten could be employed three days a week. Encouraged by this partial success, Ashley, at the beginning of 1843, proposed and carried without a division an address to the crown for the diffusion of moral and religious education among the working classes. The Government introduced a bill proposing that children under eight years should not be employed at all: that those under thirteen should not work more than six and a half hours a day; that boys under eighteen and girls under twenty one should not work more than twelve hours daily with a half-holiday on Saturdays. The clauses dealing with the hours of labour of young persons encountered the fiercest opposition from politicians of the Manchester School [Free Traders], who held the individualist doctrine that in such matters the working classes were strong enough to protect themselves. The bill was sacrificed for the time being. But Ashley's repeated bills awakened the conscience of England and two years afterwards a bill was passed which prohibited altogether the employment of children under

eight, and of all girls and of boys under thirteen at night work.

Summing up

To sum up, then, "the years following the Reforms Act of 1832, which transferred the supreme influence in Government to the middle classes, were, for industry years of economic depression. The Industrial Revolution had begun much earlier, with the great series of mechanical inventions, but till after Waterloo were the effects of machines felt in the north. Briefly the immediate result of each new engine was to throw large numbers of hands out of work, to tempt the owners to over-capitalize industry, and to flood a market already glutted by foreign competition. Little could be done by the trade unions, for they were new and immature, and after a few crude aggressions in the thirties they lapsed into comparative lethargy for twenty years. Wages fell as low as six shillings a week in the cotton trade, and whole districts had to be sustained by charity. The condition of the towns is reflected in books like Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton* and to that picture we have to add the secret terror-by-night, the Chartist army. In 1837 and the succeeding years the misery of the poor was still further increased by the bad harvests, and this was aggravated by the parasitic tax on corn. The country increased in wealth but the people remained poor" (Ball).

Utilitarianism and laissez-faire :

Carlyle has laid a great deal of blame at the door of the Utilitarian school, and the doctrine of *laissez-faire*, and history could support some of his statements. Bentham and other Utilitarians adopted the formula of "the greatest good of the greatest number," and would not interfere with the condition of the workers, trusting democracy to have its way. "To the mass of men the great moral lever is the desire for wealth, and so the utilitarian not only blessed the industrial system, but made it a necessity. Hence the

doctrine of *laissez-faire*—the state must stand aside and leave things alone ; poverty will cure itself eventually. Malthus in his famous *Essay on Population* (1798) showed that hunger is itself an instrument is the process : it serves to reduce the population as the people multiply down to the line of subsistence ; while Ricardo, making clear the operations of the three great factors of industry—Rent, Capital, and Wages—proved the necessity for capital to pay the lowest wages possible." The application of these doctrines helped in the exploitation of the industrial worker, and produced that chaos and unrest which we find eloquently described in Carlyle's *Past and Present*.

CHAPTER 6

The Title and Theme of the book

***The Title* :**

In *Past and Present* Carlyle gives a picture of the golden Past side by side with a picture of the miserable Present so as to diagnose the social disease, and find out remedies. The picture of the Past was drawn from a book Carlyle had just been reading, namely Joceline de Brakelonde's Chronicle of the Abbey of St. Edmund's Bury, at the close of the twelfth century. "Contrasted with this picture of order and peace was the England of 1843, dying of inanition, the rich growing richer and the poor poorer, in their 'liberty' to buy in the cheapest market and to sell in the dearest."

***Chartism* :**

The theme of *Past and Present* will be understood completely only if we know what Carlyle said in *Chartism* (1839). There is a "slight evolution" from *Chartism* to *Past and Present*, and the two works "utter the same series of ideas." Cazamian's *Carlyle* contains an exposition of the ideas contained in these two complementary volumes. The lucid account given by the distinguished French critic is given under in an adapted form :—

Chartism opens with "The condition-of-England Question." Is the lot of the English people endurable ? asks Carlyle. The essential function of their Government is, according to him, to answer this question, and if the answer is no, it is the essential duty of their Government

to remedy the evil. Against this imperative intervention. Carlyle sees a band of hostile principles arrayed. He looks forward to the day when social investigations will be conducted with a sound method, the day when the will of the State will press them to the finest result than patience combined with precision can attain. Then, and then only, he thinks, shall we have a scientific knowledge of what is wrong with society. Carlyle is far from denying the possibility of a science of economics What he denies is the validity of the narrow deductive method of the economists of his time. Carlyle calls attention to some essential data they have overlooked ; to the inquiries into the rate of the workers' pay must be added inquiries into the regularity of heir employment and along with the guarantee to them of a living wage must go the establishment of stable relations between employer and employee.

Carlyle admits that the Poor Law of 1834, (in which public charity was reorganised) corrected many abuses and affirmed sound principles. But he asks a question—does the government imagine that by suppressing the "dole", by creating the work houses in such a way that any healthy man would prefer the hardest work outsids them to the rough gloomy life within them, its social duty is fulfilled ? The law states that no man who will not work, has a right to live ; but the law does not take account of unemployment. And Carlyle continues, what of Ireland? Ireland even more than England, suffers from the scourges of unemployment and famine, the products of long centuries of injustice and exploitation. The Irish working class, forced to leave their home by imminent starvation, are crossing to England. The ultimate result will be the fall of the two islands to the same low level of economic and moral decay.

The suffering masses are restive and in their wrath they can appeal to their characteristic weapon—might. Chartism is the terror of the possessors. Has it right on its side ? If the masses rise in revolt and prove their might, they will, in so doing, prove also their right : might and right are parallel concepts, diverse by accident, in essence akin. The

authority of the upper classes can be legitimated only by real power and real activity. Otherwise revolution is assured. How, Carlyle inquires, can this catastrophe be averted ? A Chartist revolution would be a disaster : the establishment of an absolute democracy would be a demented dream. Showing England the extent of her danger, Carlyle also points to the means of escape. Let the ruling classes affirm together both might and right. Carlyle attacks the *Laissez-faire* or "let alone" policy. Carlyle believes in intervention by the government, for intervention supposes a government strong, capable of activity, free from all paralysing controls. What will become of democracy in this new order ? For Carlyle democracy is merely a traditional and empty form. On the foundations of the new order, the social edifice must be built, and these foundations are a real aristocracy, an *elite* which shall rule in fact, a Church worthy of the name, which shall supply men with the moral direction for which they call. As he evokes the sovereignty of real temporal and spiritual authorities, Carlyle's mind is naturally brought back to the ages in which they were really authoritative ; regret for the passing of the Middle Ages becomes strong in his mind, and he touches on the theme he is later to explore in *Past and Present.*

From the past, his mind glances forward into the future; a tremor of pride and hope inspires a chapter where Carlyle writes in the epic mode the pagain to English greatness. Sixty years before Kipling, he celebrates, in language which resounds with his enthusiasm for empire, the achievements and the glories of the Saxon race, from its dark and sanguinary beginnings to its magnificent expansion through the achievements of commerce and the feats of war.

For the privileged English race he finds two tasks ordained : government and industry—the elaboration of political justice and the victory over raw matter. Carlyle sings the beauty of Manchester; the greatness of the immense factories of England, whirring and hurried. A policy of reform is sketched in his final chapter. Chasing indolence

and dogmatism to their very last entrenchments, Carlyle denounces the argument of veery weakling—"This is impossible." He has two remedies. The first is education. Carlyle with a prophetic clearness calls for a separation of the functions of Courch and State, and the consititution of an educational system which shall be universal, secular and obligatory, the basis of national culture. Carlyle was no less a prophet in pointing as his second remedy, to emigration. It was his distinction to discover and reveal the Empire as a magnificent reality, a living organism becoming conscious of itself and calling for the surplus of English life to feld it, an immense fraternal community flung to the uttermost parts of the Earth's surface.

In 1840, the Camden Society had published the Latin chronicle in which Jocelyn of Brakelonde wrote the history of the Monastery of St. Edmunds. In this old work Carlyle found what he had been seeking : a simple case of the elementary virtues necessary to his contemporaries. Contemporary liberalism was repugnant to his instinct, but in ages past he could discover the image of an organisation wise just, stuble. From the contrast between Past and Present, it was perfectly clear that progress so proudly asserted had been, in many respects, not a progress but a decadence. The remedy for the evils of the present would be in a spirited effort to remount the stream of time. Carlyle in his desire for a better future, sought to instruct the present in the great school of the past.

The theme of a return to the past had for half a century been a power in the sentimental and imaginative literature of England and of Europe as a whole. In the romantic confusion it had been mingled with revolutionary aspirations. A retorspective ideal, a regret for a better age apparently gone for ever, it had setl before a people intoxicated with iconoclasm the dream of a golden age in the irrecoverable past. Now in England the Tory reaction had been assailed by the impatient and victorious attacks of the middle class. Carlyle brought into harmony the silent recriminations of the populace, ground down by the selfish

expansion of the middle class, and the resistance and resentment of the aristocracy supplanted by that same middle class. He left to the middle class its due place and part in the national life, and dreamed of a progress which, restoring the old organic order of society, would establish a broader justice, allowing scope to the new forces of industry, but imposing on them a discipline transmitted from the past. The axis of his social philosophy was the yearning of his age for a return to the golden past.

***Past and Present* First Book :**

The first book, the *Proem* of *Past and Present* is a preface to the work. Carlyle returns to the facts and doctrines already expounded in *Chartism*; he describes with spirit and sobriety the state of England and the urgency of the crisis. What remedies can be applied ? The remedies are difficut and will take time to act : there is no panacea, no Morrison's pill, to cure the diseases of a society. Emigration and education are palliatives, not remedies. A profound regeneration of minds and hearts is necessary. The doctrine of the hero and the worship of the hero is the frame of all specific reforms : moral progress may be compressed into one abstract formula—government by the wisest. An aristocracy of talent will be the salvation of England : such a regime would commit the nation to the practice of hero-worship, and would bring the English to conform with the divine will of the universe. Hero-worship, however, presupposes purity of heart. It is difficult to choose the wisest, difficult to constitute an authentic aristocracy. The rule of such an aristocracy is not only the cause of a state's well-being but its effect : justice must animate the citizens before they consent to choose the wisest masters.

The proem ends with an image of a star shining in the darkness and an image of the tree Igdrasil, a mystical symbol uniting the past, present, and future, even as the eternal and ever-novel universe. The way of salvation is a rough one ; and the imagination of Carlyle in suggesting

it combines the tragic vision of the earliest Saxons with the austerity of the Bible.

***Book Two*:**

The Second book is entitled *The Ancient Monk* it is the image of the past. The simple Chronicle of Jocelyn seized Carlyle's imagination with such force because it reveals an age of faith, of beneficent and venerated authority Religion was no hypocrisy in that day, no verbal formula, no cant; neither was it a morbid torment of the soul, an anxious care for one's personal Salvation. Religion was then a valiant joyous trust. God was in heaven, heaven was near, the devil was never far away. For this simple faith, men lived and died like martyrs; witness Edmund, patron of the monastery, martyred by the Danes and justly canonised.

The temporal powers as well as the spiritual powers were in those times a reality; the feudal aristocracy exercised over its vassals an authoritatve control, founded on authentic might—the might of energetic mind and valiant arm. This aristocracy, says Carlyle, supervised the exploitation of nature and "less consciously", the distribution of her products, "judging, soldiering" anjdusting; everywhere governing the people". Royalty could point with pride to Richard the Lion-Hearted, the hero-king; and against the extortions of a John Lackland the common people found their natural protectors in their bishops and their ba ons.

There is yet another virtue in this simple chronicle : it indicates the mediaeval solution of the problem difficult beyond all others : the wise choice of guides and shepherds. Jocelyn is a Boswell ; he has a Johnson in Abbot Samson. In the midst of the dangers which threaten that monastery, we witness the election of a new abbot; the sound instinctive justice of the monks, men ignorant and narrow, but sincere; capable of behaving and discerning the guide sent them by God, the hero set among them, the energetic, serious, patient governor who should save them, and who has submitted to the long hard apprenticeship of suffering silence

and obedience. In very truth, this silent man, massive and virle, is the type of Carlyle's heroes.

We see the abbot at his task ; and the plain nerrative of his valiant, authoritative, beneficent activity, set down in all simpilicity, vixified and pointed by Carlyle, places before our eyes the labours and the struggles' the performances and the benefactions, of government in its ideal state. To great and little alike, Samson dispenses perfect justice ; he renders due homage to the powers established by God, but; in defence of his rights, he can resist them. His firm government does not scorn to be suave and supple on occasion. His heroic career has its lesson on its very face : he knew how to govern because he had known how to obey ; he got others to obey him because the rule of all his actions was an inflexible devotion to a moral law.

Nowhere is Carlyle's genius in making past events live more marvellous than in these chapters lit by a passionate intensity' a vividly sympathetic imagination. The thought of an irretrievable reality intoxicates him ; he lingers over his evocation of a past age, savoring to the full his poignant sense of a reality so near and yet so far, a reality which once was, is no longer, and yet in a mysterious sense will never cease to be.

Suddenly Jocelyn's Chronical stops : in an instant, with a sound of dissolution perceptible to one's spiritual ear, all the real fantasmagoria is cast back once more into the midst of the twelfth century. "Monks, Abbot, Hero-worship, Government, Obedience Coeur de-Lion and St. Edmund's Shrine, vanish like Mirza's vision."

Book Three

After the Past, the Present. The third book. *The Modern Worker* is built upon a contrast of what is with what was. Carlyle opposes the shame and the wretchedness of an individualistic state with the old order at once

stable and organic. Nowhere does he succeed so little in attaining continuity in the development of his ideas. An oppressive richness of thoughts lead him into undue haste : or rather, his directive ideas, few and simple, become infinitely ramified and interlaced. Inextricably mingled with his picture of the evil state of society are his projects for remedying that state. Nowhere in Carlyle is there a greater abundance of formulae than in this book.

The evil plight of society, Carlyle had already claimed, has a moral origin. Here he defines it : it is the impiety, the materialism, of the age. By losing his faith in God, in the law of duty, immortality, man has, as it were, lost his own soul. Is it astonishing then to find that his body, that the collectivity of human bodies, the community, is disintegrating ? Impious doctrines, brutal catchwords, have superseded the Christian religion ; and here Carlyle has not to coin new formulae ; he has only to take over those coined by the economists and the utilitarians. "*Laissez faire, Laissez-passer*," "Supply and Demand," "The greatest happiness of the greatest number," he juggles with those phrases like a mad giant brandishing the weapons of defeated opponents. But he creates new formulae too ; and in these he gives the facts an altogether different cast. In the age in which we live all the moral and emotional bonds which used to link men are destroyed : the only valid relation between them is the cynical material payment of prices and wages : to put together and keep together the dusty human atoms of our time there is no other force but "cash payment, the sole nexus between man and man."

This is the practical gospel of the doers—the active vital class of manufacturers and merchants, the middle class which Carlyle pursues with a hatred and contempt mitigated only by his respect for its laboriousness and its might, which is in some sense a right, and which secures to it, whatever its failings, the fields of the future. It is from this class, that Carlyle expects the essential elements of social regeneration. But as long as this class continues to

have but the one crass goal – to apply the laws of competition turning them roughly to its own advantage—it will be living according to a materialistic gospel ; and upon this gospel Carlyle fastens the Biblical name, already haunting for ages the imagination of the English people— "The gospel of Mammonism." Beside the middle class fondling their golden calf, is the elegent scepticism, the selfish indifference of an indolent aristocracy, an "Unworking Aristocracy." Its creed, also an issue of modern impiety, is "Dilettantism," Interested only in its scandalous privileges, it defendes the Corn Laws with might and main, the Corn Laws because of which the common people are dying of hunger.

From the lowest classes, inaudible in former times, angry voices are now rising, voices which call for just wages, just work, "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work." Modemand, says Carlyle was ever more just than this. We must distinguish and honour those who practise the religion of labour. The representative of Mammon, the symbolic manufacturer Plugson of Undershot, is but a modern buccaneer without the leisure to become civilised, to adopt chivalry which is the beauty of the brave. He must learn to organise work, as the French say ; he will learn too, and his energy which has been victorious over matter will be victorious over itself as well. Individual initiative will bear its fruit. But political democracy, the creaking motion of a great machine which merely collects and registers anonymous wills, is hopeless. All Carlyle's inexhaustible scorn and disgust is turned upon Parliamentary government, a more rattle of words. Sir Jabesh Windbag is relegated in passing among the grotesque and superfluous.

The way is clear, now, for the positive doctrine of social reconstruction ; and to it is devoted the forth Book, *Heroscope.*

Book Four

In the first and second chapters of this Book Carlyle

lingers over certain preliminary affirmations. England, he says, must have a new and authentic aristocracy, and this can, and must, emerge from the manufacturing class, the force of the future. Parliamentary government is the prey of corruption, of bribery. How then shall we reconcile democracy, the survival of which is inevitable, although democracy is importent, with the authority we require? How shall we organise before, so long as at this task there are no collaborators other than selfish appetites?

Our reply is furnished by the one institution in which the principle of order continues to live. This "one institution" is the army, a clear example of the fruitfulness of discipline. The officers of the state, disciplined and directed by genuine leaders moved by an apostolic zeal, will be the foes of vice, crime and ignorance. They will procure for England a national efficiency, and the age-old question of rights and duties will be solved when a national will is clearly manifested, accepted, and obeyed. Carlyle goes on, after making a few qualifications of minor importance, to slove, the greater difficulty, that implicite in the intervention of the state in matters economic. The State, he says, will extend the scope of its activity farther and farther : its hand will be felt in every domain. Labour inspectors will visit every factory and mine, every building, every field ; they will satisfy themselves that the salaries of every worker and the sanitation are as they should be. Modelling their methods upon those of the army, with all the precision and dicipline of a military force, the civil officers will stretch their supervision to cover education and emigration. Carlyle concedes that his hints are not adequate to a complete regeneration of Society ; he insists that his intention is not to elaborate in its details a programme of social reform. Rather it is to stimulate and direct the efforts of reforms ; once these efforts, are trained, every espect of social injustice will, by the pressure of irresistible necessity, find its remedy.

Carlyle is thus advocating State-Socialism Now State-Socialism is a form of government quite opposed to

individualism. There is no scope under State-socialism for the authoritative enterpris: of heroes, men inspired by special missions. State-socialism can be reconciled with the dominance of a benevolent despot, but it excludes the possibility of governing *elite*. Later, in his *Letter-day Pamphlets*, Carlyle will appeal to heaven for an inspired minister; a saviour and a ruler, but in *Past and Present* his hope is still pinned to an effective aristocracy an *elite* of heroes. Therefore he is obliged to correct the socialistic tendencies just developed, and in the concluding chapters he defines the role of the ruling classes in the ideal state, disciplined, organised and planned for effective life.

Carlyle's first concern is with the captains of industry : the name itself suggesls the military model he has, in mind. He appeals to them with the deepest feeling ; he would rouse their spirit lead them to transfer the magnificent energy they possess from the conquest of matter to the quest of ideal justice ; he would have them imitate the virtues as they already have achieved the power, of the feudal lord and the knight.

To stabilise the precarious economic life of England, a life disintegrated to a dust of atoms by the free play of individual appetites, the captains, of industry must accept a state-control hitherto unknown. Contracts must be permanent ; if they are for brief terms, there is none of that mystical confidence between man and man that consent of the spirit, which is the only solid basis for the fragile edifice of social life. There can be no health, no happiness, where there is no permanence. Carlyle proposes, to secure economic stabllity in industry, that the employees share in the direction and perhaps even in the profit of their companies.

This is his solution of the problem which had surged up to puzzle him ; the reconciliation between liberty and despotism lies in despotism which shall be just. He goes farther, investigating the moral bases of the social order and reaches formulae into cared surely idealistic and with,

to the economics of Ruskin. Take for instance his definition of value in such terms as these ; "the wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by!"

To the other artistocracy, the Landed Aristocracy, Carlyle leaves its present authority and its present rold in the social order. The land, he perceives, the necessary source of all material life, as of all social dignity, is the requisite basis for social authority. The Landed Aristocracy has its duties : the duty of charity material and spiritual, the duty of government and the imperative duty of showing the best example But whatever his concessions to the conservative and traditional spirit, Carlyle's sympathy for the landed proprietors, the captains of agriculture, is a sympathy without real trust ; his Scottish lower middle class instincts control him still and determine him to a hostility towards the landowner. In the struggle between the two powers, the power of the castle and the power of the factory, Carlyle cannot suppress his sympathy with the latter. The scandal of the Corn Laws is to him a greater scandal than the existence of factories which take the lives of men. There are, he finds, but rare exceptions to the rule of selfishness in the landed *aristocracy* ; for one Ashley (Lord Shaftesbury), how many lords there are who are idlers and fribbles, mere card-board men from whom life has long departed. There is no Duke of Weimar among the landed aristocracy of England.

Higher than captains of agriculture, higher than captain of industry, is the place of the great seer, the prophet, the creator of ideas and emotions. His part it is sustain the two social armies and their leaders at their work, and to provide society with a soul. These seers are the genuine priesthood of the new age. The heroes have a love and pity inexpressibly tender for their fellows ; but they evoke no love in return, for their soul is in the distant vast spaces of the universe.

It is with a cry of hope, then, that the arrangement of modern society in this great book closes. In his lost

pages Carlyle admits the sign of a down soon to rise, whose rays already mitigate the darkness. He affirms his invincible faith in the profound and living genius of his nation. His prophetic gift leads him to discern the vague promise of a spritual regeneration ; and here for the first time he describes the glory that is to be : "A deep feeling of the eternal nature of justice looks out among us everywhere." With a sure intuition he finds the hidden source of a great shifting of moral values. Humanity has not yet consented to its death. "My opinion is, that the Upper Powers have not yet determined on destroying the Lower World." A final appeal to all who have faith and to all who labour ; and the social gospel of Carlyle closes with an unwearied energy, a mystical enthusiasm stronger than the strongest doubt or the ditterest despair, stronger even than all the wrath that indignant spirit ever knew.

CHAPTER 7

"Past and Present"
Carlyle's teaching

A Summary

Carlyle looked around him and found a state of things truly alarming. He was "horrifield by the sight of fifty robust paupers idly sitting outside the work-house of St. Ives in Huntingdonshire. This he thought typical of the condition of England: 'in the midst of plethoric plenty, the people perish'". The politicians and economists were jubilant at the passing of the Reform Bill, and Poor Laws, and the growth of manufactures and trade. They pointed to the immense wealth in England, and exulted in the free operations of the laws of supply and demand in the new order of things. Democracy, *Laissez Faire*, Repeal of Corn Laws, Utilitarianism were the watch words of the day. But while others were rejoicing over the immense increase of wealth and population in England, and the advance of Liberty, Carlyle was oppressed with a sense of an impending evil. He saw that "Parliamentary Reform had simply transferred political power from the Aristocracy to the capitalist and merchant class", and that the "growth of wealth had not led to a corresponding improvement in the material conditions of the great mass of people, nor to the moral improvement of any class". There was no just distribution of wealth, nor was there any solicitude for the health, comfort, or moral condition of the workers.

"Carlyle maintained that the eternal laws of justice must govern every human action. Under the feudal arrangements of society the labourer had valuable recognised rights. Under the modern system he hung loose on society without guarantee of the means of earning a livelihood."

What a contrast was there between the England of 1843, 'dying of inanition', the rich growing richer and the poor poorer, in their 'liberty' to buy in the cheapest market and to sell in the dearest, and the twelfth century England when there were men like Abbot Samson in the Church, and brave knights and barons in the (feudal) state, to regulate the lives of the common people and give them enough to eat! "Gurth the swineherd, born thrall of Cedric the Saxon, tended pigs in the wood and did get some parings of pork," but under the gospel of "Enlightened selfishness" preached by political economists in the nineteenth century, the slave-worker under an English manufacturer did not get even this much. It was a just demand of workers to have "a fair day's-wages for a fair day's-work", for that is the everlasting right of man. If timely measures were not adopted to comply with this minimum demand, if steps were not taken to make for the comfort, sanitation, and education of workers, there was every prospect of an ugly revolution, with Chaos and Anarchy in its wake.

Mammonism and Dilettantism were rampant in England, and they were slowly eating away at the heart of the brave and glorious English nation. Carlyle thundered against the forces of evil and preached a new Gospel of Labour. With all his pessimism or gloomy forebodings he had the conviction that "The Soul of the world is just...I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below: the just thing, the true thing. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing; and infinite bonfires visibly awaiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy

victory on behalf of it,—I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say, 'In God's name, No !' Thy 'Success' ? Poor devil what will thy success amount to ?.........Towards an eternal centre of right and nobleness, and of that only, is all this confusion tending."

With this glorious conviction, then, and with the inspiring example of the Past before him, Carlyle preached to the modern worker the dignity of work, and the happiness of labour. Other happiness he scorned. "The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about was, happiness enough to get his work done. Not 'I can't eat ?' but 'I can't work !' that was the burden of all wise complaining among men. It is, after all, the one unhappiness of a man. That he cannot work ; that he cannot get his destiny as a man fulfilled. Behold, the day is passing swiftly over, our life is passing swiftly over : and the night cometh, wherein no man can work. The night once come, our happiness, our unhappiness ;—it is all abolished......But our work,—behold that is not abolished, that has not vanished : our work, behold, it remains, or the want of it remains ; for endless Times and Eternities remains ; and that is now the sole question with us forever more."

Carlyle wanted that "labour must become a seeing national giant, with a *soul* in the body of him, and take his place on the throne of things." He had no faith in temporary expedients and makeshifts like the repeal of the Corn Laws. The abolition of Corn Laws would usher in "another period of commercial enterprise, of victory and prosperity ; during which, it is likely much money will again be made, and all the people may, by the extant methods, still for a space of years, be kept alive and physically fed." But the question was, would this "priceless time" of a blessed interval be utilised in "alleviating, instructing, regulating our people," or would it pass away like a paroxysm ? If men continued to be animated by the old gospel of "Competition and Devil take the hind most" and ***Laissez Faire*** methods, there would be

no salvation. If our Trade in twenty years, "flourishing' as never Trade flourished, could double itself ; yet then also, by the old *Laissez Faire* method, our population is doubled : we shall then be as we are, only twice as many of us, twice and ten times as unmanageable !"

What was needed, said Carlyle, was organisation of labour under a new type of leader,—very different from the successful British manufacturer of the day, "the indomitable Plugson of the respected Firm of Plugson, Hunks and Company, in St. Dolly Under-shot." The blind Plugson could become a real Captain of Industry, did he but know it. Carlyle did not believe in ballot-boxes, franchise, and the counting of heads. He believed in Heroes and Hero-worship. In this book his heroes are the heroes who could form an aristocracy of real Captain of Industry. For liberty in the abstract, Carlyle had a positive horror. The best that an ordinary man could achieve was willing obedience to his able superior's command. "Gurth's brass collar did not gall him : Cedric *deserved* to be his master. The pigs were Cedric's but Gurth too would get his parings of them. Gurth had the inexpressible satisfaction of feeling himself related indissolubly, though in a rude brass-collar way, to his fellow-mortals in this Earth. He had superiors, inferiors, equals.—Gurth is now "emancipated' long since ; has what we call 'Liberty.' Liberty, I am told, is a divine thing. Liberty when it becomes the 'Liberty to die by starvation' is not so divine ! Liberty ? The true liberty of a man, you would say, consisted in his finding out, or being forced to find out the right path, and to walk thereon. To learn, or to be taught, what work he actually was able for ; and then by permission, persuasion, and even compulsion, to set about doing of the same. That is his true blessedness, honour, 'liberty' and maximum of well-being : if liberty be not that, I for one have small care about liberty."

Carlyle can be very destructive, but he is not so successful in putting forward constructive proposals.

His scheme of Heroes was, he knew, rather unworkable, human beings remaining what they are. "The grand problem, yet remains to solve ; that of finding government by your Real Superiors." But there are so many proposals and suggestions outlined in the *Past and Present* which Time has proved to be true. He anticipated twentieth century legislation in passages like this: "Again, are not Sanitary Regulations possible for a Legislature ?.........The Legislature, even as it now is, could order all dingy Manufacturing Towns to cease from their soot and darkness ; to let in the blessed sunlight, the blue of Heaven, and become clear and clean ; to burn their coal-smoke, namely, and make flame of it. Baths, free air, a wholesome temperature, ceilings twenty feet high, might be ordained, by Act of Parliament, in all establishments, licensed as Mills."

Garnett, who has complained of the absence of a clear connection between Carlyle's "Past" and his, "Present," of the many nicknames and mechanical devices for effect in the book, and other things, is forced to admit that "Opinion has in the main followed the track pointed out by Carlyle's luminous finger. Things in being or to be, from Imperial federation to public wash houses, were framed or furthered here. The appeal to the aristocracies of birth and wealth to emulate the aristocracy of worth has not been entirely unheard.......Carlyle's prophecy of the effects of Corn Law and repeal has been fulfilled to the letter............Systematized emigration is again a leading point with him, and brings with it the idea of Imperial Federation, 'a future wide as the world.' "

It was Carlyle who talked of permanency of contract, and profit-sharing. "A question arises here : whether, in some ulterior, perhaps not far-distant stage of this 'Chivarly of Labour', your Master-worker may not find it possible, and needful, to grant his workers permanent *interest* in his enterprise and theirs ? So that it become, in practical result, what in essential fact and justice it ever

is, a joint enterprise; all men, from the Chief Master down to the lowest Overseer and Operative, economically as well as loyally concerned for it?.........To reconcile Despotism with Freedom:—well, is that such a mystery? Do you not already know the way? It is to make your Despotism *just*."

Finally, the exhortation of Carlyle is to the Workers for whose betterment the book was written:

"But it is to you, ye workers who do already work, and are as grown men, noble and honourable in a sort, that the whole world calls for new work and nobleness. Subdue mutiny, discord, widespread despair, by manfulness, justice, mercy and wisdom.........To make some nook of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier more blessed, less accursed!

"Unstained by wasteful deformities, by wasted tears or heart's-blood of men, or any defacement of the Pit, noble fruitful Labour, growing ever nobler, will come forth, the grand sole miracle of Man; whereby Man has risen from the low places of this Earth very literally, into divine Heavens."

This is a summary of Carlyle's teaching in the *Past and Present*, taken largely from Bliss Perry's chapter on this book in *Carlyle: How to know him*. From this summary no adequate idea can be had of Carlyle's pronouncements on Utilitaritanism. Democracy, Political Economy, Socialism etc. But before these details of Caryle's teachings are taken up, two important features of the teachings in *Past and Present* must be examined, namely the *Spiritual* quality of this teaching, and secondly the true significance of Carlyle's apparent desire to go "Back to the Past."

A book full of Spiritual truths.

We shall miss the true value and significance of

Carlyle's *Past and Present* if we look upon it mainly as a book of political and social doctrines. The import of *Past and Present* to his generation as to our generation is that here are great though simple spiritual truths expounded in eloquent language. The message of *Past and Present* is essentially spiritual : Love not pleasure, love God ; Run not after the God of wealth (Mammon), for mere wealth is a curse ; The whole world is joined by spiritual bonds, not by cash nexus, and all men are brethren ; Justice should animate the affairs of men ; There is a perennial nobleness in work ; Be not a Dilettanate ; He who wants to rule must learn to obey ; Put faith in Heroes and Hero-Worship ; Wanted an aristocracy of real Captains of Industry ; Every man has a right to live, to get fair wages for a fair day's work and to be educated ; Man's lot is to suffer and to be unhappy ; No Panacea or Morrison's pill may remove human woes at once ; Not Free Competition but co-operation should be the policy of the State : cleanse your Politics of Bribery.........A perusal of *Past and Present* on these lines will bring out the greatness of the book, and cover up the minor deficiencies of logic, method, and style.

Emerson, with his keen insight, perceived the essential greatness of *Past and Present*, and his tribute is still the best. Emerson makes it clear that the writer of *Past and Present* is an inspired poet rather than a doctrinaire in polities or social philosophy, and that the significance of his pronouncements transcends the bounds of contemporary history. Says Emerson : "Though no theocrat, and more than most philosophers a believer in political systems, Mr. Carlyle very fairly finds the calamity of the times, not in bad bills of Parliament nor the remedy in good bills, but the vice in false and superficials aims of the people, and the remedy in honesty and insight. Like every work cf genius, its great value is in telling such simple truths. As we recall the topics, we are struck with force given to the plain truths ; the picture of the English nation all sitting enchanted, the poor, enchanted so that they cannot work, the rich, enchanted so that they cannot

enjoy, and are rich in vain ; the exposure of the progress of fraud into all arts and social activities ; the proposition that the labourer must have a greater share in his earnings; that the principle of permanence shall be admitted into all contracts of mutual service ; that the state shall provide at least schoolmaster's education for all the citizens ; the exhortation to the workman that he shall respect the work and not the wages ; to the scholar that he shall be there for light; to the idle, that no man shall sit idle; the picture of Abbot Samson, the true governor, who 'is not there to expect reason and nobleness of others, he is there to give them of his own reason and nobleness' and the assumption throughout the book, that a new chivalry and nobility, namely the dynasty of labour, is replacing the old nobilities. These things strike us with a force which reminds us of the morals of the Oriental or early Greek masters, and of no modern book. Truly is these things is great reward. It is not by sitting still at a great distance and calling the human race *Larvae*, that men are to be helped, nor by helping the depraved after their own foolish fashion, but by doing unweariedly the particular work we were born to do. Let no man think himself absolved because he does a generous action and befriends the poor, but let him see whether he so holds his property that a benefit goes from it is all. A man's diet should be what is simplest and readiest to be had, because it is so private a good.........His manners,——let them be hospitable and civilising, so that no Phidias or Raphael shall have taught anything better in canvas or stone, and his acts should be representative of the human race, as one who makes them rich in his having, and poor in his want."

Emerson praises the courage of Carlyle is taking up the superhuman task of handling contemporary practical, questions not in the way of the historian but in the way of the poet and the seer. "The poet cannot descend into the turbid present without injury to his rarest gifts." But "we have at least this gain, that here is a message which those to whom it was addressed cannot choose but hear. Though they die, they must listen. It is plain that

whether by hope or by fear, or were it only by delight in this panorama of brilliant images, all the great classes of English society must read even those whose existence it proscribes.........Here is a book as full of treason as an egg is full of meat, and every lordship and worship and high form and ceremony of English conservatism tossed like a football into the air, and kept in the air, with merciless kicks and rebounds, and yet not a word is punishable by statute............Worst of all for the party attacked, it bereaves them beforehand of all sympathy, by anticipating the plea of poetic and humane conservatism, and impressing the reader with the conviction that the satirist himself has the truest love for everything old and excellent in English land and institutions and a genuine respect for the basis of truth in those whom he exposes."

Carlyle mediaevalism.

Many of the English writers of the nineteenth century, especially the romantics, were in love with the Middle Ages, and showed a bias for the government customs, romance, and religion of the Middle Ages. Scott's novels and metrical romances, Coleridge's ballads and Keats's narratives, had lent a glamour to the Middle Ages. The Oxford movement was also a "Back to the Past" movement, and its shining light. Newman, was more a thoroughgoing mediaevalist than any one else. Later on, Ruskin applauded the guild system of the Middle Ages, and he and William Morris created the Middle Ages anew in the imagination of the lovers of Fine Arts. Carlyle was also a believer in the Middle Ages, and the second book of *Past and Present* is nothing if not an eloquent idealisation of the Middle Ages.

And yet Carlyle cannot be called a mediaevalist. In *Past and Present*. "He may have designed a contrast between the more regulated life of mediaeval England and the individualism of his own day, but if so, he must have found that the Middle Ages would need much idealizing." Carlyle expressed no *sentimental* attachment to the Middle

Ages like Newman ; man of facts as he was he would never have indulged in Newman's splendid rhapsodies about the Middle Ages, "the great calm, the beautiful pageant, the brotherhood of holy pastors, the stately march of blessed services, heaven let down on earth, the fiends of darkness chased away to their prison below." As Garnett observes, Carlyle knew that in the Middle Ages, "if fiends were scarce, fiendish oppressors were plentiful." It is important to note that Carlyle even while holding up for applause the figures of great mediaeval princes and prelates, emplatically opined that he would not have the rule of Middle Ages extended to his own times. Did he not say, "In truth, could your divine Anselm your divine Pope Gregory have had their way, our Western World had all become a European Thibet "?

Yet Carlyle has an excessive sympathy for the Middle Ages and "he makes them too much a foil to the faults of his own. His own account of Samson's election as Abbot proves that the choice might as easily have fallen upon some tonsured 'Pandarus Dogdraught.' In truth, Joceline, though a most veracious chronicler, worte for a monastic public. and confesses to 'tacenda.' There is a more comprehensive picture of somewhat later date which might have put Carlyle in charity with his, contemporaries. If he ever read 'The paston Letters, he there made the acquaintance of an England infinitely inferior in public and private virtue to the England of his own day" (Garnett).

Carlyle, a reactionary.

Chesterton, himself a confirmed lover of Middle Ages, has analysed Carlyle's mediaevalism, and discovered that it was simply a *reaction* or *revolt* against his own times. While contemporary historians (like Macaulay) were pointing with great joy and self-complacency to the material progress and scientific achievements of their age, Carlyle did quite the opposite. "At the time when almost every eminent historian described the past as a

mere foil to the present, Carlyle actually uses the flimsy and degraded present as a foil to the past. The average history book used in schoolrooms commonly began a chapter with some such words as these : 'How surprised those rude barbarians would have been had they known that their rough ox-wagons would some day be replaced by steam-engines at thirty miles an hour, that their superstitious ordeals would end in enlightened courts of justice and beneficent Acts of Parliament.' The point of Carlyle's book is rather to reverse the phrase and exclaim, 'How horrified the men of the Middle Ages would have been if they had known that their plain customs and kingships would ever degenerate into the dirt and slavery of Manchester and the tom-fooleries of Chancery and St. Stephen's."

There are two defects pointed out by Chesterton in Carlyle's version of the Middle Ages. The first is that he made the "Middle Ages much too German—or what comes to the same thing, much too barbarous." He did not realise that "the Teutons may very possibly have quickened Europe unconsciously with a clean and fresh physical stock, but they certainly did not consciously give it its new system and order ; that come, as much as the old system and order, from Rome." Secondly, (and to the Roman Catholic Chesterton that is the greater offence) while Carlyle "admired the Middle Ages and had great natural sympathy with religion, he happened to dislike, or rather not to understand, the religion of the Middle Ages [*i. e.* the Roman Catholic religion]......Thus Carlyle vividly describes the dignity and decision of Anselm ; yet he has not got the right Anselm, and if he had he would not like him. How utterly un-Carlylian is the image of a man really weeping with a sense of unworthiness when called to a high post, actually having the crozier forced into his hand and the mitre thrust by violence on to his head. According to Carlyle's theory of morals, Anselm should have leaped forward crying, 'I am the able man ; give me scope ; the tools to him that can use them."

With these two qualifications Chesterton admits the correctness of Carlyle's version of the Middle Ages. He goes so far as to say that Carlyle was more right about "Past" than about "Present". "He sees much more vividly and humanly the things that he has not seen, the events of veiled centuries and obscure tribes, than he sees the events that are really happening around him in the streets of London." The explanation for this correct vision of the past lies, according to Chesterton, in the fact that Carlyle was to a certain extent in the same position as Rufus or Abbot Samson of the Middle Ages. He was a reactionary or a "conservative in revolt" like them ; even as they always looked almost entirely to the past (*i. e*. the days of the Roman Empire) in the hope of renewing its lost wisdom and liberty, so Carlyle looked to that which was "Past" to him *i. e.* the Middle Ages, with the hope that lessons derived from it would cure the ills of the present.

Carlyle's revolt against Utilitarianism.

That Carlyle was a reactionary, and in revolt against the received opinions of the day, may be seen from his attacks on Democracy. Utilitarianism, and *Laissez-faire*, (with its corollary of Free Trade). The Victorian era was an era of the ascendancy of middle-class Liberals, and Carlyle was totally against this Liberalism. Before Carlyle made his onslaught on Victorian Liberalism, the dominant school of thinkers was the Utilitarian school, "founded by Jeremy Bentham and developed by John Stuart Mill. Bentham's task was to find some simple clue to conduct in life and government. Theory and practice were much entangled in England ; government seemed to be founded on all sort of rights, divine, hereditary, and moral ; and in his search for some simple test to decide between these claims Bentham goes down into ethics and the metaphysics of Hume. The moral criterion of any right action, he concludes is the pleasure it gives to the performer ; if any course of conduct promises more pleasure and less pain than another course, then we

should pursue it. How then do we perform unselfish actions? To answer this Mill uses the Theory of Association: we please ourselves as we please others, for the fear of the hate of our fellow-men, coupled with the teachings of law and theology, influence us, and our actions will in consequence be those which give 'the greatest happiness to the greatest possible number.' Utility therefore becomes the sovereign test. In this formula the utilitarians had a potent weapon of political criticism Bentham applied it to all existing institutions, and all failed to answer the test, for the only thing that could satisfy it was a society with no privileged rulers—a complete democracy. If your interests are entrusted to one man, he will cousult his own pleasure; but if they are entrusted to the greatest number, they will consult the pleasure of the majority. The effects of this were twofold. In the moral sphere the utilitarian was compelled to pitch his standard far below the aspirations of human nature, and to ignore the spiritual part of man—the instincts of honour and imagination, the promptings of devotion and self-sacrifice. For political economy the results were even more serious. To the mass of men the great moral lever is the desire for wealtn, and so the utilitarian not only blessed the industrial system, but made it a necessity. Hence the doctrine of *laissez-faire*—the state must stand aside and leave things alone; poverty will cure itself eventually. Malthus in his famous *Essay on Population* (1798) showed that hunger is itself an instrument in the process: it serves to reduce the population as the people multiply to the line of subsistence; while Ricardo, making clear the operations of the three great factors of industry—Rent, Capital, and Wages—proved the necessity for capital to pay the lowest wages possible." (Ball).

Carlyle recoiled against Utilitarianism and all the concepts that followed from that doctrine. He condemned Utilitarianism and its "Greatest-Happiness Principle" and Profit-and-Loss philosophy, sneered at pleasure as providing a basis for human action, attacked the

"Supply-and-demand" doctrine of Political Economy, and Free competition (where the "Devil take the hindmost".) Does he not say in Chapter Sixth of Book Three of *Past and Present* :—"How with our gross Atheism, we hear it not to be the Voice of God to us, but regard it merely as a Voice of earthly Profit-and-Loss, And have a Hell in England,—the Hell of not making money. And coldly see the all-conquering valiant sons of Toil sit enchanted, by the million, in their Poor-Law Bastille, as if this were Nature's Law ;—mumbling to ourselves some vague janglement of Laissez-faire, Supply-and-Demand, Cash-payment the one nexus of man to man : Freetrade, competition, and Devil take the hind most, our latest Gospel yet preached ! "

Against Democracy.

If the nineteenth century politicans made fetish of anyone thing it was the growth of democratic institutions. Carlyle disbelieved in Democracy, and the liberty of the masses. He laughed at Reform Acts, Repeal of Corn Laws, Ballot-boxes, and Universal Franchise. "The idea of democracy with which he was presented by Mill and the Radicals of his time was an arithmetical one : the problem as they saw it was no more profound than that of securring an 'accurate' register of porpular opinion by the devising of a perfect system of recording and counting votes. For all this Carlyle had a contempt. Proportional representation was the apotheosis of the mechanical view he detested and rejected : by a natural enough transition, the ballot box, mystic emblem of the Liberals, became, for him, a symbol of darkness of mind : of blindness to the dynamic forces in social life, which eluded and must elude the mathematical calculator with his "adding machine" (Mary Agnes Hamilton). Carlyle desired in *Past and Present* an Aristocracy or "Government by the Best," and not Democracy. According to him the problem in the State was "By what method or methods can the able man from every rank in life be gathered, as diamond grains from the general mass of land : the able

men, not the sham-able ;—and set to do the work of governing, contriving, administering and guiding for us."

The current slogans of Liberty and Equality he exposed as false and mischievous. As he says in *Past and Present*: "Liberty, I am told, is a Divine thing. Liberty when it becomes the 'Libeity to die by Starvation' is not so divine! Liberty? The true liberty of a man, you would say, consisted in his finding out, or being forced to find out, the right path, and to walk thereon,...The notion that a man's liberty consists in giving his vote at election-hustings, and saying, 'Behold now I too have my twenty-thousand part of a Talker in our National Player; will not all the gods be good to me?'—is one of the pleasantest!"

Carlyle believed in Hero-Worship, *i.e.* willing obedience to the "Real-Superiors," and in the Aristocracy of Talent. He wanted the state to interfere in the lives of the people and guide them aright, if need be, by compulsion. He believed in the close bond between man and man, that is he believed in "Fraternity," but he did not believe in either "Liberty" or "Equality" as these terms weie understood by his contemporaries. The views of Carlyle on Democracy may be summarised as under, in Mary Hamilton's words :—

"The view that government of the people be conducted *for* the people he accepts as a platitude. His belief in the divinity in man demanded that no human being should be treated merely as an instrument for the ends of others. Not only is each human soul of intrinsic worth : in every action and motion of his brief mortality man is dependent on others and conditioned for good or evil, by the fact that he lives, with others, in a society. The problem of government is analogous to the problem of individual life here, and, like it, governed by the fact, on the one hand, of man's relations to his fellows, and, on the other, of his and their relations to the in-

finite......Democracy is a form whose value depends on its content.........To make it good, government for the people must be applied as a principle of active order. The State, as representative and guardian, must accept responsibility and become a practical agent of co-ordination and control. Further, there must be worked out, always in rigorous relation to fact, the proper meaning of government by the people. If it means a most accurate selection and adjustment of men to tasks, good : on that, indeed everything depends. Education available to all, so that talents may disclose themselves : then 'Tools to him who can handle them'—no other text but this of handling being imposed, but this imposed with the utmost severity. If democracy means this, he is for it. On the other hand, the demand for direct election by popular vote to offices, is for him plain nonsense. So is the notion that, when you come down to work to be done, 'any man is as good as another.' For the special work of political leadership or executive direction, specific qualities are required.........For 'direct democracy' he has nothing but derision. Representative democracy, on the other hand, can be used to give us a 'Government by the best' of an authority and authenticity such as can be secured through no other principle of discovering 'the best.' To achieve such a Government is by far the most urgent of political tasks."

Carlyle's Radicalism.

So far, we have been treating of Carlyle as a reactionary, one who had revolted against the liberal doctrines of his times. It is necessary to supplement this view by emphasising it that at the same time he was a Radical among Radicals ! The writer who went to the twelfth century for inspiration has written of things and measures which appear as Radical and 'advanced' even in the twentieth century. Carlyle is in the vanguard of Socialism. Today we realise with Chesterton that "He is already the first prophet of the socialists and the great voice against the social wrong. Carlyle was the first

who called in political inequality to remedy economic inequality, but he will not be the last. But when many reformers have been inspired by his lurid irony and fiery chiaroscuro of contrasts to attempt some solution of our social evil by sheer mastery and stroke of state, he will at least remain the greatest of them." In the age of shop keepers and middle-class Liberals he discerned the great Fact of the Future, namely the rise of Labour, and the victory of Labour. To a people drunk with joy of Money and Manufactures he cried out in warning that they were living on the brink of a precipice, and that they must at once set about "Organisation of Labour." As he says in *Past and Present* : "As if, in truth, there were no God of Labour ; as if god like Labour and brutal Mammonism were convertible terms. A serious, most earnest Mammonism grown Midas-eared ; an unserious Dilettantism, earnest about nothing, grinning with inarticulate incredulous incredible jargon about all things, as the *enchanted* Dilettani do by the Dead Sea ! It is mournful enough, for the present hour ; were there not an endless hope in it withal. Giant Labour, truest emblem there is of God the World Worker, Demiurgus, and Eternal Maker ; noble LABOUR, which is yet to be the King of this Earth, and sit on the highest throne, staggering hitherto like a common place on the street-pavements ; idle Dilettantism, Dead-Sea Apism crying out, 'Down with him, he is dangerous !' Labour must become a seeing rational giant, with a *soul* in the body of him, and take his place on the throne of things, —leaving his Mammonism, and several other adjuncts, on the lower steps of said throne."

A Seer.

This exaltation of Labour appears nothing startling in 1934, but in 1843 it must have been a great thing. Carlyle's vision of the Future is come true, and we of this generation can realise the truth of his vision very much better than our predecessors. It is strange how the chapters of *Past and Present* apply almost word

for word to our own conditions. Not only in England but almost in all lands wealth is increasing, side by side with unemployment. How true come the words of Carlyle. "This successful industry of England, with its plethoric wealth, has as yet made nobody rich ; it is an enchanted wealth, and belongs yet to nobody" ; "Such a Platitude of a World, in which all working horses could be well fed, and innumerable working men should die starved, were it not best to end it" ; "Over-production ! ....We accuse you of over-producing ; you are criminally guilty of producing shirts, breeches, hats, shoes and commodities in a frightful over-abundance. And now there is a glut, and your operatives cannot be fed !" "A question arises here : whether, in some ulterior, perhaps some not far distant stage of this 'Chivalry of Labour', your Master-Worker may not find it possible, and needful, to grant his Workers permanent *interest* in his enterprise and theirs ?" "An effective 'Teaching Service' I do consider that there must be ; some Education Secretary, Captain-General of Teachers, who will actually contrive to get us *taught*". "England's sure markets will be among new Colonies of Englishmen in all quarters of the Globe".

It is neither advisable nor practicable to discover a 'coherent body of doctrine" in *Past and Present* and to formulate a complete political and social system from the inspiring passages in the book But, reading the book in the light of what has happened after Carlyle, we can see that he was substantially in the right. The philosophies of "Utilitarianism", "Dilettantism", "Liberalism" ......were all wrong ; the economics of the Victorian era were illconceived and incomplete. Carlyle's earnest pleading for the recognition and the organisation of Labour was perfectly justified. "The remedies which Carlyle pleaded for were *not* the dreams of an unpractical thinker and man of letters—the organisation of industry (we call it 'rationalisation' now and are undertaking it too much in the old inhuman, mechanical way) ; permanence of contract—in a word justice in our

human relations and no mere 'cash-nexus'—we are having now to endeavour after these things under the influence of necessity and fear, which Carlyle would have had us take in hand while we had the means and the leisure, and done so inspired by goodwill, by faith, faith in the justice which lies at the heart of things however mysterious their working may seem : 'The univere. I say, is made by Law ; the great Soul of the World is just and not unjust.' No, Carlyle was not a systematic theory-and-constitution-monger, but he was a Seer. He saw nature as Wordsworth saw it but with a clearer perception of its darker, its 'spectral' side ; and he saw the common people as Wordsworth did, but his eye was less fixed on the idyllic, more on the hardships. the injustice of their lot, the 'spectral' character of man's life, too." (Grierson). Carlyle saw farther than even what we visualise at this day. Soclalism is the gospel of the present, and Labour is in the ascendant. But we have not yet spiritualised our politics and social system, as Carlyle wanted us to do. Hence the many *isms* to-day both in favour of, and against, the worker or the proletariat. If we realised that Labour is a divine institution, that man wants bread but does not live by bread alone, that there is a soul in all human beings, that men cannot be governed mechanically, and that the Past, Present, and the Future are organically one like the Tree Igdrasil, the many ills from which we are suffering, in society, would largely disappear.

Gospel of Work.

The pith and essense of Carlyle's teaching in *Past and Present* is contained in his *Gospel of Work*. He perceived, with his discerning eye that the Future lay with Labour, the workers, and the Captains of Industry. There was an inarticulate soul in Labour which must be appreciated and turned to use for the good of all. Far two centuries England had been kept alive by this inarticulate soul of Labour : "The practiacl Labour of England is not a chimerical Triviality ; it is a fact, acknowledged by all the

Worlds; which no man and no demon will contradict: It is, very audibly, though very inarticulately as yet, the one God's voice we have heard in these two atheistic centuries." We do not preceive that this silent work in the "Voice of God to us." Labour is feared, despised, oppressed and misinterpreted. Not work, but money is valued. "As if, in truth, there were no God of Labour as if good-like. Labour and brutal mammonism were convertible terms."

Carlyle's attitude to work is revolutionary, even for us. The dominant view of work today, as when he wrote, is that it is an evil, though a necessary one: a primal curse. Success is still measured popularly in terms of avoiding it. Incentives have to be elaborately devised to induce people to do it. His view is the opposite. The worker is the "truest emblem of God"; work is the expression of his divinity. Every worker doing his work well—no matter what work it be—is a creative artist; the test of value in the spirit, not the material, of his labour. Work thus is service: service of God ana service of man. Nor is this all. Work is a dignity, and the one valid claim to respect. The worker is the servant of his fellows. That fact carries with it a recognition of society of fellowship and of co-operation as the constructive and developing force in it.

Dearly as Carlyle loves vital and salient individuals, his Heroes, and deep as is the reverence that immerses him in biography, he never forgets that individuality can only be realised in society. "Men cannot live isolated: we *are* all bound together for mutual good or else for mutual misery, as living nerves in the same body." His answer to the question, How is faith to be incorporated in life and made effective? is, then, By a recognition of the fact of society and of the religious character of work. When he commands the individual, "Do the duty that his nearest thee," he means, "Make your service of God, your awareness of him, operative in each action by doing it as well as it can done." He says the same to society.

He believed in individuality. But at a time when Individualism was running riot he said that individuality can only be *generally* realised on society turns.

Work is not advocated by Caryle as an instrument of successful individual achievement, directed to the piling up of money. In the Midas or opening Chapter of *Past and Present* he definitely arraigns love of money as the source of soccial evil. Carlyle's gospel of work is not that of Samuel Smiles. It is, indeed, the very reverse of that. The worker's 'reward' is not the power to make more than his fellows, but the sense that, in working, he is realising both his manhood, his brotherhood, and his sonship of God. When he appears to the captain of industry to see to it that the workers under him are tied to him by permanent ties and not by temporary day's wages, he commends this, not as a means to efficiency in production, but as means to realising the social and religious implication of work, on whose basis alone a true society can be built.

Carlyle calls for noble chivalry of work, "far nobler than any chivalry of fighting was," an army united in brotherhood, and address their Captains, the Captains, of Industry : "It is to you I call : ye knew at least this : that the mandate of God to His creature man is : Work ! The future epic of the world rest not with those whose who are near dead, but with those that are alive, and those that are coming into life."

To put it briefly, Carlyle awakened by his clarion cry, his readers to two practical truths which the workers had been demonstrating already in practice, if not in theory : firstly that work *was the essential activity*; secondly that work was a *co-operative* activity. (Adapted from Mary Hamilton's chapter entitled "Arch" in her volume on Carlyle).

Carlyle's debt to Saint-Simon.

Carlyle's teaching in *Past and Preseni* cannot be re-

duced to a system, and his ideas are his own, but as far as we may give one title to his political philosophy we may call it *State Socialism*, and as far as we may find one philosopher from whom he derived the ideas expressed in this book, we shall see his mentor in Saint-Simon (1760-1825), the founder of French Socialism. From 1830 Carlyle was keenly interested in the Saint-Simonians, and he even thought of writing an article on the Saint Simonian movement. Saint Simon divided history into alternating periods of "social equipoise" and of "oscillation." In European history the Feudal Age was one of equipoise; then came the "oscillation of French Revolution. The Post-Revolution era was going to be a new era of stability, and Saint Simon made out a scheme for this reconstruction of French society. "He starts with the belief that the Revolution has run out with the sands of mere negation; that men have forgotten the religious instinct which is indestructible. A return to the old order is however impossible, for the new industries and eeonomic facts have to be reckoned with, and science has disproved the historical elements in the Christian creeds. So his new aristocracy is made up of industrial aristocrats, and his Church is a reformal Christianity based on the law of love. Thus there are two orders : a new priesthood and co-ordinate with it a guild of arists and scientists. Under these comes the proletariat. Such a society will reverse the processes of the old order, and exist not for the strong but for the weak, and wealth will be distributed not according to ability, but according to need, and the good of the State." (A. H. R. Ball).

Carlyle got his slogan of "organisation of labour" from Saint Simon, and he must have liked Saint Simon's "instance on the indispensability of the religious element," but he could not have approved of Saint Simon's Christian Socialism or his proposal to make the reward of labour depend, not on ability, but on "need." Carlyle's debt to Saint, Simson in *Past and Present* is, however, as clear as his debt to German mystics and philosophers in *Sartor Resartus*. But he is a royal

borrower, and improves upon his borrowings. Like Burke he detests mere speculative theories, and the best in the teaching in *Past and Present* is not an abstract system or political theory but plain truths and practical suggestions. "His feet are too firmly fixed on solid earth for him to argue as a theorist like Ruskin, and his political philosophy remains a number of hints.

Defects.

Because Carlyle does not give us an abstract theory or complete system of social or political philosophy he lends himself to adverse criticism. Three defects have generally been noted in Carlyle's social and political teachings : (1) that he is incoherent and unsystematic, (2) that he is a destructive critic and has very little positive to offer and (3) that he contradicts himself over and over again. To the first piece of criticism we might reply with Grierson, "What has become of all the coherent bodies of doctrine metaphysical and ethical from the days of Plato to those of Hegel—the deduction of all the ideas from the idea of Good, 'the hocus-pocus of mathematical form by means of which Spinoza......... clad his philosophy in mail and mask' ; the schematisation of the categories ? In the abstract system in which science moves there is room for systematic, logical thinking, deductions from hypotheses, which can in the end be tested by experience, pragmatically. In the more concrete realm of metapsysics and ethics [and politics] the more systematic the thinking the less sure the touch it will maintain with reality.........It is not by system and logic the Seer purifies, enlarges, and deepens men's vision, but by the record of his own intellectual and imaginative reaction to the complex of experience."

As regards the second alleged defect in Carlyle's teachings we might do him the justice to admit that in *Past and Present* he frankly says that he has no "clear remedial prescriptions to hand out." Does he not say : "How is it to be cured ? Brothers, I am sorry I have got

no Morrison's Pill for curing the maladies of society. It were infinitely handier if we had a Morrison's Pill. Act of Parliament, or remedial measure which men could swallow, one good time, and then go on in their old courses, cleared from all miseries and mischiefs! Unluckily we have none such; unluckily the Heavens themselves, in their rich pharmacopoeia contain none such." After having studied this disclaimer it is the more refreshing to note that many of Carlyle's suggestions and hints have been found practicable. Labour has been organised, Education Act have been passed, Emigration to the Colonies has been proved to be very advantageous to England, and all thinking men have been converted to socialism of a sort. And still more wonderful, the need for Heroes is greater than ever, and in every country Democracy is being superseded by Dictators, Able Men.

The third defect in the teaching in *Past and Present viz*, that of self-contradiction, can be explained to some extent by remembering that, "Carlyle's ideas on government are often misunderstood by reason of the two strains of political thought which run through his work—the democratic and the absolutist." "In *Past and Present* there is a blend of aristocratic rule and democratic consent; his ideal is 'to combine an inevitable democracy with an indispensable sovereignty'. He railed against the British Parliament, but he recognized that it was the organ of democracy and popular criticism. He would not overturn its constitution, but revive its torpid elements—alter it in effect, but not in form, permeate the spirit of the age with old ideals. As for the masses, he would introduce industrial conscription, not by force, for he believed that the people would, of their own accord, demand to be enlisted in industrial regiments under discipline. He would exclude from the country any industry which did not afford a fair wage for the workers, but competition must remain, and the reward of labour according to ability. He was met at this stage by the Malthusian doctrine. Better conditions mean a larger population,

which must therefore press mearer and nearer to the starvation line. And the exclusion of the markets intensifies the problem. To this he replies 'Lift up your eyes, and look at your colonies!' " (Ball).

Hugh Walker's Remarks.

Hugh Walker deals extensively with some of these defects in Carlyle's teaching. He notes that Carlyle denounced *laissez faire*, "Competition and Devil take the hindmost," poured anathemas on all political economy, and yet admitted that the regulation of life by the wisest of mediaeval religious minds would have made modern Europe a Thibet. In his own day he saw men, under a system of *laissez faire* distributing themselves over a new continent, and admitted that it was done on the whole with wonderful success. "To some extent the contradiction is real and is a flaw in Carlyle. In his emphatic way he exaggerated that which threatened to be neglected, and depreciated or ignored what he conceived, to figure too prominently. In a democratic society he thought the lesson of order more important than that of freedom ; and hence he sometimes wrote as if the latter need not be considered at all. The defect of *Past and Present* is that the past is idealised, and the present painted in hues of unnatural blackness...........But to a large extent Carlyle can be defended on the ground that the seeming contradictions are both true. He had not studied Kant's antinomies in vain. Thus, there is no real contradiction between the individualistic and the socialistic elements in his political philosophy ; pure individualism and pure socialism being alike impossible extremes, and wise statesmanship consisting in discovering the just mean between them.

"The second and, if it were true, by far the more serious objection to Carlyle is that his work has borne no fruit in practice, that he denounced modern society and yet failed to show how it was to be improved. The answer of more sympathetic critics is the true one.

It seem to us as if this were the case because in so many instances what Carlyle's denounced has been reformed and what he recommended has been done or is in process of being done. No one any longer defends laissez-faire as alone a sufficient principle of government; and no one did so much as Carlyle to turn the mind of the country against it. He insisted upon the organisation of labour as 'the universal vital Problem of the World'. When he wrote, labour was regarded as a thing which would organise itself and must be left to do so. Now, it is recognised by all that, however difficult it may be of solution, this problem does exist and must be faced. The difference between the political economy of the present day and that which he denounced is a tribute to the wisdom of Carlyle: in no small degree it is due to his influence. The science of abstract laws has disappeared; a science based on concrete facts is taking its place. With Carlyle's aid we see as it was never seen before, how much is assumed in the phrase '*free* competition'; but if the freedom be real, the law of competition is perhaps the safest of all laws.........

"Behind everything in Carlyle lay an unalterable belief in the Law of the Universe, which was his Religion, and a conviction that this law was identical with Truth and Justice—the only things capable of being conserved".

CHAPTER 8

Past and Present : A literary masterpiece

A spontaneous production.

Leaving aside the truth and value of the teachings contained in *Past and Present*, if we examine it as a book in literature, it will be found to be a masterpiece. *Past and Present* is not such a wonderful book as a *Sartor Resartus*, nor is it as popular a classic as *Heroes and Hero-Worship.* It does not represent a colossal effort of imagination of historical research like the volumes on *French Revolution*, *Oliver Cromwell*, and *Frederick the Great.* It has, however, an abiding charm and appeal of its own ; it has the distinction of being the most spontaneous and free and quick production of the author ; and it contains, therefore, his sincerest and most eloquent utterances on society and politics.

Wonderful Recreation of the Past.

Almost everybody is agreed on this point that Book II (entitled *Ancient Monk*) is a marvellous piece of writing, and that it ranks very high among those masterpieces in English language which treat of the life and customs of a past age. "In Book II the preacher and teacher retire into the back-ground, the unrivalled master of historical narrative, the magical rebuilder of the past, assume their places, and the result appears in a picture of mediaeval monasticism which will live as long as anything that Carlyle ever wrote. More than one pro-

fessed romancer of the highest genius has dealt with the cloistral life; and the quaint mixture of nobility and *naivete*, of dignity and childishness, of the pathetic and the absurd, which meets one in the typical monkish character, has attracted poets and humorists in all ages. But none among them has ever done fuller justice to it than that author of the wonderful sketch of Abbot Samson and the St. Edmundsbury monks. Perhaps if one were challenged to name ten pages in which Carlyle has most brilliantly exhibited the whole array of these gifts by virtue of which he makes history live again, one would do well to seek them, not in the dramatic pages of the *French Revolution*, but in the two short chapters of *Past and Present* wherein he describes the canvassing for the new Abbot of St. Edmundsbury, and the final election of Samson *Subsacrista* to that exalted office. The preliminary chattering of the monks among themselves: the despatch of the thirteen delegate electors to Henry II at Waltham; their journey thither; and the formidable figure, dashed in with a few strokes of the Great King himself—it is all done in Carlyle's inimitable manner, with that force and truth and humour and swift unerring touch that marks his handling of any historic incident which had once taken hold of his imagination. Jocelin of Brakelond's narrative, is his sole authority throughout; but how vividly do the figures stand out on the faded tapestry of the monkish chronicler! And when at last the names of the competing candidates are one by one struck off, and the electors make their final unexpected presentment of the *Subsacrista*, how intensely real is the scene which follows!.........

"And admirably as we all know, is his government described in Book II of this volume. We follow the history of the good Abbot's administration—its struggles, reforms, pieties, with the same strange sense of reality and nearness that we feel in reading of his election; and it is all too soon for us that Jocelin's Chronicle comes to an end, "impenetrable time-curtains rush down,' real phantasmagory of St. Edmundsbury plunges into the

bosom of the Twelfth Century again,' and Monks. Abbot, Hero-worship, Government, Obedience, Coeur de Lion, and St. Edmund's Shrine vanish like Mirza's vision, leaving nothing but a mutilated black ruin amid green botanic expanses, and oxen, sheep, and dilettanti pasturing in their places". (H. D. Traill).

There is not the sam unanimity of praise regarding Carlyle sketch of the "Present". Men can stand an idea-ised picture of past times and delight in splendid rhetoric and inspiring pen-pictures, but they will resent any description of the Present which is either inaccurate or which jars upon their feelings. Thus, while Emerson called *Past and Present* a "new poem" and "*Iliad* of English woes", admiring Carlyle's utterances on contemporary political and social questions, another poet, George Meredith, brushed aside all Carlyle's books on politics with the cutting remarks : "Read the *French Revolution* and you listen to a seer ; the recent pamphlets, and he is a drunken country squire of super-ordinary ability". And again : "I hold that he [Carlyle] is the nearest to being an inspired wiiter of any man in our times ; he does proclaim inviolable law : he speaks from the deep springs of life. All this. But when he descends to our common pavement, when he would apply his eminent spiritual wisdom to the course of legislation, he is no more sagacious nor useful nor temperate than a flash of lightning in a grocer's shop. 'I purify the atmosphere, says this agent. 'You knock me down, spoil my goods, and frighten my family,' says the Grocer".

There is no doubt that Carlyle has exaggerated the "Present" crisis and given a distorted view of the misery and discontent he saw around him. The student of literature will not be very much pleased with professors of the dismal science, commercial capitalists, *laissez-faire* theorists, Plugson of Undershot, Sir Jabesh Windbag, and the rest of Carlyle's favourite bogies". He will notice that there is absence of clear connection between

Carlyle's "Past and Present", and that it injures the artistic effect of his book? He will also discover that "There are too many nicknames and mechanical devices for effect. The metaphor of Plugson's hundred thousand scalps is excellent, *once.* When the repetitions are as many as the scalps, it becomes tedious." (Garnett).

The greatest of Carlyle's admirers has noted these defects in *Past and Present.* Says Emerson with regard to the general objection urged against this book: "It appears to us as a certain disproportion in the picture, caused by the obtrusion of the whims of the painter. In this work, as in his former labours, Mr. Carlyle reminds us of a sick giant. His humours are expressed with so much force of constitution that his fancies are more attractive and more credible than the sanity of duller men. But the habitual exaggeration of the tone wearies while it stimulates. It is felt to be so much deduction from the universality of the picture. It is not serene sunshine, but everything is seen in lurid storm-lights. Every object attitudinises, to the very mountains and stars almost, under the refraction of this wonderful humorist; and instead of the common earth and sky, we have a Martin's Creation or Judgment Day. A crisis has always arrived which requires a *deus ex machina.* One can hardly credit, whilst under the spell of this magician, that the world always had the same bankrupt look, to foregoing ages as to us—as of a failed world just recollecting its old withered forces to begin again and try to do a little business. It was perhaps inseparable from the attempt to write a book of wit and imagination on English politics, that a certain local emphasis and love of effect, such as the vice of preaching, should appear,—producing on the reader a feeling of forlornness by the excess of value attributed to circumstances.........The ancients are only venerable to us because distance has destroyed what was trivial; as the sun and stars affect us only grandly, because we cannot reach to their smoke and sufaces and say, Is that all?" Emerson, thus, admits that Carlyle has idealised the *Past* and painted too lurid and gloomy

a picture of the *Present.* But he offers it as an excuse that "the gravity of the times. the manifold and increasing dangers of the English State, may easily excuse some over-colouring of the picture ; and we at this distance are not so far removed from any of the specific evils, and are deeply participant in too many, not to share the gloom and thank the love and courage of the counseller."

From the literary point, therefore, Carlyle's "Present" is not so admirable as his "Past". Men will not only overlook but positively enjoy the idealisation of the Past especially when they get eloquent pen-pictures and sketches of things and men dead and gone. They will not enjoy, in the same measure, denunciations and condemnations of the Present even if these be justified. The introduction of political and social theories in Book III and IV undoubtedly detracts from the literary value of the book.

But there is one passage, or set of passages, in this latter portion of *Past and Present* which can hold its own with the best passages in Book II. With perhaps the single exception of the inspired chapter on "Natural Supernaturalism" in *Sartor Resartus* (which represents the *nigh* water-mark of Carlyle's achievement as a man of letters), there is nothing that Carlyle has written which will surpass in eloquence and humanity the noble paean he has sung to "Work" in Chapters XI and XII of Book III : "For there is perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work......... Blessed is he who has found his work ; let him ask no other blessedness......... All true Work is sacred ; in all true Work, were it but true hand-labour, there is something of divineness.........Many it please your Serene Highnesses, Your Majesties, Lordships and Law-wardships, the proper Epic of this World is not now 'Arms and the Man'; how much less, 'Shirt-frills and the Man' : no, it is now 'Tools and the Man' : that, henceforth to all time is now our Epic ;—and you, first of all others, I think, were wise to take note of that !"

The chapter on "Labour" contains also of the two most literary sketches or pen-pictures in the book, namely the picture of "Brave sea-captain, Norse Seaking, —Columbus, my hero royallest Sea-king of all !......yes my World-Soldier, thou of the world Marineservice,—thou will have to be *greater* than this tumultous unmeasured World here round thee is ......The other great picture in the book is of Samson himself : "A personable man of seven-and-forty ; stout-made, stands erect as a pillar ; with bushy eyebrows, the eyes of him beaming into you in a really strange way ; the face massive, grave, with 'a very eminent nose' ; his head almost bald, its auburn remnants of hair, and the copious ruddy beard, getting slightly streaked with grey."

The defects of Carlyle, whether minor defects like shrillness, exaggeration, use of nicknames, repetition, illogicality, abruptness, and contortions, or major defects like overcolouring, sentimentalism and prejudice, do not take away much from the beauty of this book which consists in this that it is a treasury of simple but grand and satisfying truths. The book is professedly full of gloomy matter, (" *Iliad* of English woes "), but it leaves us happy and optimistic and not at all agonised. This is perhaps the chief glory of this volume. Even as the effect of *Sartor Resartus* is to make one "in tune with the Infinite", so the effect of *Past and Present* is to make one hopeful of the future, elevated in imagination and sentiment. We realise today how truly Carlyle diagnosed the ills of his day, and how true his prophecies were. (The passage in Chapter IX of Book III "yes, were the Corn-Laws ended tomorrow there is nothing yet ended.........We shall have another period of commercial enterpries, of victory and prosperity.........For our new period or paroxysm of commercial prosperity will and can.........prove but a paroxysm" is literally prophetic). Carlyle alarmed his contemporaries more than he might have done, but he did it in a good cause. Here and there in *Past and Present* we can find statements which time has not proved to be true ; Carlyle took a too gloomy view of the situation. But on the whole Carlyle was just, and even *optimistic*.

Traill is wrong when he remarks that in *Past and Present* we have to do with 'a political pessimist who mistook a passing phase of trouble in the history of a nation for a crisis, probably a fatal crisis, in its fortunes; and his boding prophecies, stormily eloquent, grimly humorous as is the form of their expression, are marred for us of today by an ever-present consciousness of their subsequent falsification." Carlyle was *not* a pessimist, nor has history proved him to be *untrue*. He was thoroughly optimistic in his attitude. With all his jeremiads, Carlyle had a genuine admiration for, and a strong faith in, the good sense and executive genius of the English race. In Chapter V of the Third Book of *Past and Present* he pays a heartfelt tribute to the English Nation : Of all the Nations in the world at present the English are the stupidest in speech, the wisest in action." The soul of the English workman might not have become articulate but once it was awakened to a sense of realities and found expression, there would be a swift end to Shams and Dilettantisms.

Carlyle's optimism was based upon a broad bottom ; he had unshaken faith in Justice and Right, and their ultimate success. He exclaims in *Past and present* : "In this Gods'-world with its wild-whirling eddies and mad foam-oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice ? It is what the fool hath said in his heart............I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below : the just thing, the true thing."

It is clearly optimism when a writer closes his book with a bright hope (in Labour) with words such as these. "Yes, here as there, light is coming into the world ; men love not darkness, they do love light. A deep feeling of the eternal nature of justice looks out among us everywhere,—even through the dull eyes of Exeter Hall...... Some 'Chivalry of Labour.' some noble Humanity and

practical Divineness of Labour, will yet be realized on this Earth.........Unstained by wasteful deformities, by wasted tears or heart's-blood of men, or any defacement of the Pit, noble fruitful Labour, growing ever nobler, will come forth,—the grand sole miracle of Man ; whereby Man has risen from the low places of this Earth, very literally, into divine Heavens.........In hope of the Lost Partridge, and some Duke of Weimar among our English Dukes, we will be patient yet a while.

'The Future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow ;
We press still thorow,
Naught that abides in it
Daunting us,—Onward."

"Yet it is not too much to say of *Past and Present* that a new spirit went out of it into English life. For along with whatever dubious metal there is always the abundance of gold,—the authentic voice of prophecy, the vision of eternal law, the humanity of great and pious heart, and a language that stirs the pulse like battle-music. It was more especially to the young andfnoble of the ruling classes that the book appea'ed. John Ruskin, as a missioner of reform, lighted his lamp at this flame, and mary another worker and thinker in that large movement which has scouted from our midst the doctrine of the forties, and is bringing back the faith of the greater times,—that 'we are members one of another' and 'none of us liveth to himself,' that riches are a trust, and power a ministry, and the state for all its children a family and a school." (Hughes.)

Style.

A word regarding the style of Carlyle in *Past and Present*. Here, again, let us listen to Emerson who, speaking of the magnificent writings of the past ages and ours, says of the author of *Past and Present* that he "in his strange, half mad way, has entered the Field of the

Cloth of Gold, and shown a vigor and wealth of resource which has no rival in the journey-play of these times—the indubitable champion of England. Carlyle is the first domestication of the modern system, with its infinity of details, into style.........How like an air-ballon or bird of Jove does he seem to float over the continent, and stooping here and there pounce on the fact as a symbol which was never a symbol before. This is the first experiment, and something of rudeness and haste must be pardoned to so great an achievement......We have never had anything in literature so like earthquakes as the laughter of Carlyle............The other particular of magnificence is in his rhymes. Carlyle is a poet who is altogether too burly in his frame and habit to submit to the limits of metre. Yet he is full of rhythm, not only in the perpetual melody of his periods, but in the burdens refrains and grand returns of his sense and music."

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PAST AND PRESENT

TEXT

PAST AND PRESENT

BOOK I—PROEM

CHAPTER I

MIDAS

The condition of England, on which many pamphlets are now in the course of publication, and many thoughts unpublished are going on in every reflective head, is justly regarded as one of the most ominous, and withal one of the strangest, ever seen in this world. England is full of wealth, or multifarious produce, supply for human wants in every kind, yet England is dying of inanition. With unabated bounty the land of England blooms and grows; waving with yellow harvests; thick-studded with workshops, industrial implements, with fifteen millions of workers, understood to be the strongest, the cunningest and the willingest our Earth ever had; these men are here; the work they have done, the fruit they have realized is here, abundant, exuberant on every hand of us; and behold, some baleful fiat as of Enchantment has gone forth, saying, 'Thuch it not, ye workers, ye masterworkers, ye master-idlers; none of you can touch it, no man of you shall be the better for it; this is enchanted fruit!' On the poor workers such fiat falls first, in its reduest shape; but on the rich master-workers too it falls; neither can the rich master-idlers, nor any richest or highest man escape, but all are like to be brought low with it and made 'poor' enough, in the money sense or a far fataller one.

Of these successful skilful workers some two millions it is now counted, sit in workhouses, Poor-law Prisons; or have 'out-door relief' flung over the wall to them—the work-house Bastille being filled to bursting, and

the strong Poor-law broken as under by a stronger.[1] They sit there, these many months now; their hope of deliverance as yet small. In workhouses pleasantly so named, because work cannot be done in them. Twelve hundred thousand workers in England alone; their cunning right-hand lamed, lying idle in their sorrowful bosom; their hopes, outlooks; share of this fair world, shut in by narrow walls. They sit there pent up, as in a kind of horrid enchantment: glad to be imprisoned and enchanted, that they may not perish starved. The picturesque Tourist, in a sunny autumn day, through this bounteous realm of England, describes the Union Workhouse on his path. 'Passing by the Workhouse of St, Ives in Huntingdonshire, on a bright day last autumn,' says the picturesquet Tourist. 'I saw sitting on wooden benches, in front of their Bastille and within their ring-wall and its railings some half-hundred or more of these men. Tall robust figures, young mostly or of middle age; of honest countenance, many of them thoughtful and even intelligent-looking men. They sat there, nearby one another; but in kind of torpor, especially in a silence; which was very striking. In silence: for, alas, what word was to be said? An Earth all lying round, crying. Come and till me, come and reap me;—yet we here sit enchanted! In the eyes and brows of the men hung the gloomiest expression, not of anger, but of grief and shame and manifold inarticulate distress and weariness; they returned my glance with a glance that seemed to say, "Do not look at us. We sit enchanted here, we know not why. The Sun shines and the Earth calls; and, by the governing Powers and Impotences of this England, we are forbidden to obey. It is impossible, they tell us!" There was something that reminded me of Dante's Hell in the look of all this; and I rode swiftly away.'

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1. The return of paupers for'England Wales, at Ladyday 1842. is. 'Indoor 2 1,687. Out-door 1,207,402. Total 14,29,089.—(Official Report.)

So many hundred thousands sit in workhouses; and other hundred thousands have not yet got even workhouses; and in thrifty Scotland itself, in Glasgow or Edinburgh City, in their dark lanes, hidden from all but the eye of God and of rare Benevolence the minister of God, there are scenes of woe and destitution and desolation such as, one may hope, the Sun never saw before in the most barbarous regions where men dwelt. Competent witnesses, the brave and humane Dr. Alison who speaks what he knows, whose noble Healing Art in his charitable hands becomes once more a truly sacred one, report these things for us: these things are not of this year, or of last year, have no reference to our present state of commercial stagnation, but only to the common state. Not in sharp fever-fits, but in chronic gangrene of this kind is Scotland suffering. A Poor-law, any and every Poor-law, it may be observed, is but a temporary measure; an anodyne, not a remedy: Rich and Poor, when once the naked facts of their condition have come into collision, cannot long subsist together on a mere Poor-law. True enough:—and yet, human beings cannot be left to die! Scotland too, till something better come must have a Poor-law, if Scotland is not to be a byword among the nations. O, what a waste is there: of noble and thrice-noble national virtues; peasant Stoicisms, Heroisms; valiant manful habits, soul of a Nation's worth,—which all the metal of Potosi cannot purchase back; to which the metal of Potosi, and all you can buy with it is dross and dust!

Why dwell on this aspect of the matter? It is too indisputable, not doubtful now to any one. Descend where you will into the lower class, in Town or Country, by what avenue you will, by Factory Inquiries, Agricultural Inquiries, by Revenue Returns, by Mining-Labourer Committees, by opening your own eyes and looking, the same sorrowful result discloses itself: you have to admit that the working body of this rich English Nation has sunk or is fast sinking into a state,

to which, all sides of it considered, there was literally never any parallel. At Stockport Assizes—and this too has no reference to the present state of trade, being of date prior to that—a Mother and a Father are arraigned and found guilty of poisoning three of their children, to defraud a 'burial-society' of some £3 8s. due on the death of each child: they are arraigned, found guilty; and the official authorities, it is whispered, hint that perhaps the case is not solitary, that perhaps you had better not probe farther into that department of things. This is in the autumn of 1841; the crime itself is of the previous year or season. 'Brutal savages, degraded Irish,' mutters the idle reader of Newspapers; hardly lingering on this incident. Yet it is an incident worth lingering on; the depravity, savagery and degraded Irishism being never so well admitted. In the British land a human Mother and Father, of white skin and professing the Christian religion, had done this thing; they with their Irishism and necessity and savagery, had been driven to do it. Such instances are like the highest mountain apex emerged into view; under which lies a whole mountain region and land, not yet emerged. A human Mother and Father had said to themselves. What shall we do to escape starvation? We are deep sunk here, in our dark cellar; and help is far.—Yes, in the Ugolino Hunger-tower stern things happen; best-loved little Gaddo fallen dead on his Father's knees! The Stockport Mother and Father think and hint: Our poor little starveling. Tom who cries all day for victuals, who will see only evil and not good in this world; if he were out of micery at once; he well dead, and the rest of us perhaps kept alive? It is thought, and hinted; at last it is done. And now Tom being killed, and all spent and eaten. Is it poor little starveling Jack that must go, or poor little starveling Will? What a committee of ways and means!

In starved sieged cities, in the uttermost doomed ruin of old Jerusalem fallen under the wrath of God, it was

prophesied and said, 'The hands of the pitiful women have sodden their own children.' The stern Hebrew imagination could conceive no blacker gulf of wretchedness; that was the ultimatum of degraded god-punished man. And we here, in modern England, exuberant with supply of all kinds, besieged by nothing if it be not by invisible Enchantments, are we reaching that? How come these things? Wherefore are they, wherefore should they be?

Nor are they of the St. Ives workhouses, of the Glasgow lanes, and Stockport cellars, the only unblessed among us. This successful industry of England, with its plethoric wealth, has as yet made nobody rich; it is an enchanted wealth, and belongs yet to nobody. We might ask. Which of us has it enriched? We can spend thousands where we once spent hundreds; but can purchase nothing good with them. In Poor and Rich instead of noble thrift and plenty, there is idle luxury alternating with mean scarcity and inability. We have sumptuous garnitures for our life, but have forgotten to *live* in the middle of them. It is an enchanted wealth; no man of us can yet touch it. The class of men who feel that they are truly better off by means of it, let them give us their name!

Many men eat finer coockery, drink deerer liquors. —with what advantage they can report, and their Doctors can; but in the heart of them, if we go out of the dyspeptic stomach, what increase of blessedness is there? Are they better, beautifuller, stronger, braver? Are they even what they call 'happier?' Do they look with satisfaction on more things and human faces in this God's-Earth; do more things and human faces look with satisfaction on them? Not so. Human faces gloom discordantly, disloyally on one another. Things, if it be not mere cotton and iron things, are growing disobedient to man. The Master Worker is enchanted, for the present, like his Work-house Work-man;

clamours, in vain hitherto, for a very simple sort of 'Liberty': the liberty 'to buy where he finds it cheapest, to sell where he finds it dearest.' With guineas jingling in every pocket, he was no hit richer; but now the very guineas threatening to vanish, he feels that he is poor indded. Poor Master Worker! And the Master Unworker, is not he in a still fataller situation? Pausing amid his game-preserves, with awful eye,—as he well may! Coercing fifty-pound tenants; coercing bribing, cajoling; doing what he likes with his own. His mouth full of loud futilities, and arguments to prove the excellence of his Corn-law and in his heart the blackest misgiving a desperate half consciousness that his excellent Corn-law is indefensible, that his loud arguments for it are of a kind to strike men too literally *dumb*.

To whom, then, is this wealth of England wealth? Who is it that it blesses, makes happier, wiser, beautifuller, in any way better? Who has got hold of it, to make it fetch and carry for him, like a true servant, not like a false mock-servant; to do him any real service whatsoever? As yet no one. We have more riches than any Nation ever had before: we have less good of them than any Nation ever had before. Our successful industry is hitherto unsuccessful; a strange success, if we stop here! In the midst of plethoric plenty, the people perish: with gold walls, and full barns, no man feels himself safe or satisfied. Workers, Master Workers, Unworkers all men, come to a pause; stand fixed and cannot farther. Fatal paralysis spreading inwards, from the extremities, in St. Ives workhouses, in Stockport cellars, through all limbs, as if towards the heart itself. Have we actually got enchanted, then; accursed by some god?

Midas longed for gold and insulted the Olympians. He got gold, so that whatsoever be touched became gold—and he, with his long ears, was little the better for it. Midas had misjudged the celestial music tones; Midas had insulted Apollo and the gods: the gods gave him his wish, and a pair of long ears, which also were a good appendage to it. What a turth in these old Fables!

CHAPTER II

The Sphinx

How true, for example, is that other old Fable of the Sphinx, who sat by the wayside, propounding her riddle to the passengers, which if they could not answer she destroyed them! Such a Sphinx is this Life of ours to all men and societies of men. Nature, like the Sphinx, is of womanly celestial loveliness and tenderness; the face and bosom of a goddess, but ending in claws and the body of a lioness. There is in her a celestial beauty which means celestial order, pliancy to wisdom; but there is also a darkness, a ferocity, fatality, which are infernal. She is a goddess, but one not yet disimprisoned; one still half-imprisoned,—the articulate, lovely still encased in the inarticulate, chaotic. How true! And does she not propound her riddles to us? Of each man she asks daily, in mild voice, yet with a terrible significance, 'Knowest thou the meaning of this Day? What thou canst do To-day; wisely attempt to do? Nature, Universe, Destiny, Existence, howsoever we name this grand unnameable Fact in the midst of which we live and struggle, is as a heavenly bride and conquest to the wise and brave, to them who can discern her behests and to them: a destroying fiend to them who cannot. Answer her riddle, it is well with thee. Answer it not, pass on regarding it not it will answer itself; the solution for thee is a thing of teeth and claws; Nature is a dumb lioness, deaf to thy pleadings, fiercely devouring Thou art not now her victorious bridegroom; thou art her mangled victim; scattered on the precipices, as a slave found treacherous, recreant, ought to be and must.

With Nations it is as with individiual: Can they read

the riddle of Destiny ? This English Nation, will it get to know the meaning of *its* strange new To day ? Is there sense enough extant, discoverable any where or anyhow, in our united twenty-seven million heads to discern the same ; valour enough in our twenty-seven million hearts to dare and do the bidding thereof ? It will be seen !

The secret of gold Midas, which he with his long ears never could discover, was, that he had offended the Supreme Powers ; that he had parted company with the eternal inner Facts of this Universe, and followed the transient outer Appearnces thereof ; and so was arrived *here*. Properly it is the secret of all unhappy men and unhappy nations. Had they known Nature's right truth, Nature's right truth would have made them free. They have become enchanted ; stagger spell-bound, reeling on the brink of huge peril, because they were not wise enough. They have forgotten the right Inner True, and taken up with the Outer Sham true. They answer the Sphinx's qusetion *wrong*. Foolish men cannot answer it aright ! Foolish men mistake transitory semblance for eternal fact, and go astray more and more.

Foolish men imagine that because judgment for an evil thing is delayed, there is no justice, but an accidental one, here below. Judgment for an evil thing is many times delayed some day or two some century or two, but it is sure as life it is sure as death ! In the centre of the world-whirlwind, verily now as in the oldest days, dwells and speaks a God. The great soul of the world is *just*. O brother, can it be needful now, at this late epoch of experience, after eighteen centuries of Christian preaching for one thing, to remind thee of such a fact ; which all manner of Mahometants, old Pagan Romans, Jews, Scythians and heathen Greeks, and indeed more or less all men that God made, have managed at one time to see into ; nay which thou thyself, till 'redtape' strangled the inner life of thee, hadst once some inkling of : That there *is* justice here below ; and even, at bottom, that there is nothing else but justice ! Forget that, thou hast forgotten all Suc-

cess will never more attend thee: how can it now? Thou has the whole Universe against thee. No more success: more sham-success, for a day and days; rising ever higher...to wards its Tarpeian Rock. Alas, how, in thy soft-hung Longacre vehicle; of polished leather to the bodily eye, of redtape philosophy, of expediencies; club-room moralities, Parliamentary majorities to the mind's eye, thou beautifully rollest: but knowest thou wither-ward? It is toward the *road's end*. Old use-and-wont; establishment methods, hobitudes, *once* true and wise; man's noblest tendency, his perseverance, and man's ignoblest, his inertia; whatsoever of noble and ignoble. Conservatism there is in men and Nations, strongest alway in the strongest men and Nations: all this is as a road to thee, paved smooth through the abyss...till all this *end*. Till men's bitter necessities can endure thee no more. Till Nature's patience with thee is done; and there is no road or footing any further, and the abyss yawns sheer!—

Parliament and the Courts of Westminster are venerable to me; how venerable; grey with a thousand years of honourable age! For a thousand years and more, wisdom and faithful, Valour, struggling amid much Folly and greedy Baseness, not without most sad distortions in the struggle, have built them up; and they are as we see. For a thousand years, this English Nation has found them useful or supportable; they have served this English Nation's want; *been* a road to it through the abyss of Time. They are venerable they are great and strong. And yet it is good to remember always that they are not the venerablest, nor the greatest, nor the strongest! Acts of Parliament are venerable; but if they correspond not with the writing on the 'Adamant Tablet,' what are they? Properly their one element of venerableness, of strength or greatness, is, that they at all times correspond therewith as near as by human possibility they can. They are cherishing destruction in their bosom every hour that they continue otherwise.

Alas, how many causes that can plead well for them-

selves in the Courts of Westminster ; and yet in the general Court of the Universe, and free Soul of Man, have no word to utter ! Honourable Gentlemen may find this worth considering, in times like ours. And truly, the din of trumphant Law-logic, and all shaking of horse-hair wigs and learned-sergeant gowns having comfortably ended, we shall do well to ask ourselves withal. What says that high and highest Court to the verdict ? For it is the Court of Courts, that same where the universal soul of Fact and very Truth sits President ;—and thitherward, more and more swiftly, with a really terrible increase of swiftness, all causes do in these days crowd for revisal...for confirmation, for modification, for reversal with costs. Dost thou know that Court ; hast thou had any Law-practice there ? What, didst thou never enter ; never file any petition of redress, reclaimer, disclaimer, or demurrer, written as in thy heart's blood, for thy own behoof or another's ; and silently await the issue ? Thou knowest not such a Court ? Hast merely heard of it by faint tradition as a thing that was or had been ? Of thee, I think, we shall get little benefit.

For the gowns of learned sergeants are good ; parchment records, fixed forms, and poor terrestrial Justice, with or without horse-hair, what sane man will not reverence these ? And yet, behold, the man is not sane but insane, who considers these alone as venerable. Oceans of horse-hair, continents of parchment, and learned sergeant eloquence, were it continued till the learned tongue wore itself small in the indefatigable learned mouth, cannot make unjust just. The grand question still remains. Was the judgment just ? If unjust, it will not and cannot get harbour for itself or continue to have footing in this Universe, which was made by other than one Unjust. Enforce it by never such statuting, three readings, royal assents ; blow it to the four winds with all manner of quilted trumpeters and pursuivants, in the rear of them never so many gibbets and hangmen, it will not stand, it cannot stand. From all souls of men, from all ends of Nature, from the Throne of God above, there are voices

bidding it ; A way, away ! Does it take no warning ; does it stand, strong in its three readings, in its gibbets and artillery-parks ? The more woe is to it, the frightfuller woe. It will continue standing for its day, for its year, for its century, doing evil all the while ; but it has One enemy who is Almighty : dissolution, explosion, and the everlasting Laws of Nature incessantly advance towards it ; and the deeper its rooting, more obstinate its continuing, the deeper also and huger will its ruin and overturn be.

In this God's World, with its wild-whirling eddies and mad foam-oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgement for an unjust thing is stornly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice ? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise in all times, were wise because they denied, and knew for ever not to be. I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below : the just thing, the true thing. My friend, if thou hadst all the arteilery of Woolwich trundling at the back in support of an unjust thing ; and infinite bonfires visibly waiting ahead of thee to blaze centuries long for the victory on behalf of it,...I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say, 'In God's name, No ! Thy 'success' ? Poor devil, what will thy success amount to ? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded ; no, not though bonfires blazed from North to South, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading-articles, and the just thing lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing. Success ? In few years thou wilt be dead and dark,...all cold, eyeless, deaf ; no blaze of bonfires, ding-doing of bells or leading-articles visible or audible to thee again at all foreyer : What kind of success is that !...

It is true, all goes by approximation in this world ; with any not insupportable approximation we must be patient. There is a noble Conservatism as well as an ignoble. Would to Heaven, for the sake of Conservatism itself, the noble alone were left, and the ignoble, by some kind severe hand, were rushlessly lopped away, forbidden

evermore to show itself! For it is the right and noble alone that will have victory in this struggle, the rest is wholly an obstruction, a postponement and fearful imperilment of the victory. Towards an eternal centre of right and nobleness and of that only, is all this confusion tending. We already know whither it is all tending, what will have victory, what will have none! The Heaviest will reach the centre. The Heaviest, sinking through complex fluctuating media and vortices, has its deflexions, its obstructions, nay at times its resiliences, its boundings, whereupon some Klick head shall be heard jubilating, 'See, your Heaviest ascends!,...but at all moments it is moving centreward fast as is convenient for it, sinking, sinking; and by laws older than the World, old as the Maker's first Plan of the World,' it has to arrive there.

Await the issue. In all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might, at the close of the account, were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over him. He dies indeed; but his work lives, very truly lives. A heroic Wallace, quartered on the scaffold, cannot hinder that his Scotland become one day, a part of England: but he does hinder that it become, on tyrannous unfair terms, a part of it: commands still, as with a god's voice, from his old Valhalla and Temple of the Brave, that there be a just real union as of brother and brother, not a false and merely semblant one as of slave and master. If the union with England be in fact one of Scotland's chief blessings, we thank Wallace withal that it was not the chief curse. Scotland is not Ireland: no, because brave men rose there, and said, 'Behold ye must not tread us down like slaves: and ye shall not,...and cannot!' Fight on, thou brave true heart, and falter not, through dark fortune and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no farther, yet precisely so far, is very sure of victory. The falsehood alone of it will be conquered, will be abolished, as it ought to be: but the truth of it is part

of Nature's own Laws, co-operates with the World's eternal Tendencies, and cannot be conquered.

The *dust* of controversy, what is it but the *falsehood* flying off from all manner of conflicting true forces, and making such a loud dust-whirlwind,...that so the truths alone may remain, and embrace brother-like in some true resulting-force! It is ever so. Savage fighting Heptarchies; their fighting is an ascertainment, who has the right to rule over whom; that out of such waste-bickering Saxondom a peacefully cooperating England may arise. Seek through this Universe; if with other than owl's eyes, thou wilt find nothing nourished there, nothing kept in life, but what has right to nourishment and life. The rest, look at it with other than owl's eyes, is not living: is all dying, all as good as dead! Justice was ordained from the foundations of the world; and will last with the world and longer.

From which I infer that the inner sphere of Fact, in this present England as elsewhere, differs infinitely from the outer sphere and spheres of Semblance. That the Temporary, here as elsewhere, is too apt to carry it over the Eternal. That he who dwells in the temporary Semblances, and does not penetrate into the eternal Substance, will *not* answer the Sphinx-riddle of To-day, or of any Day. For the substance alone is substantial; that *is* the law of Fact; if you discover not that, Fact, who already knows it, will let you also know it by and by!

What is Justice? that, on the whole, is the question of the Sphinx to us. The law of Fact is, that Justice must and will be done. The sooner the better: for the Time grows stringent, frightfully pressing! 'What is Justice?', ask many, to whom cruel Fact alone will be able to prove responsive. It is like jesting Pilate asking, What is Truth? Jesting Pilate had not the smallest chance to ascertain what was Truth. He could not have known it, had a god shown it to him. Thick serene opacity, thicker than amaurosis, veiled those smiling eyes of his

to Truth ; the inner *retina* of them was gone paralytic, dead. He looked at Truth : and discerned her not, there where she stood. What is Justice ? The clothed embodied Justice that sits in Westminster Hall, with penalties, parchments, tipstaves is very visible. But the unembodied Justice, where of that other is either an emblem, or else is a fearful indescribability, is not so visible ! For the unembodied Justice is of Heaven ; a spirit, and Divinity of Heaven,...*invisible* to all but the noble and pure of soul. The impure ignoble gaze with eyes, and she is not there. They will prove it to you by logic, by endless Hansard Debatings, by bursts of Parliamentary eloquence. It is not consolatory to behold ! For properly, as many men as there are in a Nation who *can* withal see Heaven's invisible Justice, and know it to be on Earth also omnipotent. so many men are there who stand between a Nation and perdition. So many, and no more. Heavy laden England, how many hast thou in this hour ? The Supreme Power sends new and ever new, all *born* at least with hearts of flesh and not of stone ;...and heavy Misery itself, once heavy enough, will prove didactic ! ..

CHAPTER III

Manchester Insurrection

Blusterowski, Colacorde, and other Editorial prophets of the Continental, Democratic Movement, have in there leading-articles shown themselves disposed to vilipend the late Manchester Insurrection, as evincing in the rioters and extreme backwardness to battle ; nay as betokening, in the English People itself, perhaps a want of the proper animal-courage indispensable in these ages. A million hungry operative men started up, in utmost paroxysm of desperate protest against their lot ; and, ask Colacorde and company. How many shots were fired ? Very few in comparison ! Certain hundreds of drilled soldiers sufficed to suppress this million-headed hydra, and tread it down, without the smallest appeasement or hope of such, into its subterranean settlements again, there to reconsider itself Compared with our revolts in Lyons, in Warsaw and elsewhere, to say nothing of incomparable Paris City past or present, what a lamblike Insurrection !...

The present Editor is not here, with his readers, to vindicate the character of Insurrections ; nor does it matter to us whether Blusterowski and the rest may think the English a courageous people or not courageous. In passing, however, let us mention that, to our view, this was not an unsuccessful Insurrection ; that as Insurrections go, we have not heard lately of any that succeeded so well.

A million of hungry operative men, as Blusterowski says, rose all up, came all out into the streets, and...stood there. What other could they do ? Their wrongs and griefs were bitter, insupportable, their rage against the

same was just : but who are they that cause these wrongs, who that will honestly make effort to redress them? Our enemies are we know not who or what, our friends are we know not where! How shall we attack any one, shoot or be shot by any one? Oh, if the accursed invisible Nightmare, that is crushing out the life of us and ours, would take a shape; approach us like the Hyrcanian tiger, the Behemoth of Chaos, the Archfiend himself; in any shape that we could see, and fasten on!...A man can have himself shot with cheerfulness; but it needs first that he see clearly for what. Show him the Divine face of Justice, then the diabolic monster which is eclipsing that, he will fly at the throat of such monster never so monstrous, and need no bidding to do it. Woolwich grapeshot will sweep clear all streets, blast into invisibility so many thousand men: but if your Woolwich grapeshot be but eclipsing Divine Justice, and the God's-radiance itself gleam recognizable athwart such grapeshot,...then, yes then is the time come for fighting and attacking. All artillery-parks have become weak, and are about to dissipate: in the God's-thunder, their poor thunder slackens, ceases finding that it is, in all senses of the term, a *brute* one!...

That the Manchester Insurrection stood still, on the streets; with an indisposition to fire and bloodshed, was wisdom for it even as an Insurrection. Insurrection, never so necessary, is a most sad necessity; and governors who wait for that to instruct them, are surely getting into the fatallest courses,...proving themselves Sons of Nox and Chaos, of blind Cowardice, not of seeing Valour! How can there be any remedy in insurrection? It is a mere announcement of the disease,...visible now even to Sons of Night. Insurrection usually 'gains' little; usually wastes how much! One of its worst kinds of waste, to say nothing of the rest, is that of irritating and exasperating men against each other, by violence done; which is always sure to be injustice done, for violence does even justice unjustly.

Who shall compute the waste and loss, the obstruction

of every sort, that was produced in the Manchester region by Peterloo alone! Some thirteen unarmed men and women cut down,...the number of the slain and maimed is very countable: but the treasury of rage, burning hidden or visible in all hearts ever since, more or less perverting the effort and aim of all hearts ever since, is of unknown extent. How ye came among us, in your cruel armed blindness, ye unspeakable County. Yeomanry, sabres flourishing, hoofs prancing, and slashed us down at your brute pleasure; deaf blind to all *our* claims and woes and wrongs: of quick sight and sense to your own claims only! There lie poor sallow workworn weavers, and complain no more now; women themselves are slashed and sabred, howling terror fills the air; and ye ride prosperous, very victorious, ye unspeakable; give *us* sabres too, and then come on a little!' Such are Peterool. In all hearts that witnessed Peterloo, stands written, as in fire-characters, or smoke-characters prompt to become fire again. a legible balance-account of grim vengeance; very unjustly balanced, much exaggerated, as is the way with such accounts; but payable readily at sight, in full with compound interest! Such things should be avoided as the very pestilence! For man's heart ought not to be set against one another; but set *with* one another, and all against the Evil Thing only. Men's souls ought to be left to see clearly; not jaundiced, blinded, twisted all away, by revenge, mutual abhorrence, and the like. An Insurrection that can announce the disease, and then retire with no such balance-account opened anywhere, has attained the highest success possible for it.

And this was what these poor Manchester operatives, with all the darkness that was in them and, round them, did manage to perform. They put their huge inarticulate question. 'What do you mean to do with us?' in a manner andible to every reflective soul in this kingdom; exciting deep pity in all good men, deep anxiety in all men whatever: and no conflagration or outburst of madness came to cloud that feeling anywhere, but everywhere it operates unclouded. All England heard the

question it is the first practical form of *our* Sphinx-riddle England will answer it ; or, on the whole England will perish ;—one does not yet expect the latter result !

For the rest, that Manchester Insurrection could yet discern no radiance of Heaven on any side of its horizon ; but feared that all lights, of the O'Connor or other sorts, hitherto kindled, were but deceptive fish oil transparencies, or bog will-o'-wisp lights, and no dayspring from on high : for this also we will honour the poor Manchester Insurrection, and augur well of it. A deep unspoken sense lies in these strong men,—inconsiderable, almost stupid, as all they can articulate of it is. Amid all violent stupidity of speech, a right noble instinct of what is do able and what is not do able never forsakes them : the strong inarticulate men and workers, whom *Fact* patronizes ; of whom, in all difficulty and work whatsoever, there is good augury ! This work too is to be done ; Governors and Governing Classes that *can* articulate and utter, in any measure, what the law of Fact arid Justice is may ealcuate that here is a Governed Class who will listen.

And truly this first practical form of the Sphinxquestion, inarticulately and so audibly put there, is one of the most impressive ever asked in the world. 'Behold us here so many thousands, millions, and increasing at the rate of fifty every hour. We are right willing and able to work ; and on the Planet Earth is plenty of work and wages for a million times as many. We ask, If you mean to lead us towards work ; to try to lead us—by ways new, never yet heard of till this new unheard-of Time ? Or if you declare that you eannot lead us ? And expect that we are to remain quietly unled, and in a composed manner perish of starvation ? What is it you expect of us ? What is it you mean to do with us ? This question. I say, has been put in the hearing of all Britain ; and will be again put, and ever again, till some answer be given it.

Unhappy Workers, unhappier Idlers, unhappy men and women of this actual England. We are yet very far

from an answer and there will be no existence for us without finding one. 'A fair day's-wages for a fair day's-work' : it is as just a demand as Governed men ever made of Governing. It is the everlasting ri3ht of man. Indisputable as Gospels, as arithmetical multiplication tables : it must and will have itself fulfilled : and get, in these times of ours with what enormous difficulty, next-door to impossibility ! For the times are really strange ; of a complexity intricate with all the new width of the ever widening world ; times here of half frantic velocity of impetus, there of the deadest-looking stillness and paralysis; times definable as showing two qualities, Dilettantism and Mammonism :—most intricate obstructed times ! Nay, if there were not a Heaven's radiance of Justice, prophetic, clearly of Heaven, discernible behind all these confused world-wide entanglements, of Landlord interests, Manufacturing interests, Tory-Whicg interests, and who knows what other interests, expedienies, vested interests, established possessions, inveterate Dilettantisms, Midas-eared Mammonisms, it would seem to every one a flat impossibility, which all wise men might as well at once abandon. If you do not know eternal Justice from momentary Expediency, and understand in your heart of hearts how Justice, radiant, beneficent as the all-victorious Light element, is also in essence, if need be, an all-victorious *Fire* element, and melts all manner of vested interests, and the hardest iron connon, as if they were soft wax, and does ever in the long-run rnle and reign, and allows nothing else to rule and reign you also would talk of impossibility ! But it is only difficult, it is not impossible. Possible ? It is, with whatever difficulty, very clearly inevitable.

Fair day's-wages for fair day's-work ! exclaims a sarcastic man : Alas, in what corner of this Planet, since Adam first awoke on it, was that ever realized ? The day's-wages of John Millton's day's-work, named *Paradise Lost* and *Milton's Works*, were Ten Pounds paid by instalments, and a rather close escape from death on the gallows. Consider that : it is no rhetorical flourish ; it is an authentic, altogether quiet fact,—emblematic, quietly

documentary of a whole world of such, ever since human history began. Oliver Cromwell quitted his farming; undertook a Hercules Labour and lifelong wrestle with that Lernean Hydracoil, wide as England, hissing heaven-high through its thousand-crowned, coronated shovel-hatted quack heads : and he did wrestle with it, the truest and terriblest wrestle I have heard of ; and he wrestled it, and mowed and cut it down a good many stages, so that its hissing is ever since pitiful in comparison, and one can walk abroad in comparative peace from it :—and his wages, as I understand, were burial under the gallows tree near Tyburn Turnpike, with his head on the gable of Westminster Hall, and two centuries now of mixed cursing and ridicule from all manner of men. His dust lies under the Edgware Road, near Tyburn Turnpike, as this hour; and his memory is—Nay, what matters what his memory is? His memory at bottom, is or yet shall be that of a god : a terror and horror to all quacks and cowards and insincere persons; an everlasting encouragement, new memento, battleword, and pledge of victory to all the brave. Its the natural course and history of the Godlike, in every place, in every time. What god ever carried it with the Tenpound Franchisers ; in Open Vestry,or with any Sanhedrim of considerable standing? When was a god found agreeable' to everybody? The regular way is to hang, kill, crucify your gods, and execrate and trample them under your stupid hoofs for a century or two; till you discover that they are gods,—and then take to braying over them, still in a very long eared manner !– So speaks the sarcastic man ; in his wild way, very mournful truths.

Day's-wages for day's-work? continues he : The Progress of Human Society consists even in this same, The better and better apportioning of wage to work. Give me this, you have given me all. Pay to every man accurately what he has worked for, what he has earned and done and deserved, to this man broad land and honours, to that man high gibbets and treadmills : what more have I to ask? Heaven's Kingdom, which we daily pray for, *has* come : God's will is done on Earth even as it is in Heaven!

This *is* the radiance of celestial Justice ; in the light or in the fire of which all impediments, vasted interests, and iron cannon, are more and more melting like wax, and disappearing from the pathways of men. A thing ever struggling forward ; irrepressible, advancing inevitably : perfecting itself all days, more and more, never to be *perfect* till that general ! Doomsday, the ultimate Consummation, and Last of earthly Days.

True, as to 'perfection' and so forth, answer we ; true enough ! And yet withal we have to remark that imperfect Human Society holds itself together, and finds place under the Sun, in virtue simply of some *approximation* to perfection being actually made and put into practice. We remark farther, that there are supportable approximation, and then likewise insupportable· With some, almost with any, supportable approximation men are apt, perhaps too apt, to rest indolently patient, and say. It will do. Thus these poor Manchester manual workers mean only, by day's-wages for day's-work, certain coins of money adequate to, keep them living ; in return for their work, such modicum of food; clothes and fuel as will enable them to continue their work itself ! They as yet clamour for no more ; the rest, still inarticulate, cannot yet shape itself into a demand at all and only lies in them as a dumb wish ; perhaps only, still more inarticulate, as a dumb, altogether unconscious want. *This* is the supportable approximation they would rest patient with, That by their work they might be kept alive to work more ! *This* once grown unattainable, I think your opproximation may consider itself to have reached the in-supportable stage ; and may prepare, with whatever difficulty, reluctance and astonishment, for one of two things, for changing or perishing ! with the millions no longer able to live, how can the units keep living ? It is too clear the Nation it self is on the way to sincidal death.

Shall we say then, The world has retrograded in its talent of apportioning wages to work, in late days ? The world had always a talent of that sort, better or worse. Time

was when the mere *hand*-worker needed not announce his claim to the world by Manchester Insurrections! The world, with its Wealth of Nations Supply-and demand and such like, has of late days been terribly inattentive to that question of work and wages. We will not say, the poor world has retrograded even here, we will say rather, the world has been rushing on with such fiery animation to get work and ever more work done, it has had no time to think of dividing the wages; and has merely left them to be scrambled for by the Law of the Stronger law of Supply and demand, law of Laissez-faire, and other idle Laws and Un-laws, sawing, in its dire haste to get the work done, That is well enough!

And now the world will have to pause a little and take up that other sides of the problem, and in right earnest strive for some solution of that. For it has become pressing. What is the use of your spun shirts? They hang there by the million unsaleable; and hear, by the million, are diligent bare backs that can get no hold of them. Shirts are useful for covering human backs; useless otherwise, an nnbearable mockery otherwise. You have fallen terribly behind with that side of the problem! Manchester Insurrections, French Revolutions, and thousandfold phenomena great and small, announce loudly that you must bring it forward a little again. Never till now, in the history of an earth which to this hour nowhere refuses to grow corn if you will plough it, to yield shirts if you will spin and weave in it, d ıd the mere manula two handed worker (howeaer it might fare with other workers) cry in vain for such 'wages' as *he* means by 'fair wages,' namely food and warmth! The Godlike could not and cannot be paid; but the Earthly always could. Gurtah, a mere swineherd, born thrall of Gedue the Svxon, tended pigs in the wood, and did get some parings of the pork. Why, the four-footed worker has already *got* all that this two-handed one is clamouring for! How often must I remid you? There is not a horse in England, able and willing to work, but *has* due food and lodging; and goes about sleek-coated, satisfied in heart. And you say, It is impossible. Brothers,

I answer; if for you it be impossible, what is to become of you ? It is impossible for us to believe it to be impossible. The human brain, looking at these sleek English horses, refuses to believe in such impossibility for English men. Do you depart quickly ; clear the ways soon, lest worse befall. We for our share do purpose, with full view of the enormous difficulty, with total disbelief in the impossibility, to endeavour while life is in us, and to die endeavouring, we and our sons, till we attain it or have all died and ended.

Such a Platitude of a World, in which all working horses could be well fed, and innumerable working men should die starved, were it not best to end it ; to have done with it, and restore it once for all to the *Jotuns*, Mud-grants, Frost-giants, and Chaotic Brute-gods of the Beginntng ? For the old Anarchic Brute-gods it may be well enough ; but it is a Platitude which Men should be above countenancing by their presence in it. We pray you, let the word *impossible* disappear from your vocabulary in this matter. It is of awful omen ; to all of us, and to yourselves first of all.

CHAPTER IV

Morrison's Pill

What is to be done, what would you have us do? asks many a one, with a tone of impatience, almost of reproach ; and then, if you mention some once thing, some two things, twenty things that might be done, turns round with a satirical thee, and 'There are your remedies ! The state of mind indicated by such question, and such rejoinder, is worth reflecting on.

It seems to be taken for granted, by these interrogative philiosophers, that there is some 'thing' or handful of 'things', which could be done ; some Act of Parliament, 'remedial measure or the like, which could be passed, whereby the social malady were fairly fronted, conquered, put an end to ; so that, with your remedial measure in your pocket, you could then go on triumphant, and be troubled no farther. 'You tell us the evil,' cry such person, as if justly aggrieved, 'and do not tell us how it is to be cured !'

How it is to be cured ? Brothers, I am sorry I have got no Morrison's Pill for curing the maladies of Society. It were infinitely handier if we had a Morrison's Pill, Act of Parliament, or remedial measure, which men could swallow, one good time, and then go on in their old courses, cleared from all miseries and mischiefs ! Unlucklly we have none such ; unluckily the Heavens themselves, in their rich pharmacopoeia contain none such. There will no 'thing' be done that will cure you. There will a radical universal alteration of your regiment and way of life take place ; there will a most agonizing divorce between you and

your chimeras, luxuries and falsities, take place : a most toilsome, all-but 'impossible' return to Nature, and her veracities and her integrities take place : that so the inner fountains of life may again begin, like eternal Light fountains, to irradiate and Purify your bloated, swollen, foul existence drawing nigh, as at present, to nameless death ! Eilher death or else all this will take place. Judge if, with such diagnosis, any Morrison's Pill is likes to be discoverable !

But the Life fountain within you once again set flowing, what imumerable 'things', whole sets and classes and continental of 'things', year after year, and decade after decade, and century after century, will then be doable and done ! Not Emigration, Education, Corn-Law Abrogation, Sanitary Regulation, Land Property-Tax ; not these alone, nor a thousand times as much as these. Good Heavens there will then be light in the inner heart of here and there a man, to discern what is just, what is commanded by the Most High God, what *must* be done, were it never so 'impossible'. Vain jargon in favour of the palpably unjust will then abridge iteslf within limits. Vain jargon, on Hustings' in Parilaments or wherever else, when here and there a man has vision for the essential God's-Truth of the things jargoned of, will become very vain indeed. The silence of here and there such a man, how eloquent in answer to such jargon ! Such jargon, frightened as its own gaunt echo, will unspeakably abate ; nay, for a while may almost in a manner disappear—the wise answering it in silence, and even the simple taking cue from them to hoot it down wherever heard. It will be a blessed time ; and many 'things' will become doable,—and when the brains are out, an absurdity will die ! Not easily again shall a Corn-Law argue ten years for itsclf ; and shall talk and argue, when impartial. I persons have to say with a sigh ihat, for so long back, they have heard no 'argument' advanced for it but such as might make the angels and almost the very jackasses weep !—

Wholly a blessed time : when jargon might abate, and

here and there some genuine speech begin. When to the noble opened heart, as to such heart they alone do, all noble things began to grow visible ; and the difference between just and unjust, between true and false, between work and sham-work, between speech and jargon, was once more, what to our happier Fathers it used to be, *infinite*,—as between a Heavenly thing and an Infernal ; the one a thing which you were *not* to do, which you were wise not to attempt doing : whieh it were better for you to have a millstone tied round your neck, and be cas tinto the sea, than concern yourself with doing !—Brothers, it will not be a Morrison's Pill or remedial measure, that will bring all this about for us.

And yet, literally, till, in some shape or other, it be brought about, we remain cureless ; till it begin to be brought about, the cure does not begin. For Nature and Fact, not Redtape and Semblance, are to this hour the basis of man's life : and on those : through never such strata of these, man and his life and all his interest do, sooner or later, infallibly come to rest, and to be supported or be swallowed according as they agree with those. The question is asked of them, not, How do you agree with Downing Street and accredited Semblance ? but, How do you agree with God's Universe and the actual Reality of things ? This Universe *has* its Laws. If we walk according to the Law, the Law-Maker will befriend us: if not, not. Alas, by no reform Bill !. Ballot-box, Five-point Charter by no boxes or hills or charters, can you perform this alchemy : Given a world of Knaves, to produce an Honesty from their united action !' It is a distillation, once for all, not possible. You pase it though alembic after alembic, it comes out still a Dishonesty, with a new dress on it, a new colour to it. 'While we ourselves continue valets, how *can* any hero come to govern us ? We are governed, very infalihbly, by the 'sham-hero', whose name is Quack, whose work and governance is Plausibility, and also is Falsity and Fatuity ; to which Nature says, and must say when it comes to *her* to speak, eternally No ! Nations cease to be befriended of the Law-Maker, when

they walk *not* according to the Law. The Sphinx question remains unsolved by them, becomes ever more insoluble.

If thou ask again, therefore, on the Morrison's Pill hypothesis, What is to be done ? allow me to reply : By thee for the present, almost nothing. Thou there the thing for thee to do is, if possible, to cease to be a hollow sounding-shell of hearsays, egoisms, purblind dilettantisms : and become, were it on the infinitely small scale, a faithful discerning soul. Thou shalt descend into thy inner man, and see if there be any traces of a *soul* there : till then there can be nothing done ! O brother, we must if possible resuscitate some soul and conscience in us, exchange our dilettantisms for sincerities, our dead hearts of stone for living hearts of flesh. Then shall we discern, not one, thing, but, in clearer or dimmer sequence, a whole endless host of things that can be done. *Do* the first of these : do it ; the second will already have become clearer, doabler : the second, third, and three-thousandth will then have begun to be possible for us. Not any universal Morrison's Pill shall we then, either as swallowers or as vendors ask after at all : but a far different sort of remedies : Quacks shall no more have dominion over us, but true Heroes and Healers !

Will not that be a thing worthy of 'doing' : to deliver ourselves from quacks, sham-heroes : to deliver the whole world more and more from such ? They are the one bane of the world. Once clear the world of them, it ceases to be a Devil's-world, in all fibres of it wretched, accursed : and begins to be a God's-world, blessed, and working hourly towards blessedness. Thou for one wilt not again vote for any quack, do honour to any edge-gilt vaeuity in man's shaper cant shall be known to thee by the sound of it : thou wilt fly from cant with a shudder never felt before : as from the opened litany of Sorcerers. Sabbaths, the true Devil-worship of this age, more horrible than any other blasphemy, profanity or genuine blackguardism elsewhere audible among men. It is alarming to witness,—in its present completed state ! And Quack and Dupe, as we

must ever keep in mind, are upperside and under of the selfsame substance, convertible personages : turn up your dupe into the proper fostering element, and he himself can become a quack : there is in him the due prurient insincerity, open voracity for profit, and closed sense for truth, whereof quacks too, in all their kinds, are made.

Alas, it is not to the hero, it is to the sham hero that, of right and necessity. the valet-world belongs. 'What is to be done ? The reader sees whether it is like to be the seeking and swallowing of some remedial measure !

CHAPTER V

Aristocracy of Talent

When an individual is miserable, what does it most of all behove him to do ? To complain of this man or of that, of this thing or of that ? To fill the world and the street with lamentation, objuvgation ? Not so at all ; the reverse of so. All moralists advise him not to complain of any person or of any thing, but of himself only. He is to know of a truth that being miser able he has been unwise he. Had he faithfully followed Nature and her Laws, Nature, ever true to her Laws, would have yielded fruit and increase and felicity to him : but he has followed other than Nature's Laws and now Nature, her patience with him being ended, leaves him desolate : answers with very emphatic significance to him - Not by this road, my son : by another road shalt thou attain well-being : this, thou perceieest is the road to ill-being : quit this ! So do all moralists advise : that the man penitently say to himself first of all. Behold I was not wise enough : I quitted the laws of Fact, which are also called the Laws of God, and mistook for them the Laws of Sham and Semblance, which are called the Devil's Laws : therefore am I here.

Neither with Nations that become miserable is it fundamentally otherwise. The ancient guides of Nations, Prophets, Priests, or whatever their name, were well aware of this : and, down to a late epoch, impressively taught and inculeated it. The modern guides of Nations, who also go under a great variety of names, Journalists : Political Economists. Politicians, Pamphleteers, have entirely forgotten this, and are ready to deny this. But it nevertheless remains eternally undeniable : nor is there any

doubt but we shall all be taught it ye, and made again to confess it : we shall all be striped and scourged till we do learn it : and shall at last either get to know it, or be striped to death in the process. For it is undeniable ! When a nation is unhappy, the old Prophet was right and not wrong in saying to it : Ye have forgotten God, ye have quitted the ways of God, or ye would not have been unhappy. It is not according to the laws of Fact that ye have lived and guided yourselves, but according to the laws of Delusion, Imposture, and wiful and unwilful *Mistake* of Fact ; behold therefore the Unveracity is worn out ; Nature's long-suffering with you is exhausted ; and ye are here !

Surely there is nothing very inconceivable in this, even to the Journalist, to the Political Economist, Modern Pamphleteer, or any two-legged animal without feathers ! If a country finds itself wretched, sure enough that country has been *misg* uided : it is with the wretched Twenty-seven Millions fallen wretched, as with the Unit hallen wretched : they as he have quitted the course prescribed by Nature and the Supreme Powers, and so are fallen into scarcity, disaster, infelicity ; and pausing to consider themselves, have to lament and say : Alas, we were not wise enough ! We took transient superficial Semblance for everlasting central Substance : we have departed far away from the *Laws* of this Univers, and behold now lawless Chaos and inane Chimera is ready to devour us !—'Nature in late centuries,' says Sauerteig, 'was universally supposed to be dead ; an old eight-day clock, made many thousand years ago, and still ticking, but dead as brass,—which the Maker, at most, sat looking at, in a distant, singular, and indeed incredible manner : but now I am happy to observe, she is everywhere asserting herself to be not dead and brass at all, but alive and miràculous, celestial infernal, with an emphasis that will again penetrate the thickest head of this Planet by and by !

Indisputable enough to all mortals now, the guidance of this country has not been sufficiently wise : men too

foolish have been set to the guiding and governing of it, and have guided it *hither* ; we must find wiser.—wiser, or else we perish ! To this length of insight all England has now advanced ; but as yet no farther. All England stands wringing its hands, asking itself, nigh desperate. What farther ? Reform Bill proves to be a failure ; Benthamee Redicalism, the gospel of 'Enlightened Selfishness', dies out, or dwindles into Five-point Chartism, and the tears and hootings of men : what next are we to hope or try ? Five-point Charter, Free-trade, Church-extension, Sliding-scale ; what, in Heaven's name, are we next to attempt, that we sink not in inane Chimera, and be devoured of Chaos ?—The case is pressing, and one of the most complicated in the world. A God's-message never came to thicker-skinned people ; never had a God's message to pierce through thicker integuments into heavier ears. It is Fact, speaking once more, in miraculous thunder-voice, ! from out of the centre of the world :—how unknown its language to the deaf and foolish many ; how distinct, undeniable, terrible and yet beneficent, to the hearing few : Behold, ye shall grow wiser, or ye shall die ! Truer to Nature's Fact, or inane Chimera will swallow you : in whirlwinds of fire, you and your Mammonisms ; Dilettantisms, your Midas-eared philosophies. double-barrelled Aris ocraeies, shall disappear ! Such is the God's message to *us*, once more, in these modern days.

We must have more Wisdom to govern us, we must be governed by the Wisest, we must have an Aristocracy of Talent ! cry many. True, most true ; but how to get it ? The following extract from our young friend of the *Houndsditch Indicator* is worth perusing : At this time', says he, 'while there is a ery everywhere, articulate or inarticulate, for an :"Aristocracy of Talent", a Governing Class namely which did 'govern, not merely which took the wages of governing and could not with all our industry be kept from mis-governing, corn-lawing, and playing the very deuce with us,—it may not be altogether useless to remind some of the greener headed sort what a dreadfully difficult affair the getting of such an Aristocracy is ! Do you expect, my

friends that your indispensable Aristocracy of Talent is to be enlisted straightway, by some sort of recrceiment aforethought. out of the general population ; arranged in supreme regimental order ; and set to rule over us ? That it will be got sifted, like wheat out of chaff, from the Twenty-seven Million British subjects : that any Ballot-box. Reform Bill, or other Political Machine, with force of Public Opinion never so active on it, is likely to perform said process of sifting ? Would to Heaven that we had a sieve ; that we could so much as fancy any kind of sieve, wind-fanners, or ne-plus ultra of machinery, devisable by man, that would do it !

Done nevertheless, sure enough, it must be ; it shall and will be. We are rushing swiftly on the road to destruction ; every hour bringing us nearer, until it be in some measure, done. The doing of it is not doubtful ; only the method and the costs ! Nay I will even mention to you an infallible sifting-process whereby he that has ability will be sifted out to rule among us, and that same blessed Aristocracy of Talent be verily, in an approximate degree, vouchsafed us by and by : an infallible sifting-processe ; to which, however no soul can help his neighbour, but each must, with devout prayer to Heaven, endeavour to help himself. It is, O friends, that all of us, that many of us, should acquire the true *eye* for talent, which is dreadfully wanting at present ! The true eye for talent presupposes the true reverence for it,—O Heavens, presupposes so many things !

'For example, you Bobus Higgins, Sausage-maker on the great scale, who are raising such a clamour for this Aristocracy of Talent, what is it that you do, in that big heart of yours, chiefly in very fact pay reverence to ? Is it to talent, intrinsic manly worth of any kind, you unfortunate Bobus ? The manliest man that you saw going in a ragged coat, did you ever reverence him ; did you so much as know that he was a manly man at all, till his coat grew better ? Talent ! I understand you to be able to worship the fame of talent, the power, cash, celebrity or

other success of talent ; but the talent itself is a thing you never saw with eyes. Nay what is it in yourself that you are proudest of that you take most pleasure in surveying meditatively in thoughtful moments ? Speak now, is it the bare Bobus stripped of his very name and shirt and turned loose upon society, that you admire and thank Heaven for ; or Bobus with his cash-accounts and larders dropping fatness, with his respectabilities, warm garnitures, and pony-chaise, admirable in some measure to certain of the flunkey species ? Your own degree of worth and talent, is it of *infinite* value to you ; or only of finite, measurable by the degree of currency and conquest of praise or pudding, it has brought you to ? Bobus you are in a vicious circle, rounder than one of your own sausages ; and will never vote for or promote any talent, except what talent or sham-talent has already *got* itself voted for !' We here cut short the *Indicator*, all readers perceiving whither he now tends.

'More Wisdom' indeed : but where to find more Wisdom ? We have already a Collective Wisdom, after its kind,—though 'class-legislation', and another thing or two, affect it somewhat ! On the whole, as they say, Like people like priest ; so we may say, Like people like king. The man gets himself appointed and elected who is ablest—to be appointed and elected. What can the incorruptiblest *Bobuses* elect, if it be not some *Bobissimus*, should they find such ?

Or, again, perhaps there is not, in the whole Nation, wisdom enough, 'collect' it as we may, to make an adequate Collective ! That too is a case which may befall : a ruined man staggers down to ruin because there was not wisdom enough in him ; so, clearly also, may Twenty-seven Million collective men ! But indeed one of the infalliblest fruits of Unwisdom in a Nation is that it cannot get the use of what Wisdom is actually in it : that it is not governed by the wisest it has, who alone have a divine right to govern in all Nations ; but by the sham-wisest, or even by the openly not so wise if they are

handiest otherwise! This is the infalliblest result of Unwisdom; and also the balefullest, immeasurablest, not so much what we can call a poison-*fruit*, as a universal death-disease, and poisoning of the whole tree. For hereby are fostered, fed into gigantic bulk, all manner of Unwisdoms, poison-fruits; till, as we say, the life tree everywhere is made a upastree, deadly Unwisdom overshadowing all things; and there is done what lies in human skill to stifle all Wisdom everywhere in the birth, to smite our poor world barren of Wisdom, and make your utmost Collective Wisdom, were it collected and elected by Rhadamanthus, Aeacus and Minos, not to speak of drunken Tenpound Franchisers with their ballot-boxes' an inadequate Collective! The Wisdom is not now there: how will you 'collect' it? As well wash Thames mud, by improved methods, to find more gold in it.

Truly, the first condition is indispensable, That Wisdom be there: but the second is like unto it, is properly one with it; these two conditions act and react through every fibre of them, and go inseparably together. If you have much Wisdom in your Nation, you will get it faithfully collected; for the wise love Wisdom, and will search for it as for life and salvation. If you have little Wisdom, you will get even that little ill-collected, trampled under foot, reduced as near as Possible to annihilation; for fools do not love Wisdom; they are foolish, first of all, because they have never loved Wisdom,...but have loved their own appetites, ambitions, their coronated coaches, tankards of heavy-wet. Thus is your candle lighted at both ends, and the progress towards consummation is swift. Thus is fulfilled that saying in the Gospel: To him that hath shall be given; and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath. Very literally, in a very fatal manner, that saying is here fulfilled.

Our 'Aristocracy of Talent' seems at a considerable distance yet; does it not, O Bobus?

CHAPTER VI

Hero-Worship

To the present Editor, not less than to Bobus, a Government of the Wisest, what Bobus calls an Aristocracy of Talent, seems the one healing remedy : but he is not so sanguine as Bobus with respect to the means of realizing it. He thinks that we have at once missed realizing it, and come to need it so pressingly, by departing far from the inner eternal Laws, and taking up with the temporary outer semblances of Laws. He thinks that 'enlightened Egoism,' never so luminous, is not the rule by which man's life can be led. That '*Laissez-fair*,' 'Supply-and-demand,' 'Cash-payment for the sole nexus' and so forth, were not are not; and will never be, a practiable Law of Union for a Society of men. That Poor and Rich, that Governed and Governing, cannot long-live togethar on any such Law of Union. Alas, he thinks that man has a soul in him, *Different* from the stomach in any sense of this word ; that if said soul he asphyxied, and he quietly forgotton, the man and his affairs are in a bad way. He thinks that said soul will have to be resuscitated from its asphyxia ; that if it prove irresuscitable, the man is not long for this world. In brief that Midas-eared Mammonism, double-barrelled. Dilettantism, and their thousand adjuncts and corollaries, are *not* the Law by which God Almighty has appointed this his Universe to go. That, once for all these are not the Law : and then farther that we shall have to return to what *is* Law,—not by smooth flowery paths, it is like, and with 'tremendous cheers' in our throat ; but over steep untrodden places, through stormclad chasms, waste oceans, and the bosom of tornadoes ; thank Heaven, if not through

very Chaos and the Abyss ! The resuscitating of a soul that has gone to asphyxia is no momentary or pleasant process, but a long and terrible one.

To the present Editor, 'Hero-worship,' as he has elsewhere named it, means much more than an elected Parliament, or stated Aristocracy, of the Wisest ; for, in his dialect, it is the summary, ultimate essence, and supreme practical perfection of all manner of 'worship,' and true worthships and noblenesses whatsoever. Such blessed Parliament and. were it once in perfection, bleassed Aristocracy of the Wisest, god-honoured and man-honoured, he does look for, more and more perfected,...as the topmost blessed practical apex of a whole world reformed from sham-worship, informed anew with worship, with truth and blessedness ! He thinks that Hero-worship, done differently in every different epoch of the world, is the soul of all social business among men ; that the doing of it well, or the doing of it ill, measures accurately what degree of well-being or of ill-being there is in the world's affairs. He thinks that we, on the whole, do our Hero worship worse than any Nation in this world ever did it before : that the Burns an Exciseman, the Byron a Literary Lion, are intrinsically, all things considered, a baser and falser phenomenon than the Odin a God, the Mahomet a Prophet of God. It is this Editor's clear opinion, accordingly, that we must learn to do our Hero-worship better ; that to do it better and better, means the awakening of the Nation's soul from its asphyxia, and the return of blessed life to us...Heaven's blessed life, not Mammon's galvanic accursed one. To resuscitate the Asphyxied, apparently now moribund, and in the last agony if not resuscitated : such and no other seems the consummation.

'Hero-worship,' if you will,—yes, friends ; but, first of all, by being ourselves of heroic mind. A whole world of Heroes ; a world not of Flunkeys, where no Hero-King *can* reign : that is what we aim at ! We for our share, will put away all Flunkeyism, Baseness, Unveracity from

us ; we shall then hope to have Nobleness, and Veracities set over us ; never till then. Let Bobus and Company sneer, 'That is your Reform !' Yes, Bobus, that is our Reform ; and except in that, and what will follow out of that, we have no hope at all. Reform, like Charity, O Bobus, must begin at home. Once well at home, how will it radiate outwards, irressible, into all that we touch and handle, speak and work ; kindling ever new light, by incalculable contagion, spreading in geometric ratio far and wide,—doing good only, wheresoever it spreads, and not evil.

By Reform Bills, Anti-Corn-Law Bills, and thousand other bills and methods, we will demand of our Governors, with emphasis, and for the first time not depart ; that they set no quackeries and blockheadisms anywhere to rule over us, that they utter or act no cant to us,...it will be better if they do not. For we shall now know quacks when we see them ; cant, when we here it, shall be horrible to us ! We will say, with the poor Frenchman at the Bar of the Convention, though in wiser style than he, and 'for the space' not 'of an hour' but of a lifetime : '*Je demande l' arrestation des coquins et des laches.*' Arrestment of the knaves and destards' : ah, we know what a work that is : how long it will be before *they* are all or mostly got arrested' :...but here is one ; arrest him, in God's name ; it is one fewer ! We will, in all practicable ways, by word and silence, by act and refusal to act, energetically demand that arrestment,...'*je demande cette arrestation-la* !'—and by degrees infallibly attain it. Infallibly : for light spreads ; all human souls, never so bedarkened, love light ; light once kindled spreads, till all is luminous ;—till the cry, '*Arrest* your knaves and dastard's rises imperative from millions of hearts, and rings and reigns from sea to sea. May how many of them may we not 'arrest' with our own hands, even now ; we ! Do not countenance them, thou there : turn away from their lacquered sumptuosities, their belauded sophistries, their serpent graciosities, their spoken and acted cant, with a sacred horrer, with an *Apage Satanas*...Bobus and

Company, and all men will gradually join us. We demand arrestment of the knaves and dastards, and begin by arresting our own poor selves out of that fraternity. There is no other reform conceivable. Thou and I, my friend, can, in the most flunkey world, make, each of us, *one* non-flunkey, one hero, if we like : that will be two heroes to begin with :—Courage ! even that is a whole world of heroes to end with, or what we poor Two can do in furtherance thereof !

Yes, friends : Hero-kings, and a whole world not unheroic,-there lies the port and happy haven, towards which, through all these stormtossed seas, French Revolutions, Chartisms. Manchester Insurrections, that make the heart sick in these bad days, the Supreme Powers are driving us. On the whole, blessed be the Supreme Powers, stern as they are ! Towards that haven will we, O friends ; let all true men, with what of faculty is in them, bend valiantly, incessantly, with thousand fold endeavour, thither, thither ! There, or else in the Ocean-abysses, it is very clear to me, we shall arrive.

Well ; here truly is no answer to the Sphinx-question ; not the answer a disconsolate public, inquiring at the College of Health, was in hopes of ! A total change or regimen, change of constitution and existence from the very centre of it ; a new body to be got, with resuscitated soul,—not without convulsive travail-throes ; as all birth and new-birth presupposes travail ! This is sad news to a disconsolate discerning Public, hoping to have got off by some Morrison's pill some Saint-John's corrosive mixture and perhaps a little blistery friction on the back !—We were prepared to part with our Corn-Law, with various Laws and Unlaws : but this, what is this ?

Nor has the Editor forgotten how it fares with your ill-boding Cassandras in Sieges of Troy. Imminent perdition is not usually dr ven away by words of warning. Didactic Destiny has other methods in store ; or these would fail always. Such words should nevertheless, be

uttered, when they dwell truly in the soul of any man. Words are hard, are importunate ; but how much harder the importunate events they foreshadow ! Here and there a human soul may listen to the words, who knows how many human souls ? whereby the importunate events, if not diverted and prevented, will be rendered *less* hard. The present Editor's purpose is to himself full of hope.

For though fierce travails, though wide seas and roaring gulfs lie before us. is it not something if a Lodestar, in the eternal sky, do once more disclose itself ; an everlasting light, shining through all could, tempest and roaring billows, ever as we emerge from the trough of the sea : the blessed beacon, far off on the edge of far horizons, towards which we are to steer incessantly for life ? Is it not something ; O Heavens, is it not all ? There lies the Heroic Promised Land ; under that Heaven's-light, my brethren, bloom the Happy Isles, there, O there ! Thither will we ;

There dwells the great Achilles whom we knew, 1

There dwell all Heroes, and will dwell : thither, all ye heroic-minded ! The Heaven's Lodestar once clearly in our eye, how will each true man stand truly to *his* work in the ship; how, with undying hope, will all things be fronted, all be conquered. Nay, with the ship's prow once turned in that direction, is not all as it were, already well ? Sick wasting misery has become noble manful effort with a goal in our eye. 'The choking Nightmare chokes us no longer ; for we *stir* under it ; the Nightmare has already fled .'

Certainly could the present Editor instruct men how to know Wisdom, Heroism, when they see it, that they might do reverence to it only, and loyally make it ruler over them, —yes he were the living epitome of all Editors. Teachers, Prophets, that now teach and prophesy; he were an *Apollo*-Morrison, a Trismegistus and *effective* Cassandra ! Let no Able Editor hope such things ; It is to be expected the present laws of copy-right, rate of reward per sheet, and

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1. **Tennyson's Poems (Ulysses).**

other considerations, will save him from that peril. Let no Editor hope such things ; no, and yet let all Editors aim towards such things, and even towards such alone ! One knows not what the meaning of editing and writing is, if even this be not it.

Enough, to the present Editor it has seemed possible some glimmering of light, for here and there a human soul, might lie in these confused Paper Masses now entrusted to him ; wherefore he determines to edit the same. Out of old Books, new Writings, and much Meditation not of yesterday, he will endeavour to select a thing or two ; and from the Past, in a circuitous way, illustrate the Present and the Future. The Past is a dim indubitable fact : the Future too is one, only dimmer ; nay properly it is the *same* fact in new dress and development. For the Present holds in it both the whole Past and the whole Future ; as the Life-tree Igdrasil, wide-waving, many-toned, has its roots down deep in the Death-kingdoms, among the oldest dead dust of men, and with its boughts reaches always beyond the stars ; and in all times and places is one and the same Life-tree !

BOOK II—THE ANCIENT MONK

CHAPTER I

JOCELIN OF BRAKELOND

We will, in this Second Portion of our Work, strive to penetrate a little, by means of certain contused Papers, printed and other, into a somewhat remote Century: and to look face to face on it, in hope of perhaps illustrating our own poor Century thereby. It seems a circuitous way; but it may prove a way nevertheless. For man has ever been striving, struggling, and in spite of wide-spread calumnies to the contrary, a veracious creature: the Centuries too are all lineal children of one another; and often, in the portrait of early grandfathers, this and the other enigmatic feature of the newest grandson shall disclose itself, to mutual elucidation. This Editor will venture on such a thing.

Besides, in Editors' Books, and indeed everywhere else in the world of To-day, a certain latitude of movement grows more and more becoming for the practical man. Salvation lies not in tight lacing, in these times;—how far from that, in any province whatsoever; Readers and men generally are getting into strange habits of asking all persons and things, from poor Editors' Books up to Church Bishops and State Potentates, not, By what designation art thou called; in what wig and black triangle dost thou walk abroad? Heavens, I know thy designation and black triangle well enough! But, in God's name, what *art* thou? Not Nothing, sayest thou! Then, How much and what? This is the thing I would know; and even *must* soon know, such a pass am I come to!—What weather—symptoms, not for the poor Editor of Books alone! The Editor of Books may understand withal that if, as is said, 'many

kinds are permissible,' there is one king not permissible, 'the kind that has nothing in it, *legenre enduyeux*' ; and go on his way accordingly.

A certain Jocelinus de Brackelonda, a natural born Englishman, has left us an extremely foreign Book[1], which the labours of the Camden Society have brought to light in these days. Jocelin's Book, the 'Chronicle,' or private Boswellean Notebook, of Jocelin, a certain old St. Edmundsbury Monk and Boswell, now seven centuries old, how remote is it from us ; exotic, extraneous ; in all ways, coming from far abroad ! The language of it is not foreign only but dead : Monk-Latin lies across not the British Channel, but the ninetold Stygian Marshes, Stream of Lethe, and one knows not where ! Roman Latin itself, still alive for us in the Elysian Fields of Memory, is domestic in comparison. And then the ideas, life-furniture, whole workings and ways of this worthy Jocelin ; covered deeper than Pompeii with the lava-ashes and inarticulate wreck of seven hundred years !

Jocelin of Brakelonda cannot be called a conspicuous literary character ; indeed few mortals that have left so visible a work, or footmark, behind them can be more obscure. One other of those vanished Existences, whose work has not yet vanished ;—almost a pathetic phenomenon, were not the whole world full of such ! The builders of Stonehenge, for exmple :—or alas, what say we.—Stonehenge and builders ? The writers of the *Universal Review* and *Homer's Iliad* ; the paviours of London streets ;—sooner or later, the entire Posterity of Adam ! It is a pathetic phenomenon ; but an irremediable nay, if well maditated, a consoling one.

By his dialect of Monk-Latin, and indeed by his name, this Jocelin seems to have been a Norman Englishman ; the

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1. Chronical Jocelini De Brakelonda, de rebus gestis Samsonis Abbatis Monasterii Sancti Edmundi : nunc primum typis mandata, curants Johanne Gage Rokewood. (Camden Society, London, 1840.)

surname *de Brakelonda* indicates a native of St. Edmundsbury itself, *Brakelond* being the known old name of a street or quarter in that venerable Town. Then farther, sure enough, our Jocelin was a Monk of St. Edmundsbury Convent ; held some '*obedientia*' subaltern officiality there, or rather, in succession several ; was for one thing, chaplain to my Lord Abbot, living beside him night and day for the space of six years' ;—which last, indeed, is the grand fact of Jocelin's existence, and properly the origin of this present Book, and of the chief meaning it has for us now. He was, as we have hinted, a kind of born *Boswell*, though an infinitesimally small one ; neither did he altogether want his *Johnson* even there and then. Johnsons are rare ; yet, as has been asserted, Boswells perhaps still rarer,—the more is the pity on both sides ! This Jocelin, as we can discern well, was an ingenious and ingenuous, a cheery-hearted, innocent, yet withal shrewd, noticing, quick-witted man ; and from under his monk's cowl has looked out on that narrow section of the world in a really *human* manner ; not in any *simial*, canine, ovine, or otherwise inhuman manner,—afflictive to all that have humanity ! The man is of patient, peaceable, loving, clear-smiling nature ; open for this and that. A wise simplicity is in him ; much natural sense ; a *veracity* that goes deeper than words. Veracity : it is the basis of all ; and, some say, means genius itself ; the prime essence of all genius whatsoever. Our Jocelin, for the rest, has read his classical manuscripts, his Virgilius, his Flaccus Ovidius Naso ; of course still more, his Homilies and Breviaries and if not the Bible, considerable extracts of the Bible. Then also he has a pleasant wit ; and loves a timely joke, though in mild subdued manner : very amiable to see. A learned grown man, yet with the heart of a good child ; whose whole life indeed has been that of a child,—St. Edmundsbury Monastery a large kind of cradle for him, in which his whole prescribed duty was to *sleep* kindly, and love his mother well ! This is the Biography of Jocelin ; 'a man of excellent religion', says one of his contemporary Brother Monks, '*eximiae religionis, potens sermone et opere.*'

For one thing, he had learned to write a kind of Monk or Dog-Latin, still readable to mankind : and, by good-luck for us, had bethought him of noting down thereby what things seemed notablest to him. Hence gradually resulted a *Chornica Jocelini* ; new Manuscript in the *Liber Albus* of St. Edmundsbury. Which Chronicle, once written in its childlike transparency, in its innocent good humour, not without touches of ready pleasant wit and many kinds of worth, other men liked naturally to read : whereby it failed not to be copied, to be multiplied, to be inserted in the *Liber Albus* ; and so surviving Henry the Eighth, Putney Cromwell, the Dissolution of Monasteries, and all accidents of malice and neglect for six centuries or so, it got into the *Harleian Collection*,—and has now therefrom, by Mr. Rokewood of the Camden Society been deciphered into clear print and lies before us, a dainty thin quarto, to interest for a few minutes whomsoever it can.

Here too it will behove a just Historian gratefully to say that Mr. Rokewood, Jocelin's Editor, has done his editorial function well. Not only has he deciphered his crabbed Manuscript into clear print ; but he has attended, what his fellow editors are not always in the habit of doing, to the important truth that the Manuscript so deciphered ought to have a meaning for the reader. Standing faithfully by his text, and printing its very errors in spelling, in grammar or otherwise, he has taken care by some note to indicate that they are errors, and what the correction to them ought to be. Jocelin's Monk-Latin is generally transparent, as shallow limpid water. But any stop that may occur, of which there are a few and only a very few, we have the comfortable assurance that a meaning does lie in the passage, and may by industry be got at ; that a faithful editor's industry had already got at it before passing on. A compendious useful Glossary is given ; nearly adequate to help the uninitiated through : sometimes one wishes it had been a trifle larger ; but, with a Spelman and Ducange at your elbow, how easy to have made it far too large ! Notes are added, generally brief ; sufficiently explanatory of most points. Lastly, a copious correct Index : which

no such Book should want, and which unluckily very few possess. And so, in a word the *Chronicle of Jocelin* is, as it professes to be, unwrapped from its thick cerements, and fairly brought forth into the common daylight, so that he who runs, and has a smattering of grammar, may read.

We have heard so much of Monks ; everywhere, in real and fictitious History, from Muratori Annals to Radcliffe Romances, these singular two-legged animals, with their rosaries and breviaries, with their shaven crowns, hair-cilices, and vows of poverty, masquerade so strangely through our fancy ; and they are in fact so very strange an extinct species of thr human family,—a veritable Monk of Bury St. Edmunds is worth attending to, if by chance made visible and audible. Here he is ; and in his hand a magical speculum, much gone to rust indeed, yet in fragments clear ; wherein the marvellous image of his existence does still shadow itself, though fitfully, and as with an intermittent light ! Will not the reader peep with us into this singular *camera lucida* where an extinct species, though fitfully, can still be seen alive ? Extinct species, we say ; for the live specimens which still go about under that character are too evidently to be classed as spurious in Natural History : the Gospel of Richard Arkwright once promulgated, no Monk of the old sort is any longer possible in this world. But fancy a deep-buried Mastodon, some fossil Megatherion. Ichthyosaurus, were to begin to *speak* from amid its rock-swathings, never so indistinctly ! The most extinct fossil species of Men or Monks can do, and does, this miracle,—thanks to the Letters of the Alphabet, good for so many things.

Jocelin, we said, was somewhat of a Boswell ; but unfortunately, by Nature, he is none of the largest, and distance has now dwarfed him to an extreme degree. His light is most feeble, intermittent, and requires the intensest kindest inspection ; otherwise it will disclose mere vacant haze. It must be owned, the good Jocelin, spite of his beautiful childlike character is but an altogether imperfect 'mirror' of these old-world things ! The good man, he

looks on us so clear and cheery, and in his neighbourly softsmiling eyes we see so well our *own* shadow,—we have a longing always to cross question him, to force from him an explanation of much. But no ; Jocelin, though he talks with such clear familiarity, like a next-door neighbour, will not answer any question : that is the peculiarity of him, dead these six hundred and fifty years, and quite deaf to us, though still so audible ! The good man, he cannot help it, nor can we.

But truly it is a strange consideration this simple one, as we go on with him, or indeed with any lucid simple hearted soul like him : Behold therefore, this England of the Year 1200 was no chimercial vacuity or dreamland, peopled with mere vaporous Phantasms, Rymer's Foedera, and Doctrines of the Constitution ; but a green solid place, that grew corn and several other things. The Sun shone on it ; the vicissitude of seasons and human fortunes. Cloth was woven and worn ; ditches were dug, furrow-fields ploughed, and houses built. Day by day all men and cattle rose to labour, and night by night returned home weary to their several lairs. In wondrous Dualism, then as now, lived nations of breathing men ; alternating, in all ways, between Light and Dark ; between joy and sorrow, between rest and toil,—between hope, hope reaching high as Heaven, and fear deep as very Hell. Not vapour Phantasms, Rymer's Foedera at all ! Coeur-de-Lion was not a theatrical popinjay with greaves and steel-cap on it, but a man living upon victuals,—*not* imported by Peel's Tariff. Coeur-de-Lion came palpably athwart this Jocelin at St. Edmundsbury ; and had almost peeled the sacred gold '*Fereturm*', or St. Edmund Shrine itself, to ransom him out of the Danube Jail.

These clear eyes of neighbour Jocelin looked on the bodily presence of King John ; the very John *Sansterre*, or Lackland, who signed *Magna Charta* afterwards in Runnymead. Lackland, with a great retinue, boarded once, for the matter of a fortnight, in St. Edmundsbury Convent ; daily in the very eyesight, palpable to the very

fingers of our Jocelin : O Jocelin, what did he say, what did he do ; how looked he, lived he,—at the very lowest, what coat or breeches had he on ? Jocelin is obstinately silent. Jocelin marks down what interests *him* ; entirely deaf to *us*. With Jocelin's eyes we discern almost nothing, of John Lackland. As through a glass darkly, we with our own eyes and appliances, intensely looking, discern at most : A blustering, dissipated human figure, with a kind of blackguard quality air, in cramoisy velvet, or other uncertain texture, uncertain cut, with much plumage and fringing ; amid numerous other human figures of the like ; riding abroad with hawks ; talking noisy nonsense ;—tearing out the bowels ef St. Edmundsbury Convent (its larders namely and cellars) in the most ruinous way, by living at rack and manger there. Jocelin notes only, with a slight subacidity of manner, that the King's Majesty, *Dominus Rex*, did leave, as gift for our St. Edmund Shrine, a handsome enough silk,—or rather pretended to leave, for one of his retinue borrowed it of us, and *we* never got sight of it again ; and, on the whole, that the *Dominus Rex*, at departing, gave us 'thirteen '*sterlingii*', one shilling and one penny, to say a mass for him ; and so departed—like a shabby Lackland as he was. Thirteen pence sterling', this was what the Convent ! got from Lackland, for all the victuals he and his had made away with. We of course said our mass for him, having covenanted to do it—but let impartial posterity judge with what degree of fervour !

And in this mauner vanishes King Lackland ; traverses swiftly our strange intermittent magic-mirror, jingling the shabby 'thirteen pence merely ; and rides with his hawks into Egyptian night again. It is Jocelin's manner with all things ; and it is men's manner and men's necessity. How intermittent is our good Jocelin ; marking down without eye to *us*, what *he* finds interesting ! How much in Jocelin, as in all History, and indeed in all Nature, is at once inscrutable and certain ; so dim yet so indubitable ; exciting us to endless considerations. For King Lackland *was* nhere, verily he ; and did leave these *tredecim sterlingii*, if tothing more, and did live and look in one way or the

other, and a whole was living and looking along with him! There, we say, is the grand peculiarity; the immeasurable one; distinguishing, to a really infinite degree, the poorest historical Fact from all Fiction whatsoever Fiction, 'Imagination,' 'Imaginative Poetry,' etc., etc., except as the vehicle for truth, or *fact* of some sort,—which surely a man should first try various other ways of vehiculating, and conveying safe,—what is it? Let the Minerva and other Presses respond!—

But it is time we were in St. Edmundsbury Monastery, and Seven good Centuries off. If indeed it be possible, by any aid of Jocelin, by any human art, to get thither, with a reader or two still following us?

CHAPTER II

St. Edmundsbury

The *Burg*, Bury, or 'Berry' as they call it of St. Edmund is still a prosperous brisk Town; beautifully diversifying, with its clear brick houses, ancient clean streets, and twenty or fifteen thousand busy souls, the general grassy face of Suffolk ; looking out right pleasantly, from its hill-slope, towards the rising Sun : and on the eastern edge of it, still runs, long, black and massive, a range of monastic ruins; into the wide internal spaces of which the stranger is admitted on payment of one shilling. Internal spaces laid out, at present, as a botanic garden. Here stranger or townsman, sauntering at his leisure amid these vast grim venerable ruins, may persuade himself that an Abbey of St. Edmundsbury did once exist ; any there is no doubt of it, see here the ancient massive Gateway, of architecture interesting to the eye of Dilettantism ; and farther on, that other ancient Gateway, now about to tumble, unless Dilettantism, in these very months, can subscribe money to cramp it and prop it !

Here, sure enough, is an Abbey ; beautiful in the eye of Dilettantism. Giant Pedantry also will step in, with its huge *Dugdale* and other enormous *Monasticons* under its arm, and cheerfully apprise you, That this was a very great Abbey, owner and indeed creator of St. Edmund's Town itself, owner of wide lans and revenues ; nay that its lands were once a country of themselves ; that indeed King Canute or Knut was very kind to it, and gave St. Edmund his own gold crown off his head, on one occasion : for the rest, that the Monks were of such and such a genus, such

and such a number; that they had so many carucates of land in this hundred, and so many in that; and then farther that the large Tower or Belfry was built by such a one, and the smaller Belfry was built by &c., &c.—Till human nature can stand no more of it; till human nature desperately take refuge in forgetfulness, almost in flat disbelief of the whole business, Monks, Monastery. Belfries, Carucates and all! Alas, what mountains of dead ashes, wreck and burnt bones, does assiduous Pedantry dig up from the Past Time, and name it History, and Philosophy of History; till, as we say, the human soul sinks wearied and bewildered; till the Past Time seems all one infinite incredible grey void, without sun, stars, hearth-fires, or candle-light; dim offensive dust-whirlwinds filling universal Nature; and over your Historical Library, it is as if all the Titans had written for themselves: Dry Rubbish Shot Here!

And yet these grim old walls are not a dilettantism and dubiety; they are an earnest fact. "It was a most real and serious purpose they were built for! Yes, another world it was, when these black ruins, white in their new mortar and fresh chiselling, first saw the sun as walls, long ago. Gauge not, with thy dilettante compasses, with that placid delettante simper, the Heaven's Watchtower of our Fathers, the fallen God's- Houses, the Golgotha of true Souls departed!

Their architecture, belfries, land-carucates? Yes—and that is but a small item of the matter. Does it never give thee pause, this other strange item of it, that men then had a *soul*,—not by hearsay alone, and as a figure of speech; but as a truth that they *knew*, and practically went upon! Verily it was another world then. Their Miss Is have become incredible, a sheer platitude sayest thou? Yes, a most poor platitude; and even, if thou wilt, an idolatry and blasphemy, should anyone persuade *thee* to believe them; to pretend praying by them. But yet it is pity we had lost tidings of our souls:—actually we shall have to go in quest of them again, or worse in all ways will befall? A certain degree of soul, as Ben Jonson reminds

us is indispensable to keep the very body from destruction of the frightfullest sort ; to 'save us', says he, 'the expence of *salt*.' Ben has known men who had soul enough to keep their body and five senses from becoming carrion and save salt :—men, and also Nations. You may look in Manchester Hunger-mobs and Corn-law Commons Houses, and various other quarters, and say whether soul or else salt is not somewhat wanted at present. !—

Another world, truly : and this present poor distressed world might get some profit by looking wisely into it, instead of foolishly. But at lowest, O dilettante friend, let us know always that it *was* a world, and not a void infinite of grey haze with phantasms swimming in it. These old St. Edmundsbury walls, I say, were not peopled with phantasms ; but with men of flesh and blood, made altogether as we are. Had thou and I then been, who knows but we ourselves had taken refuge from an evil Time, and fled to dwell here, and meditate on an Eternity, in such fashion as we could ? Alas, how like an old osseous fragment, a broken blackened shinbone of the old dead Ages, this black ruin looks out, not yet covered by the soil ; still indicating what a once gigantic Life lies buried there ! It is dead now, and dumb ; but was alive once, and spake. For twenty generations, here was the earthly arena where painful living men worked out their life-wrestle—looked at by Earth, by Heaven and Hell. Bells tolled to prayers ; and men, of many humours, various thoughts, chanted vespers, matins ;—and round the little islet of their life rolled for ever (as round ours still rolls, though we are blind and deaf) the illimitable Ocean, tinting all things with *its* eternal hues and reflexes ; making strange prophetic music ! How silent now ; all departed, clean gone. The World-Dramaturgist has written : *Exeunt.* The devouring Time-Demons have made away with it all : and in its stead, there is either nothing ; or what is worse, offensive universal dust-clouds, and grey eclipse of Earth and Heaven, from 'dry rubbish shot here !'—

Truly it is no easy matter to get across the chasm of

Seven Centuries, filled with such material. But here, of all helps, is not a Boswell the welcomest; even a small Boswell? Veracity, true simplicity of heart, how valuable are these always! He that speaks what *is* really in him, will find men to listen, though under never such impediments. Even gossip, springing tree and cheery from a human heart, this too is a kind of veracity and *speech*; – much preferable to pedantry and inane grey haze! Jocelin is weak and garrulous, but he is human. Through the thin watery gossip our Jocelin, we do get some glimpses of that deep-buried Time; discern veritably, though in a fitful intermittent manner, these antique figures and their life-method, face to face! Beautifully, in our earnest loving glance, the old centuries melt from opaque to partially translucent, transparent here and there; and the void black Night, one finds, is but the summing-up of innumerable peopled luminous *Days*. Not parchment Chartularies, Doctrines of the Constitution, O Dryasdust; not altogether, my erudite friend!—

Readers who please to go along with us into this poor *Jocelini Chronica* shall wander inconveniently enough, as in wintry twilight, through some poor stripped hazel-grove, rustling with foolish noises, and perpetually hindering the eyesight; but across which, here and there, some real human figure is seen moving: very strange; whom we could hail if he would answer;—and we look into a pair of eyes deep as our own *imaging* our own, but all unconscious of us; to whom we for the time are become as spirits and invisibles!

CHAPTER III

Landlord Edmund

Some three centuries or so had elapsed since *Beodric's-worth*[1] became St. Edmund's *Stow*, St. Edmund's *Town* and Monastery, before Jocelin entered himself a Novice there. 'It was', says he, 'the year after the Flemings were defeated at Fornham St. Genevieve.'

Much passes away into oblivion: this glorious victory over the Flemings at Fornham has, at the present date

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1. Dryasdust puzzles and pokes for some biography of this Beodric ; and repugns to consider him a mere East-Anglian Person of Condition not in need of a biography,—whose *peopo*, *weorth* or *worth*, that is to say, *Growth*, Increase, or as we should now name it, *Estate*, that same Hamlet and wood Mansion, now St. Edmund's Bury, originally was For, adds our erudite Friend, the Saxon peopoan, equivalent to the German *werden*, means to grow, to *become* ; traces of which old vocable are still found in the North-country dialects, as, 'What is *word* of him ?' meaning 'What is *become* of him ?' and the like. Nay we in modern English still say, 'Woe *worth* the hour' (Woe *befall* the hour), and speak of the *Weird* sisters ; not to mention the innumerable other names of places still ending in *weorth* or *werth*. And indeed, our common noun *worth in* the sense of *value*, does not this mean simply, What a thing has *grown* to, What a man has *grown* to, How much he amounts to,—by the Threadneedle-street standard another !

greatly dimmed itself out of the minds of men. A victory and battle nevertheless it was, in its time: some thrice-renowned Earl of Leicester, not of the De Montfort breed (as may be read in Philosophical and other Histories, could any human memory retain such things), had quarelled with his sovereign, Henry Second of the name; had been worsted, it is like and maltreated, and obliged to fly to foreign parts; but had rallied there into new vigour; and so, in the year 1173, returns across the German Sea with a vengeful army of Flemings. Returns, to the coast of Suffolk; to Framlingham Castle, where he is welcomed; westward towards St. Edmundsbury and Fornham Church, where he is met by the constituted authorities with *posse comitatus;* and swiftly cut in pieces, he and his, or laid by the heels; on the right bank of the obscure riker Lark, —as traces still existing will verify.

For the river Lark, though not very discoverably, still runs or stagnates in that country; and the battleground is there; serving at present as a pleasureground to his Grace of Northumberland. Copper pennies of Henry II are still found there:—rotted out from the pouches of poor slain soldiers, who had not had *time* to buy liquor with them. In the river Lark itself was fished up, within man's memory, an antique gold ring: which fond-Dilettantism can almost believe may have been the very ring Countess Leicester threw away, in her flight, into that same Lark river or ditch [1]. Nay, few years ago, in tearing out an enormous superannuated ash-tree, now grown quite corpulent, bursten, superfluous, but long a fixture in the soil, and not to be dislodged without revolution,—there was laid bare, under its roots, 'a circular mound of skeletons wonderfully complete' all radiating from a centre, faces upwards, feet inwards; a 'radiation' not of Light, but of the Nether. Darkness rather; and evidently the fruit of battle; for 'many of the heads were cleft, or had arrow-holes in them'. The Battle of Fornham, therefore, is a fact, though a forgotten one: no less obscure than undeniable,—like so many other facts.

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1. Lyttelton's History of Henry II (2nd Edition). v, 169, & c.,

Like the St. Edmund's Monastery itself! Who can doubt, after what we have said, that there was a Monastery here at one time? No doubt at all there was a Monastery here; no doubt, some three centuries prior to this Fornham Battle, there dwelt a man in these parts of the name of Edmund, King, Landlord, Duke, or whatever his title was, of the Eastern Counties;—and a very singular man and landlord he must have been.

For his tenants, it would appear, did not in the least complain of him; his labourers did not think of burning his wheatstacks into his game preserves; very far the reverse of all that, Clear evidence, satisfactory even to my friend Dryasdust, exists that, on the contrary, they honoured, loved, admired this ancient Landlord to a quite astonishing degree—and indeed at last to an immeasurable and inexpressible degree; for, finding no limits or utterable words for their sense of his worth, they took to beautifying and adoring him! 'Infinite admiration', we are taught, 'means worship.'

Very singular,—could we discover it! What Edmund's specific duties were; above all, what his method of discharging them with such results was, would surely be interesting to know; but are *not* very discoverable now, His Life has become a poetic, nay a religious *Mythus*; though, undeniably enough, it was once a prose Fact, as our poor lives are; and even a very rugged unmanageable one. This landlord Edmund did go about in leather shoes, with *femoralia* and bodycoat of some sort on him; and daily had his breakfast to procure; and daily had contradictory speeches, and most contradictory facts not a few, to reconcile with himself. No man becomes a Saint in his sleep. Edmund, for instance, instead of *reconciling* those same contradictory facts and speeches to himself,—which means *subduing*, and in a manlike and godlike manner conquering them to himself,—might have merely thrown new contention into them, new unwisdom into them, and so been conquered *by* them; much the commoner case! In that way he had proved no 'Saint,' or Divine-looking Man, but

a mere Sinner, and unfortunate blameable, more or less Diabolic-looking man! No landlord Edmund becomes infinitely admirable in his sleep.

With what degree of wholesome rigour his rents were collected, we hear not. Still less by what methods he preserved his game, whether by 'bushing', of how,—and if the partridge-seasons were 'excellent', or were indifferent. Neither do we ascertain what kind of Corn-bill he passed, or wisely-adjusted Slidingscale:—but indeed there were few spinners in those days; and the nuisance of spinning, and other dusty labour, was not yet so glaring a one.

How then, it may be asked, did this Edmund rise into favour; become to such astonishing extent a recognized Farmer's Friend? Really, except it were by doing justly and loving mercy to an unprecedented extent, one does not know. The man, it would seem, had 'walked', as they say, 'humbly with God'; humbly and valiantly with God; struggling to make the Earth heavenly as he could: instead of walking sumptuously and pridefully with Mammon, leaving the Earth to grow hellish as it liked. Not sumptuously with Mammon? How then could he 'encourage trade',—cause Howel and James, and many wine-merchants to bless him, and the tailor's heart (though in a very short-sighted manner) to sing for joy? Much in this Edmund's Life is mysterious.

That he could, on occasion, do what he liked with his own is, mean while, evident enough. Certain Heathen Physical-Force Ultra-Chartists, 'Danes' as they were then called, coming into his territory with their 'five points', or rather with their five-and twenty thousand *points* and edges too, of pikes namely and battle axes; and proposing mere Heathenism, confiscation, spoliation, and fire and sword,—Edmund answered that he would oppose to the utmost such savagery. They took him prisoner; again required his sanction to said proposals. Edmund again refused. Cannot we kill you? cried they.—Cannot I die? answered he. My life, I think, is my own to do what I like with!

And he died, under barbarous tortures, refusing to the last breath ; and the Ultra-Chartists Danes *lost* their propositions ;—and went with their 'points' and other apparatus, as is supposed, to the Devil, the Father of them. Some say, indeed these Danes were not Ultra-Chartists, but Ultra-Tories, demanding to reap where they had not sown, and live in this world without working, though all the world should starve for it ; which likewise seems a possible hypothesis Be what they might, they went, as we say, to the Devil ; and Edmund doing what he like with his own, the Earth was got cleared of them.

Another version is, that Edmund on this and the like occasions stood by his order ; the oldest, and indeed only true order of Nobility known under the stars, that of Just Men and Sons of God, in opposition to Unjust and Sons of Belial,—which latter indeed are *second*-oldest, but yet a very unvenerable order. This, truly, seems the likeliest hypothesis of all. Names and appearances alter so strangely, in some half-score centuries ; and all fluctuates chameleon-like, taking now this hue, now that. This much is very plain, and does not change hue ; Landlord Edmund was seen and felt by all men to have done verily a man's part in this life-pilgrimage of his ; and benedictions, and outflowing love and admiration from the universal heart, were his meed. Well-done ! Well done ! cried the hearts of all men. They raised his slain and martyred body ; washed its wounds with fast-flowing universal tears ; tears of endless pity, and yet of a sacred joy and triumph. The beautifullest kind of tears,—indeed perhaps the beautifullest kind of thing like a sky all flashing diamonds and prismatic radiance ; all weeping, yet shone on by the everlasting Sun—and *this* is not a sky, it is a Soul and living Face ; Nothing liker the *Temple of the Highest*, bright with some real effulgenee of the Highest, is seen in this world.

Oh, if all Yankee-land follow a small good 'Schnuspel the distinguished Novelest' with blazing torches, dinner invitations, universal hep-hep-hurrah, feeling that he, though small, *is* something ; how might all Angle-land once

follow a hero martyr and great true Son of Heaven! It is the very joy of man's heart to admire, where he can; nothing so lifts him from all his mean imprisonments, were it but for moments, as true admiration. Thus it has been said, 'all men, espacially all women, are born worshippers; and will worship, if it be but possible. Possible to worship a Something, even a small one; not so possible a mere loud-blaring Nothing! What sight is more pathetic than that of poor multitudes of persons met to gaze at King's Progresses, Lord Mayors' Shows, and other gilt-gingerbread phenomena of the worshipful sort, in these times; each so eager to worship; each, with a dim fatal sense of disappointment, finding that he cannot rightly here! These be thy gods, O Isreal? And thou art so *willing* to worship,—poor Israel!

In this manner, however, did the men of the Eastern Countries take up the slain body of their Edmund, where it lay cast forth in the village of Hoxne; seek out the severed head, and reverently reunite the same. They embalmed him with myrrh and sweet spices, with love, pity, and all high and awful thoughts; consecrating him with a very storm of melodious adoring admiration, and sun-dyed showers of tears;—joyfully, yet with awe (as all deep joy has something of the awful in it), commemorating his noble deeds and god-like walk and conversation while on Earth. Till, at length, the very Pope and Cardinals at Rome were forced to hear of it; and they, summing up as correctly as they well could, with *Advocatus-Diaboli* pleadings and their other forms of process, the general verdict of mankind, declared: That he had, in very fact, led a hero's life in this world; and being now *gone*, was gone, as they conceived, to God above, and reaping his reward *there*. Such, they said, was the best judgment they could from of the case;—and truly not a bad judgment. Acquiesced in, zealously adopted, with ful assent of 'private judgment,' by all mortals.

The rest of St. Edmund's history for the reader sees he has now become a *Saint*, is easily conceivable. Pious

munificence provided him a *loculus*, a *feretrum* or shrine ; built for him in a wooden chapel, a stone temple, ever widening and growing by new pious gifts ;—such the overflowing heart feels it a blessedness to solace itself by giving St. Edmund's Shrine glitters now with diamond flowerages, with a plating of wrought gold The wooden chapel, as we say, has become a stone temple. Stately masonries, long-drawn arches, cloisters, sounding aisles buttress it, begirdle it far and wide. Regimented companies of men, of whom our Jocelin is one, devote themselves, in every generation, to meditate here on man's Nobleness and Awfulness, and celebrate and show forth the same, as they best can –thinking they will do it better here, in presence of God the Maker, and of the so Awful and so Noble made by him In one word St. Edmund's Body has raised a Monastery round it. To such length, in such manner, has the Spirit of the Time visibly taken body, and crystallized itself here. New gifts houses, farms, *katalla*[1]—come ever in. King Knut, whom men call Canute, whom the Ocean-tide would not be forbidden to wet,—we heard already of this wise King, with his crown and gifts : but of many others Kings. Queens, wise men and noble loyal women, let Dryasdust and devine Silence be the record ! Beodric's-Worth has become St. Edmund's *Bury*,—and lasts visible to this hour. All this that thou now seest, and namest Bury Town, is properly the Funeral Monument of Saint or Landlord Edmund. The present respectable Mayor of Bury may be said; like

1. Goods, properties ; what we now call chattels, and still more singularly cattle, says my erudite friend !

a Fakeer (little as he thinks of it) to have his dwelling in the extensive, many-sculptured Tombstone of St. Edmund ; in one of the brick niches thereof dwells the present respectable Mayor of Bury.

Certain Times do crystallize themselves in a magnificent manner ; and others, perhaps, are like to do it in rather a shabby one ! But Richard Arkwright too will have his Monument a thousand years hence : all Lancashire and Yorkshire. and how many other shires and countries with their machineries and industries, for his monument ! *A* true pyramid or *flame*-mountain,' flaming with steam fires and useful labour over wide continents usefully towards the Stars, to a certain height ;—how much grander than your foolish Cheops pyramids or Sakhara clay ones ! Let us withal be hopeful, be content or patient.

CHAPTER IV

Abbot Hugo

It is true, all things have two faces, a light one and a dark. It is true, in three centuries much imperfection accumulates; many an Ideal, monastic or other, shooting forth into practice as it can, grows to a strange enough Reality; and we have to ask with amazement, Is this your Ideal! For, alas, the Ideal always has to grow in the Real, and to seek out its bed and board there, often in a very sorry way. No beautifullest Poet is a Bird-of-Paradise, living on perfumes, sleeping in the ether with outspread wings. The Heroic, *independent* of bed and board, is found in Drury-Lane Theatre only; to avoid disappointments, let us bear this in mind.

By the Law of Nature, too, all manner of ideals have their fatal limits and lot; their appointed periods, of youth, of maturity or perfection, of decline, degradation, and final death and disappearance. There is nothing born but has to die. Ideal monasteries, once grown real, do seek bed and board in this world; do find it more and more successfully; do get at length too intent on finding it, exclusively intent on that. They are then like diseased corpulent bodies fallen idiotic,' which merely eat and sleep; *ready* for 'dissolution, by a Henry the Eighth or some other. Jocelin's St. Edmundsbury is still far from this last dreadful state; but here too the reader will Prepare himself to see an Ideal not sleeping in the ether like a bird-of paradise, but roosting as the common wood-fowl do, in an imperfect, uncomfortable, more or less contemptible manner!—

Abbot Hugo, as Jocelin, breaking at once into the heart of the business apprises us had in those days grown old, grown rather blind, and his eyes were somewhat darkened, *aliquantulum caligaverunt oculi ejus*. He dwelt apart very much, in his *Talamus* or peculiar Chamber; got into the hands of flatteres, a set of mealy-mouthed persons who strove to make the passing hour easy for him,...for him easy, and for themselves profitable; accumulating in the distance mere mountains of confusion, Old Dominus Hugo set inaccessible in this way for in the interior, wrapped in his warm flannels and delusions; inaccessible to all voice of Fact; and bad grew ever worse with us. Not that our worthy old *Dominus Abbas* was inattentive to the divine offices, or to the maintenance of a devout spirit in us or in himself; but the Account-Books of the Convent fell into the frightfullest state, and Hugo's annual Budget grew yearly emptier, or filled with futile expectations, fatal deficit, wind and debts!

His one worldly care was to raise ready money! Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. And how he raised it: From usurious insatiable Jews; every fresh Jew sticking on him like a fresh horseleech, sucking his and our life out; crying continually, Give, give! Take one example instead of scores. Our *Camera* having fallen into ruin, William the Sacristan received charge to repair it; strict charge, but no money; Abbot Hugo would, and indeed could, give him no fraction of money. The *Camera* in ruins, and Hugo penniless and inaccessible, Willelmus Sacrista borrowed Forty Marcs (some Seven-and-twenty Pounds) of Benedict the Jew, and patched up our Camera again. But the means of repaying him? There were no means, Hardly could *Sacrista*, *Cellerarius* or any public officer, get ends to meet, on the indispensablest scales, with their shrunk allowances: ready money had vanished.

Benedict's Twenty seven pounds grew rapidly at compound-interest; and at length when it had amounted to a Hundred pounds, he, on a day of settlement, presents the account to Hugo himself. Hugo already owed him

another Hundred of his own ; and so here it has become Two Hundred ! Hugo, in a fine frenzy, threatens to depose the Sacristan, to do this and do that ; but, in the meanwhile, How to quiet your insatiable Jew ? Hugo, for this couple of hundreds, grants the Jew his bond for Four hundred Payable at the end of four years. At the end of four years there is, of course, still no money ; and the Jew now gets a bond for Eight hundred and eighty pounds, to be paid by instalment, Fourscore pounds every year- Here was a way of doing business !

Neither yet is this insatiable Jew satisfied or settled with : he had papers against us of 'small debts fourteen years old' ; his modest claim amounts finally to 'Twelve hundred pounds besides interest, —and one hopes he never got satisfied in this world ; one almost hopes he was one of those beleagured Jew who hanged themselves in York Castlye shortly afterwards, and had his usances and quittances and horseleech papers summarily set fire to! For approximate justice will strive to accomplish itself ; if not in one way, then in another. Jews, and also Christians and Heathens, who accumulate in this manner though furnished with never so many parchments, do, at times 'get their grinder-teeth successively pulled out of their head, each day a new grinder, till they consent to disgorge again. A sad fact,...worth re flecting on.

Jocelin, we see, is not without secularity : Our *Dominus Abbas* was intent enough on the divine offices but then his Account-Books—?—One of the things that strike us most, throughout, in Joceling's *Chronicle* and indeed in Eadmer's *Anselm*, and other old monastic Books, written, evidently by pious men, is this. That there is almost no mention whatever of 'personal religion' in them ; that the whole gift of their thinking and speculation seems to be the 'privileges of our order,' 'strict exaction of our dues,' God's honour' (meaning the honour of our Saint), and so forth. Is not this singular ? A body of men, set apart for perfecting and purifying their own souls, do not seem disturbed about that in any measure : the 'Ideal' says

nothing about its idea; says much about finding bed and board for itself! How is this?

Why, for one thing, bed and board are a matter very apt to come to speech: it is much easier to *speak* of them than of ideas; and they are sometimes much more pressing with some! Nay, for another thing, may not this religious reticence, in these devout good souls, be perhaps a merit, and sign of health in them? Jocelin, Eadmer, and such religious men, have as yet nothing of 'Methodism': no Doubt or even root of Doubt. Religion is not a diseased self-introspection, an agonizing inquiry: their duties are clear to them, the way of supreme good plain, indisputable, and they are travelling on it. Religion lies over them like an all-embracing heavenly canopy, like an atmosphere and life-element, which is not spoken of; which in all things is presupposed without speech. Is not serene or complete Religion the highest aspect of human nature; as serene Cant, or complete No-religion, is the lowest and miserablest? Between which two, all manner of earnest Methodisms, introspections, agonizing inquiries, never so morbid, shall play their respective parts, not without approbation.

But let any reader fancy himself one of the Brethren in St. Edmundsbury Monastery under such circumstances! How can a Lord Abbot, all stuck over with horseleeches of this nature, front the world? He is fast losing his life-blood, and the Convent will be as one of Pharaoh's lean kine Old monks of experience draw their hoods deeper down; careful what they say; the monk's first duty is obedience. Our Lord the King, hearing of such work, sends down his Almoner to make investigations: but what boots it? Abbot Hugo assembles us in Chapter; asks, 'If there is any complaint? Not a soul of us dare answer, 'Yes, thousands!' but we all stand silent, and the Prior even says that things are in a very comfortable condition. Whereupon old Abbot Hugo, turning to the royal messenger, says, 'You see!—and the business terminates in the way. I, as a brisk-eyed, noticing youth and novice, could not help asking of the elders, asking of

Magister Samson in Particular : Why he, well-instructed and a knowing man, had not spoken out, and brought matters to a bearing ? Magister Samson was Teacher of the Novices, appointed to breed us to the rules, and I loved him well. '*Fili mi,*' answered Samson, 'the burnt child shuns the fire. Dost thou not know, our Lord the Abbot sent me once to Acre in Norfolk, to solitary confinement and bread and water, already ! the Hinghams, Hugo and Robert, have just got home from banishment for speaking. This is the hour of darkness : the hour when flatterers rule and are believed. *Videat Dominus,* let the Lord see, and judge.'

In very truth, what could poor old Abbot Hugo do ? A frail old man ; and the Philistines were upon him,—that is to say, the Hebrews. He had nothing for it but to shrink away from them ; get back into his warm flannels, into his warm delusions again. Happily, before it was quite too late, he bethought him of pilgriming to St. Thomas of Canterbury. He set out, with a fit train, in the autumn days of the year 1180 ; near Rochester City, his mule threw him, dislocated his poor kneepan, raised incurable inflammatory fever ; and the poor old man got his dismissal from the whole coil at once. St. Thomas a Becket, though in a circuitous way, had *brought* deliverance ! Neither Jew usurers, nor grumbling monks, nor other importunate despicability of men or mud-elements afflicted Abbot Hugo any more ; but he dropped his rosaries, closed his account-books, closed his old eyes, and lay down into the long sleep. Heavy-laden hoary old Dominus Hugo, fare thee well.

One thing we cannot mention without a due thrill of horror : namely, that, in the empty exchequer of Dominus Hugo, there was not found one penny to distribute to the Poor that they might pray for his soul ! By a kind of godsend, Fifty shillings did, in the very nick of time fall due, or seem to fall due, from one of his Farmers (the *Firmarius* de Palegrava), and he paid it, and the Poor had it ; though alas, this too only *seemed* to fall due and we had it to pay again afterwards. Dominus Hugo's apartments were plundered by his servants, to the last portable stool, in a few minutes after the breath was out of his body. Forlorn ld Hugo, fare thee well forever.

CHAPTER V

Twelfth Century

Our Abbot being, the *Dominus Rex*, Henry II, or Ranulf de Glanvill *Justiciarius* of England for him, set Inspectors or Custodiars over us ; not in any breathless haste to appoint a new Abbot, our revenues coming into his own *Scaccarium*, or Royal Exchequer, in the meanwhile. They proceeded with some rigour, these Custodiars; took written inventories, clapped on seals exacted everywhere strict tale and measure : but wherefore should a living monk complain ? The living monk has to do his devotional drill-exercise ; consume his allotted *pitantia*, what we call *pittance*, or ration of victual : and possess his soul in patience.

Dim, as through a long vista of Seven Centuries, dim and very strange looks that monk life to us : the ever-surprising circumstance this. That it is a *fact* and no dream, that we see it there, and gaze into the very eyes of it ! Smoke rises daily from those culinarv chimney-throats ; there are living human beings there who chant, loud-braying, their matins, nones, vespers : awakening *echoes*, not to the bodily ear alone. St. Edmund's Shrine, perpetually illuminated, glows ruddy through the Night, and through the Night of Centuries withal ; St. Edmundsbury Town paying yearly Forty pounds for that express end. Bells clang out ; on great occasions all the bells. We have Processions, Preachings, Festivals Christmas Plays, *Mysteries* shown in the Churchyard, at which latter the Townsfolk sometimes quarrel. Time was, Time is, as Friar Bacon's Brass Head remarked ; and withal Time will be. There

are three Tenses, *Tempora*, or Times; and there is *one* Eternity; and as for us.

We are such stuff as Dreams are made of!

Indisputable, though very dim to modern vision, rests on its hill-slope that same *Bury*, *Stow*, or Town of St. Edmund, already a considerable place, not without traffic, nay manufactures, would Jocelin only tell us what. Jocelin is totally careless of telling; but, through dim fitful apertures, we can see *Fullones* 'Fullers', see cloth-making; looms dimly going, dyevats, and old women spinning yarn. We have Fairs too, *Nuudinae*, in due course; and the Londoners give us much trouble, pretending that they, as a metropolitan people, are exempt from toll. Besides there is Field husbandry, with perplexed settlement of Convent rents: corn-ricks pile themselves within burgh, in their season; and cattle depart and enter; and even the poor weaver has his cow,—'dundgheaps' lying quiet at most doors (*ante foras*, says the incidental Jocelin), for the Town has yet no improved police. Watch and ward nevertheless we do keep, and have Gates, as what Town must not; thieves so abounding: war, *werra*, such a frequent thing! Our thieves, at the Abbot's judgment-bar, deny; claim wager of battle; fight are beaten, and *then* hanged. 'Ketel, the thief, took this course; and it did nothing for him,—merely brought us, and indeed himself new trouble!

Everyway a most foreign Time. What difficulty, for example, has our *Cellerarius* to collect the *repselver*, 'reaping silver, or penny which each householder is by law bound to pay for cutting down the Convent grain! Richer people pretend that it is commuted, that it is this and the other; that, in short, they will not pay it. Our *Cellerarius* gives up calling on the rich. In the houses of the poor, our *Cellerarius* finding, in like manner, neither penny nor good promise, snatches, without ceremony, what *vadium* (Pledge, *uad*,) he can come at: a joint-stool, kettle, nay the very house door, '*hostium*'; and old women, thus exposed to the unfeeling gaze of the public, rush out after him with their

distaffs and the angriest shrieks : '*vetulae exibant cum colis suis*,' say Jocelin, '*minantes et exprobrantes*.'

What an historical picture, glowing visible, as St. Edmund's Shrine by night, after Seven long Centuries or so ! *Vetulae cum colis :* My venerable ancient spinning grandmothers,—ah, and ye too have to shriek, and rush out with your distaffs ; and become Female Chartists, and scold all evening with void doorway ;—and in old Saxon, as we in modern, would fain demand some Five-point Charter, could it be fallen in with, the Earth being too tyrannous !—Wise Lord Abbots, hearing of such phenomena, did in time abolish or commute the reap-penny, and one nuisance was abated. But the image of those justly offended old women, in their old wool costumes, with their angry features, and spindles brandished, lives forever in the historical memory. Thanks to thee, Jocelin Boswell. Jerusalem was taken by the Crusaders, and again lost by them; and Richard Coeur-de-Lion 'veiled his face' as he passed in sight of it : but how many other things went on, the while !

Thus, too, our trouble with the Lakenheath eels is very great. King Knut, namely, or rather his Queen who also did herself honour by honouring St. Edmund, decreed by authentic deed yet extant on parchment, that the Holders of the Town Fields, once Beodric's should, for one thing, go yearly and catch us four thousand eels in the marsh-pools of Lakenheath. Well, they went, they continued to go ; but, in later times, got into the way of returning with a most short account of eels. Not the due six-score apiece; no, Here are two-score; Here are twenty, ten,—some times, Here are none at all; Heaven help us we *could* catch no more, they Were not there ! What is a distressed *Cellerarius* to do ? We agree that each Holder of so many acres shall pay one penny yearly, and let go the eels as too slippery. But alas, neither is this quite effectual : the Fields, in my time, have got divided among so many hands, there is no catching of *them* either ; I have known our Cellarer get seven-and-twenty pence formerly, and now it is much if he get

ten pence farthing (*vix decem denarios et obolum*). And then their sheep, which they are bound to fold nightly in our pens, for the manure's sake ; and, I fear, do not always fold ; and their *aver-pennies*, and their *avragiums*, and their *fodercorns*, and mill-and-market dues ! Thus, in its undeniable but dim manner, does old St. Edmundsbury spin and till, and laboriously keep its pot boiling, and St. Edmund's Shrine lighted, under such conditions and averages as it can.

How much is still alive in England ; how much has not yet come into life ! A Feudal Aristocracy is still alive, in the prime of life ; soperintending the cultivation of the land, and less consciously the distribution of the produce of the land, the adjustment of the quarrels of the land ; judging, soldiering, adjusting ; everywhere governing the people,—so that even a Gurth, born thrall of Cedric lacks not his due parings of the pigs he tends. Governing ;—and alas, also game-preserving, so that a Robin Hood, a William Scarlet and others-have, in these days, put on Lincoln coats, and taken to living, in some universal-suffrage manner, under the greenwood-tree !

How silent, on the other hand, lie all Cotton-trades and such like ; not a steeple chiminey yet got on end from sea to sea ! North of the Humber, a stern Willelmus Conquestor burnt the Country, finding it unruly, into very stern repose. Wild fowl scream in those ancient silences, wild cattle roam in those ancient solitudes : the scanty sulky Norse-bred population all coerced into silence,—feeling that, under these new Norman Governors, their history has probably as good as *ended*. Men Northumbrian Norse populations know little what has ended, what is but beginning ! The Ribble and the Aire roll down, as yet unpolluted by dyers' chemistry ; tenanted by merry trouts and piscatory otters; the sunbeam and the vacant wind'sblast alone traversing those moors. Side by side sleep the coal strata and the iron-strata for so many ages ; no Steam-Demon has yet risen smoking into being. Saint Mungo

rules in Glasgow ; James Watt still slumbering in the deep of Time. *Mancunium.* Manceaster, what we now call Manchester, spins no cotton,—if it be not *wool* 'cottons', clipped from the backs of mountain sheep. The Creek of the Mersey gurgles, twice in the four-and-twenty hours, with eddying brine, clangorous with sea-fowl, and is a *Lither* Pool, a *lazy* or sullen Pool, no monstrous pitchy City, and Seahaven of the world ! The Centuries are big and the birth-hour is coming, not yet come. ***Tempus ferax, tempus edax rerum.***

CHAPTER VI

Monk Samson

Within doors, down at the hill-foot, in our Convent here, we are a peculiar people,—hardly conceivable in the Arkwright Corn-Law ages, of mere Spinning-Mills and Joe-Mantons! There is yet no Methodism among us, and we speak much of Secularities; no Methodism; our Religion is not yet a horrible restless Doubt, still less a far horribler composed Cant; but a great heavenhigh Unquestionability, encompassing, interpenetrating the whole of Life. Imperfect as we may be, we are here, with our litanies, shaven crowns, vows of poverty, to testify incessantly and indisputably to every heart. That this Earthly Life and *its* riches and possessions, and good and evil hap, are not intrinsically a reality at all, but *are* a shadow of realities eternal, infinite; that this Time-world, as an air-image, fearfully *emblematic*, plays and flickers in the grand still mirror of Eternity: and man's little Life has Duties that are great, that are alone great, and go up to Heaven and down to Hell. This, with our poor litanies, we testify and struggle to testify.

Which, testified or not, remembeard by all men, or forgotten by all men, does verily remain the fact, even in Arkwright Jeo-Manton ages! But it is incalculable, when litanies have grown obsolete; when *fodercorn*s, *avragiums*, and all human dues and reciprocities have been fully changed into one great due of *cash payment*, and man's duty to man reduces itself to handing him certain metal coins, or covenanted money-wages, and then shoving him out of doors; and man's duty to God becomes a cant, a

doubt, a dim inanity, a 'pleasure of virtue' or such like; and the thing a man does infinitely fear (the real *Hell* of a man) is 'that he do not make money and advance himself', —I say, it is incalculable what a change has introduced itself everywhere into human affairs! How human affairs shall now circulate everywhere not healthy life-blood in them, but, as it were, a detestable copperas banker's ink, and all is grown acrid, divisive, threatening dissolution and the huge tumultuous Life of Society is galvanic, devil-ridden, too truly possessed by a devil! For, in short, Mammon *is* not a god at all; but a devil, and even a very despicable devil. Follow the Devil faithfully, you are sure enough to *go* to the Devil: whither else can you go?—In such situations, men look back with a kind of mournful recognition even on poor limited Monk-figures, with their poor litanies; and reflect, with Ben Jonson, that soul is indispensable, some degree of soul, even to save you the expense of salt!

For the rest, it must be owned, we Monks of St. Edmundsbury are but a limitad class of creatures, and seem to have a somewhat dull life of it. Much given to idle gossip: having indeed no other work, when our chanting is over. Listless gossip, for most part, and a mitigated slander, the fruit of idleness, not of spleen. We are dull, insipid men, many of us; easyminded; whom prayer and digestion of food will avail for a life. We have to receive all strangers in our Convent, and lodge them gratis; such and such sorts go by rule to the Lord Abbot and his special revenues; such and such to us and our poor Cellarer, however straitened. Jews themselves send their wives and little ones hither in war-time, into our *Pitanceria*; where they abide safe, with due *pittances*,—for a consideration. We have the fairest chances for collecting news. Some of us have a turn for reading Books; for meditation, silence; at times we even write Books. Some of us can preach, in English-Saxon, in Norman-French, and even in Monk Latin; others cannot in any language or jargon, being stupid.

Failing all else, what gossip about one another! This

is a perennial resource. How one hoodecd head applies itself to the ear of another, and whispers—*tacenda*. Willelmus Sacrista, for instance, what does he nightly, over in that Sacristy of his? Frequent bibation, '*frequentes bibationes et quaedam tacenda*',—eheu! We have '*tempora minutionis*', stated seasons of blood-letting, when we are all let blood together; and then there is a general free-conference, a sanhedrim of clatter. Notwithstanding our vow of poverty, we can by rule amass to the extent of 'two shillings'; but it is to be given to our necessitous kindred, or in charity. Poor Monks! Thus too a certain Canterbury Monk was in the habit of 'slipping, *clanculo* from his sleeve', five shillings into the hand of his mother, when she came to see him, at the divine offices, every two months. Once, slipping the money clandestinely, just in the act of taking leave, he slipped it not into her hand but on the floor and another had it; whereupon the poor Monk, coming to know it, looked mere despair for some days; till Lanfranc the noble Archbishop, questioning his secret from him, nobly made the sum *seven* shillings,[1] and said, Never mind!

One Monk of a taciturn nature distinguishes himself among these babbling ones: the name of him Samson; he that answered Jocelin, '*Filimi*, a burnt child shuns the fire.' They call him 'Norfolk *Barrator*', or litigious person; for indeed, being of grave taciturn ways, he is not universally a favourite; he has been in trouble more than once. The reader is desired to mark this Monk. A personable man of seven-and-forty; stoutmade, stands erect as a pillar; with bushy eyebrows, the eyes of him beaming into you in a really strange way; the face massive, grave, with 'a very eminent nose'; his head almost bald, its auburn remnants of hair, and the copious ruddy beard, getting slightly streaked with grey. This is Brother Samson; a man worth looking at.

He is from Norfolk, as the nickname indicates; from Tottington in Norfolk, as we guess; the son of poor parents

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[1] Eadmeri Hist. p. 8.

there. He has told me, Jocelin, for I loved him much, That once in his ninth year he had an alarming dream ;—as indeed we are all somewhat given to dreaming here. Little Samson, lying uneasily in his crib at Tottington, dreamed that he saw the Arch Enemy in person, just alighted in front of some grand building, with outspread batwings, and stretching forth detestable clawed hands to grip him, little Samson, and fly off with him : whereupon the little dreamer shrieked desperate to St. Edmund for help, shrieked and again shrieked ; and St. Edmund, a reverend heavenly figure, did come,—and indeed poor little Samson's mother awakened by his shrieking, did come ; and the Devil and the Dream both fled away fruitless. On the morrow, his mother, pondering such an awful dream, thought it were good to take him over to St. Edmund's own Shrine, and pray with him there. See, said little Samson at sight of the Abbey-Gate ; see, mother, this is the building I dreamed of ! His poor mother dedicated him to St. Edmund,—left him there with prayers and tears, what better could she do ? The exposition of the dream, Brother Samson used to say was this : *Diabolus* with outspread batwings shadowed forth the pleasures of this world, *voluptates hujus saeculi*, which were about to snatch and fly away with me, had not St. Edmund flung his arms round me, that is to say, made me a monk of his. A monk, accordingly, Brother Samson is ; and here to this day where his mother left him. A learned man, of devout grave nature ; has studied at Paris, has taught in the Town Schools here, and done much else ; can preach in three languages, and like Dr. Caius, 'has had losses' in his time. A thoughtful firmstanding man ; much loved by some, not loved by all ; his clear eyes flashing into you, in an almost inconvenient way !

Abbot Hugo, as we said, had his own difficulties with him ; Abbot Hugo had him in prison once, to teach him what authority was, and how to dread the fire in future. For Brother Samson, in the time of the Antipopes, had been sent to Rome on business ; and, returning successful, was too late,—the business had all misgone in the interim !

As tours to Rome are still frequent with us English, Perhaps the reader will not grudge to look at the method of travelling thither in those remote ages. We happily have, in small compass, a personal narrative of it. Through the clear eyes and memory of Brother Samson, one peeps direct into the very bosom of that Twelfth Century, and finds it rather curious. The actual *Papa*, Father, or universal President of Christendom, as yet not grown chimerical, sat there ; think of that only ! Brother Samson went to Rome as to the real Light-fountain of this lower world ; we now -!—But let us hear Brother Samson, as to his mode of travelling :

'You know what trouble I had for that Church of Woolpit ; how I was dispatched to Room in the time of the Schism between Pope Alexander and Octavian ; and passed through Italy at that season, when all clergy carrying letters for our Lord Pope Alexander were laid hold of, and some were clapped in prison, some hanged ; and some, with nose and lips cut off, were sent forward to our Lord the Pope, for the disgrace and confusion of him (*in decedus et confusionem ejus*). I, however, pretended to be Scotch, and putting on the garb of a Scotchman, and taking the gesture of one, walked along ; and when anybody mocked at me, I would brandish my staff in the manner of that weapon they call *gaveloc*, [1] uttering comminatory words after the way of the Scotch. To those that met and questioned me who I was I made no answer but : *Ride, ride Rome ; turne Cantwereberei*, [2] Thus did I, to conceal myself and my earned, and get safer to Rome under the guise of a Scotchman.

'Having at last obtained a Letter from our Lord the Pope according to my wishes. I turned homewards again.

1. Javelin, missile pike, Gaveloc is still the Scotch name for crowbar

2. Does this mean, "Rome forever ; Canterbury *nor*" (which claims unjust Supermacy over us) ! Mr, Rokewood is silent, Dryasdust would perhaps explain it,—in the course of a week or two of talking ; did one dare to question him !

I had to pass through a certain strong town on my road; and lo, the soldiers thereof surrounded me, seizing me, and saying: "This vagabond (*isle solivagus*), who pretends to be Scotch, is either a spy, or has Letters from the false Pope Alexander." And whilst they examined every stitch and rag of me, my leggings (*caligas*), breeches, and even the old shoes that I carried over my shoulder in the way of the Scotch,—I put my hand into the leather scrip I wore, wherein our Lord the Pope's Letter lay close by a little jug (*ciffus*) I had for drinking out of; and the Lord God so pleasing, and St. Edmund, I got out both the Letter and the jug together; in such a way that, extending my arm aloft, I held the Letter hidden between jug and hand: they saw the jug, but the Letter they saw not. And thus I escaped out of their hands in the name of the Lord. Whatever money I had they took from me; where fore I had to beg from door to door, without any payment (*sine omni expensa*) till I came to England again. But hearing that the Woolpit Church was already given to Geoffry Ridell, my soul was struck with sorrow because I had laboured in vain. Coming home, therefore, I sat me down secretly under the Shrine of St. Edmund, fearing lest our Lord Abbot should seize and imprison me though I had done no mischief; nor was there a monk who durst speak to me, nor a laic who durst bring me food except by stealth.'[1]

Such resting and welcoming found Brother Samson, with his worn soles, and strong heart! He sits silent, revolving many thoughts, at the foot of St. Edmund's Shrine. In the wide Earth, if it be not Saint Edmund, what friend or refuge has he? Our Lord Abbot, hearing of him, sent the proper officer to lead him down to prison, and clap "foot-gyves on him, there. Another poor official furtively brought him a cup of wine; bade him 'be comforted in the Lord; Samson utters no complaint; obeys in silence. 'Our Lord Abbot, taking counsel of it, banished me to Acre, and there I had to stay long.'

1. Jocelini Chronica, p. 36.

Our Lord Abbot next tried Samson with promotions; made him Sub-sacristan, made him Librarian, which he liked best of all, being passionately fond of Books: Samson, with many thoughts in him, again obeyed in silence; discharged his offices to perfection, but never thanked our Lord Abbot,—seemed rather as if looking into him, with those clear eyes of his. Whereupon Abbot Hugo said, *Se nunquam vidisse*, He had never seen such a man; whom no severity would break to complain, and no kindness soften into smiles or thanks:—a questionable kind of man!

In this way, not without troubles, but still in an erect clear-standing manner, has Brother Samson reached his forty-seventh year; and his ruddy beard is getting slightly grizzled. He is endeavouring, in these days, to have various broken things thatched in; nay perhaps to have the Choir itself completed, for he can bear nothing ruinous. He has gathered 'heaps of lime and sand; has masons, slaters working, he and *Warinus monachus noster*, who are joint keepers of the Shrine; paying out the money duly,—furnished by charitable burghers of St. Edmundsbury? To me Jocelin it seems rather, Samson, and Warinus whom he leads, have privily hoarded the oblations at the Shrine itself, in these late years of indolent dilapidation, while Abbot Hugo sat wrapped inaccessible; and are struggling, in this prudent way, to have the rain kept out! [1]—Under what conditions, sometimes, has Wisdom to struggle with Folly; get Folly persuaded to so much as thatch out the rain from itself! For, indeed, if the Infant govern the Nurse, what dexterous practice on the Nurse's part will not be necessary!

It is a new regret to us that, in these circumstances, our Lord the King's Custodiars, interfering, prohibited all building or thatching from whatever source; and no

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Jocelin Chronica, p. 7.

Choir shall be completed, and Rain and Time, for the present, shall have their way. Willelmus Sacrista, he of 'the frequent bibations and some things not to be spoken of'; he, with his red nose, I am of opinion, had made complaint to the Custodiars; wishing to do Samson an ill turn :—Samson his *Sub*-sacristan, with those clear eyes, could not be a prime favourite of his! Samson again obeys in silence.

CHAPTER VII

The Canvassing

Now, however, come great news to St. Edmundsbury: That there is to be an Abbot elected; that our interlunar obscuration is to cease; St. Edmund's Convent no more to be a doleful widow, but joyous and once again a birde! Often in our widowed state had we prayed to the Lord and St. Edmund, singing weekly a matter of 'one-and-twenty penitential Paslms, on our knees in the Choir,' that a fit-Pastor might be vouchsafed us. And, says Jocelin, had some known what Abbot we were to get, they had not been so devout, I believe!—Bozzy Jocelin opens to mankind the floodgates of authentic Convent gossip; we listen, as in a Dionysius' Ear, to the inanest hubbub, like the voices at Virgil's Horn-Gate of Dreams. Even gossip, seven centuries off, has significance. List, list, how like men are one to another in all centuries:

Dixit quidam de quodam A certain person said of a certain person, "He, that *Frater*, is a good monk, *probabilis persona*; knows much of the order and customs of the church; and though not so perfect a philosopher as some others, would make a very good Abbot. Old Abbot Ording, still famed among us, knew little of letters. Besides, as we read in Fables, it is better to choose a log for a king, than a serpent never so wise, that will venomously hiss and bite his subjects".—"Impossible!" answered the other: "How can such a man make a sermon in the Chapter, or to the people on festival days, when he is without letters? How can he have the skill to bind and to loose, he who does not understand the Scriptures? How—?"

And then 'another said of another, *alius de alio*, "That *Frater* is a *homo literatus*, eloquent, sagacious ; vigorous in discipline ; loves the Convent much, has suffered much for its sake." To which a third party answers, "From all your great clerks good Lord deliver us ! From Norfolk barrators, and surly persons, that it would please thee to preserve us. We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord !" Then another *quidam* said of another *quodam*, "That *Frater* is a good manager (*husebondus*)" ; but was swiftly answered, "God forbid that a man who can neither read nor chant, nor celebrate the divine offices, an unjust person withal, and grinder of the faces of the poor, should ever be Abbot !" One man, it appears, is nice in his victuals. Another is indeed wise ; but apt to slight inferiors ; hardly at the pains to answer, if they argue with him too foolishly. And so each *aliquis* concerning his *aliquo*,—through whole pages of electioneering babble. 'For,' says Jocelin, 'So many men, as many minds.' Our Monks 'at time of blood-letting, *tempore minutions'*, holding their sanhedrim of babble, would talk in this manner : Brother Samson, I remarked, never said anything ; sat silent, sometimes smiling ; but he took good note of what others said, and would bring it up, on occasion, twenty years after. As for me Jocelin, I was of opinion that 'some skill in Dialectics, to distinguish true from false,' would be good in an Abbot. I spake, as a rash Novice in those days, some conscientious words of a certain benefactor of mine, 'and behold, one of those sons of Belial' ran and reported them to him, so that he never after looked at me with the same face again ! Poor bozzy !—

Such is the buzz and forthy simmering ferment of the general mind and no-mind ; struggling to 'make itself up,' as the phrase is, or ascertain what *it* does really want : no easy matter, in most cases. St. Edmundsbury, in that Candlemas season of the year 1182, is a busily fermenting place. The very cloth-makers sit meditative at their looms ; asking, Who shall be Abbot ? The *sochemanni* speak of it, driving their ox-teams afield ; the old women with their spindles: and none yet knows what the days will bring forth.

The Prior, however, as our interim chief, must proceed to work; get ready 'Twelve Monks' and set off with them to his Majesty at Waltham, there shall the election be made. An election, whether managed directly by ballot-box on public hustings, or indirectly by force of public opinion, or were it even by open alehouses, landlords' coercion popular club-law, or whatever electoral methods, is always an interesting phenomenon. A mountain tumbling in great travail, throwing up dust-clouds and absurd noises, is visibly there; uncertain yet what mouse or monster it will give birth to.

Besides, it is a most important social act; nay, at bottom, the one important social act. Given the men a People chose, the People itself, in its exact worth and worthlessness, is given. A heroic 'people chooses heroes, and is happy; a valet or flunkey people chooses sham-heroes. What are called quacks, thanking them heroes, and is not happy. The grand summary of a man's spiritual condition, what brings out all his herohood and insight, or all his flunkeyhood and horn-eyed dimness, is this question put to him. What man dost thou honour ? Which is thy ideal of a man; or nearest that ? So too of a People : for a People too, every People, *speaks* its choice,—were it only by silently obeying, and not revolting,...in the course of a century or so. Nor the electoral methods, Reform Bills and such like, unimportant. A People's electoral methods are, in the long-run, the express image of its electoral talent; tending and gravitating perpetually, irresistibly, to a conformity with that : and are, at all stages, very significant of the People Judicious readers, of these times, are not disinclined to see how Monks elect their Abbot in the Twelfth Century : how the St. Edmundsbury mountain manages its mid wifery ; and what mouse or man the outcome is.

CHAPTER VIII

The Election

Accordingly our Prior assembles us in Chapter ; and, we adjuring him before God to do justly, nominates, not by our selection, yet with our assent. Twelve Monks, moderately satisfactory. Of whom are Hugo Third-Prior, Brother Dennis a venerable man, Walter the *Medicus*, Samson *Subsacrista*, and other esteemed characters,... though Willelmus *Sacrista*, of the red nose, too is one. These shall proceed straightway to Waltham ; and there elect the Abbot as they may and can. Monks are sworn to obedience ; must not speak too loud, under penalty of foot-gyves limbo, and bread and water : yet monks too would know what it is they are obeying. The St. Edmundsbury Community has no hustings, ballot-box, indeed no open voting : yet by various vague manipulations, pulse-feelings, we struggle to ascertain what its virtual aim is, and succeed better or worse.

This question, however, rises ; alas, a quite preliminary question : Will the *Dominus Rex* allow us to choose freely ? It is to be hoped ! Well, if so, we agree to choose one of our own Convent. If not, if the *Dominus Rex* will force a stranger on us, we decide on demurring, the Prior and his Twelve shall demur ; we can appeal, plead remonstrate ; appeal even to the Pope, but trust it will not be necessary. Then there is this other question, raised by Brother Samson ; What if the Thirteen should not themselves be able to agree ? Brother Samson *Subsacrista*, one remarks, is ready oftenest with some question, some suggestion, that has wisdom in it. Though a servant of servants and saying little, his words all tell, having sense in them ;

it seems by his light mainly that we steer ourselves in this great dimness.

What if the Thirteen should not themselves be able to agree? Speak, Samson, and advise.—Could not, hints Samson, Six of our venerablest elders be chosen by us, a kind of electoral committee, here and now: of these, 'with their hand on the Gospels, with their eye on the *Sacrosancta*', we take oath that they will do faithfully; let these, in secret and as before God, agree on Three whom they reckon fittest: write their names in a Paper, and deliver the same sealed, forthwith, to the Thirteen: one of those Three the Thirteen shall fix on, if permitted. If not permitted, that is to say, if the *Dominus Rex* force us to demur,—the Paper shall be brought back unopened, and publicly burned, that no man's secret bring him into trouble.

So Samson advices, so we act; wisely, in this and other crises of the business: Our electoral committee, its eye on the *Sacrosancta*, is soon, named, soon sworn; and we striking up the Fifth Psalm, *Verba mea*,

Give ear unto my words, O Lord,

My meditation weight,

march out chanting, and leave the Six to their work in the Chapter here. Their work, before long, they announce as finished: they, with their eye on the Sacrosancta, imprecating the Lord to weigh and witness their meditation, have fixed on Three Names, and written them in this Sealed Paper. Let Samson Subsacrista, 'general servant of the party, take charge of it. On the morrow morning our Prior and his Twelve will be ready to get under way.

This then is the ballot-box and electoral winnowing-machine they have at St. Edmundsbury: a mind fixed on the Thrice Holy, an appeal to God on high to witness their meditation: by far the best, and indeed the only good

electoral winnowing-machine if men have souls in them. Totally worthless, it is true, and even hideous and poisonous, if men have no souls. But without soul, alas what winnowing-machine in human elections, can be of avail? We cannot get along without soul; we stick fast, the mournfullest spectacle ; and salt itself will not save us !

On the morrow morning, accordingly, our Thirteen set forth ; or rather our Prior and Eleven ; for Samson, as general servant of the party, has to linger, settling many things. At length he too gets upon the road ; and 'carrying the sealed Paper in a leather pouch hung round his neck ; and *froccum bajulans in ulnis*' (thanks to thee Bozzy Jocelin), 'his frock-skirts looped over his elbow', showing substantial stern-works, tramps stoutly along. Away across the Heath, not yet of Newmarket and horse-jockeying ; across your Fleam-dike and Devil's-dike, no longer useful as a Mercian East-Anglian boundary or bulwark ; continually towards Waltham, and the Bishop of Winchester's House there, for his Majesty is in that Brother Samson, as purse-bearer, has the reckoning always, when there is one, to pay ; delays are numerous', progress none of the swiftest.

But. in the solitude of the Convent, Destiny thus big and her birthtime, what gossiping; what babbling, what dreaming of dreams ! The secret of the Three our electoral elders alone know : some Abbot we shall have to govern us ; but which Abbot, O which ! One Monk discerns in a vision of the night-watches, that we shall get an Abbot of our own body, without needing to demur : a prophet appeared to him clad all in white, and said, 'Ye shall have one of yours, and he will rage among you like a wolf. *Saeviet ut lupus*.' Verily !—then which of ours ? Another Monk now dream : he has seen clearly which ; a certain Figure taller by head and shoulders than the other two, dressed in alb and *pallium*, and with the attitude of one about to fight ;—which tall Figure a wise Editor would rather not name at this stage of the business ! Enough that the vision is true : that Saint Edmund himself, pale and awful, seemed to rise from his Shrine, with naked feet, and

say sudibly, 'He, *ille*, shall veil my feet' ; which part of the vision also proves true. Such guessing, visioning, dim prescrutation of the momentous future ; the very clothmakers, old women, all townsfolk speak of it, 'and more than once it is reported in St. Edmundsbury. This one is elected; and then, This one and That other.' Who knows?

But now, sure enough, at Waltham 'on the Second Sunday of Quadragesima', which Dryasdust declares to mean the 22nd day of February, year 1182. Thirteen St. Edmundsbury Monks are, at last, seen processioning towards the Winchester Manorhouse ; and in some high Presence chamber, and Hall of State, get access to Henry II in all his glory. What a Hall,—not imaginary in the least, but entirely real and indisputable, though so extremely dim to us ; sunk in the deep distances of Night ! The Winchester Manorhouse has fled bodily, like a Dream of the old Night ; not Dryasdust himself can show a wreck of it. House and people, royal and episcopal, lords and varlets, where are they ? Why *there*, I say, Seven Centuries off ; sunk *so* far in the Night, there they *are* ; peep through the blankets of the old Night, and thou wilt see ! King Henry himself is visibly there, a vivid, noblelooking man, with grizzled beard, in glittering uncertain costume ; with ear's round him, and bishops and dignitaries, in the like. The Hall is large, and has for one thing an altar near it,—chapel and altar adjoining it, but what gilt seats, carved tables, carpeting of rush-cloth, what arras-hangings, and huge fire of loge,—alas, it has Human Life in it ; and is not that the grand miracle, in what hangings or costume soever ?—

The *Dominus Rex*, benignantly receiving our Thirteen with their obeisance and graciously declaring that he will strive to act for God's honour, and the Church's good, commands, 'by the Bishop of Winchester and Geffoery the Chancellor,'—*Galfridus Cancellarius*. Henry's and the Fair Resamond's authentic Son present here !—commands, 'That they, the said Thirteen, do not withdraw, and fix upon Three from their own Monastery.' A work soon done ; the Three hanging ready round Samson's neck, in

that leather pouch of his. Breaking the seal, we find the names,—what think *ye* of it, ye higher dignitaries, thou indolent Prior, thou Willelmns *Sacrista* with the red bottle-nose ?—the names, in this order : of samson *Sub-sacrista*, of Roger the distressed Cellarer, of Hugo *Tertius-Prior*.

The higher dignitaries, all omitted here, 'flush suddenly red in the face ; but have nothing to say. One curious fact and question certainly is, How Hugo Third-Prior who was of the electoral committee, came to nominate *himself* as one of the Three? A curious fact, which Hugo Third-Prior has never yet entirely explained, that I know of !—However, we return, and report to the King our Three names ; merely altering the order ; putting Samson last, as lowest of all. The King, at recitation of our Three, asks us : 'Who are they ? Were they born in my domain ? Totally unknown to me ! You must nominate three others ; Whereupon Willelmus Sacrista says, 'Our Prior must be named, *qvia caput nostrum est*, being already our head.' And the Prior responds, 'Willelmus Sacrista is a fit man, *bonus vir est*,'—for all his red nose. Tickle me, Toby, and I'll tickle thee ! Venerable Dennis too is named ; none in his conscience can say nay There are now Six on our List. 'Well,' said the King, 'they have done it swiftly, they ! *Deus est cum eis*.' The Monks withdraw again ; and Majesty revolves, for a little, with his *Pares* and *Episcopi*, Lords or '*Law-words*' and Soul-Overseers, the thoughts of the royal breast. The Monks wait silent in an outer room.

In short while, they are next ordered. To add yet another three ; but not from their own Convent ; from other Convents, 'for the honour of my kingdom.' Here,—what is to be done here ? We will demur, if need be ! We do name three, however, for the nonce : the Prior of St. Faith's, a good Monk of St. Neot's, a good Monk of St. Alban's ; good men all ; all made abbots and dignitaries, since, at this hour. There are now Nine upon our List. What the thoughts of the Dominus Rex may

be father ? The Dominus Rex, thanking graciously, sends out word that we shall now strike off three. The three strangers are instantly struck off. Willelmus Sacrista adds, that he will of his own accord decline,—a touch of grace and respect for the *Sacrosancta*, even in Willelmus ! The King then orders us to strike off a couple more ; then yet one more : Hugo Third-Prior goes, and Roger *Cellerqrius*, and venerable Monk Dennis ;—and now there remain on our List two only, Samson Subsacrista and the Prior.

Which of these two ? It were hard to say,—by Monks who may get themselves foot-gyved and thrown into limbo, for speaking ! We humbly request that the Bishop of Winchester and Geoffrey the Chancellor may again enter, and help us to decide. 'Which do you want ?' asks the Bishop. Venerable Dennis made a speech,' commending the persons of the Prior and Samson ; but always in the corner of his discourse, *in angulo sui sermonis*, brought Samson in,' 'I see !' said the Bishop : 'We are to understand that your Prior is somewhat remiss ; that you want to have him you call Samson for Abbot.' 'Either of them is good,' said venerable Dennis, almost trembling ; but we, would have the better, if it pleased God.' 'Which of the two *do* you want ?' inquires the Bishop pointedly. 'Samson !' answered Dennis ; 'Samson ! echoed all of the rest that durst speak or echo anything : and Samson is reported to the King accordingly. His Majesty, advising of it for a moment, orders that Samson be brought in with the other Twelve.

The King's Majesty, looking at us somewhat sternly, then says : 'You present to me Samson ; I do not know him : had it been your Prior, whom I do know, I should have accepted him : however, I will now do as you wish. But have a care of yourselves. By the true eyes of God, *per veros oculos Dei*, if you manage badly I will be upon you !' Samson, therefore, steps forward, kisses the King's feet ; but swiftly rises erect again, swiftly turns towards the alter, uplifting with the other Twelve, in clear tenor-note,

the Fifty-first Psalm, '*Miserere mei Deus*'

After thy loving-kindness, Lord,
Have mercy upon *me* ;'

with firm voice, firm step and head, no change in his countenance whatever. 'By God's eyes, said the King, 'that one, I think, will govern the Abbey well,' By the same oath (charged to your Majesty's account), I too am precisely of that opinion! It is some while since I fell in with a likelier man anywhere than this new Abbot Samson. Long life to him, and may the Lord *have* mercy on him as Abbot!

Thus, then, have the St. Edmundsbury Monks, without express ballot-box or other good winnowing-machine, contrived to accomplish the most important social feat a body of men can do, to winnow out the man that is to govern them : and truly one sees no t that, by any winnowing-machine whatever, they could have done it better. O ye kind Heavens, there is in every Nation and Community *a fittest*, a wisest bravest, best ; whom could we find and make King over us all were in very truth well ;—the best that God and Nature had permitted *us* to make it! By what art discover him? Will the Heavens in their pity teach us to art ; for our need of him is great!

Ballot-boxes, Reform Bills, winnowing-machines ; all these are good, or are not so good ;—alas, brethren, how *can* these, I say be other than inadequate, be other than failures, melancholy to behold? Dim all souls of men to the divine, the high and awful meaning of Human Worth and Truth, we shall never, by all the machinery in Birmingham, discover the True and Worthy. It is written, 'if we are ourselves valets, there shall exist no hero for us ; we shall not know the hero when we see him' ;—we shall take the quack for a hero ; and cry, audibly through all ballot-boxes and machinery whatsoever, Thou art he ; be thou King over us!

What boots it ? Seek only deceitful Speciosity, money with gilt carriages, 'fame' with newspaper-paragraphs, whatever name it bear, you will find only deceitful Speciosity ; godlike Reality will be forever far from you. The Quack shall be legitimate inwitable King of you no earthly machinery able to exclude the Quack. Ye shall be born thralls of the Quack, and suffer under him, till your hearts are near broken, and no French Revolution or Manchester Insurrection, or partial or universal volcanic combustions and explosions, never so many, can do more than 'change the *figure* of your Quack' ; the essence of him remaining, for a time and time.—How long, O Prophet ?' say some, with a rather melancholy sneer. Alas, ye unprophetic, ever till this come about : Till deep misery, if nothing softer will, have driven you out of your Speciosities *into* your Sincerities ; and you find that there either is a Godlike in the world, or else ye are an unintelligible madness ; that there is a God, as well as a Mammon and a Devil, and a Genins of Luxuries and canting Dilettantisms and Vain Shows ! How long that will be, compute for yourselves. My unhappy brothers!—

CHAPTER IX

Abbot Samson

So then the bells of St. Edmundsbury clang out one and all, and in church and chapel the organs go : Convent and Town, and all the west side of Suffolk, are in gala ; knights, viscounts, weavers, spinners, the entire population, male and female, young and old, the very sockmen with their chubby infants,—out to have a holiday, and see the Lord Abbot arrive ! And there is 'stripping barefoot' of the Lord Abbot at the Gate, and solemn leading of him into the High Altar and Shrine ; with sudden 'silence of all the bells and organs,' as we kneel in deep prayer there ; and again with outburst of all the bells and organs, and loud *Te Deum* from the general human windpipe ; and speeches by the leading viscount, and giving of the kiss of brotherhood ; the whole wound up with popular games, and dinner within doors of more than a thousand strong, *plus quam mille comedentibus in gaudio magno.*

In such manner is the selfsame Samson once again returning to us, welcomed on this occasion. He that went away with his frock-skirts looped over his arm, comes back riding high ; suddenly made one of the dignitaries of this world. Reflective readers will admit that here was a trial for a man. Yesterday a poor mendicant, allowed to possess not above two shillings of money, and without authority to bid a dog run for him, this man to day finds himself a *Dominus Abbas*, mitred Peer of Parliament, Lord of manorhouses, farms, manors, and wide lands ; a man with 'Fifty Knights under him,' and dependent, swiftly obedient multitudes of men. It is a change greater than

Napoleon's; so sudden withal. As if one of the Chandos day-drudgs had, on awakening some morning, found that *he* overnight was become Duke! Let Samson with his clear-beaming eyes see into that, and discern it if he can. We shall now get the measure of him by a new scale of inches, considerably more rigorous than the former was. For if a noble soul is rendered tenfold beautifuller by victory and prosperity, springing now radiant as into his own due element and sun-throne; an ignoble one is rendered tenfold and hundredfold uglier, pitifuller. Whatsoever vices, whatsoever weaknesses were in the man, the parvenu will show us them enlarged, as in the solar microscope, into frigthful distortion. Nay, how many mere, seminal principles of vice, hitherto all wholesomely kept latent, may we now see unfolded, as in the solar hothouse, into growth, into huge universally-conspicuous luxuriance and development!

But is not this, at any rate, a singular aspect of what political and social capabilities, nay let us say what depth and opulence of true social vitality, lay in those old barbarous ages. That the fit Governor could be met with under such disguises, could be recognized with a maximum of two shillings in his pocket, and a leather scrip round his neck; trudging along the highway, his frock-skirts looped over his arm. They think this is he nevertheless the Governor; and he proves to be so. Brethren, have we true no need of discovering true Governors, but will sham ones forever do for us? These were absurd superstitious blockheads of Monks; and we are enlightened Tenpound Franchisers, without taxes on knowledge! Where, I say, are our superior, are our similar or at all comparable discoveries? We also have eyes, or ought to have; we have hustings, telescopes; we have lights, link-lights and rushlights of an enlightened free Press, burning and dancing everywhere, as in a universal torch-dance; singeing your whiskers as you traverse the public thoroughfares in town and country. Great souls, true Governors, go about under all manner of disguises now as then. Such telescopes, such enlightenment,—and such discovery! How comes it,

I say; now comes it? Is it not lamentable: is it not even; in some sense amazing?

Alas, the defect, as we must often urge and again urge, is less a defect of telescopes than of some eyesight. Those superstitious blockheads of the Twelfth Century had no telescopes, but they had still an eye: not ballot boxes; only reverence for Worth, abhorrence of Unworth. It is the way with all barbarians. Thus Mr. Sale informs me, the old Arab Tribes would gather in liveliest *gaudeamus*, and sing, and kindle bonfires, and wreathe crowns of honour, and solemnly thank the gods that, in their Tribe too, a Poet had shown himself. As indeed they well might; for what usefuller, I say not nobler and heavenlier thing could the gods, doing their very kindest, send to any Tribe or Nation, in any time or circumstances? I declare to thee, my affilcted quack-ridden brother, in spite of thy astonishment, it is very lamentable! We English find a Poet, as brave a man as has been made for a hundred years or so anywhere under the Sun; and do we kindle bonfires, or thank the gods? Not at all. We, taking due counsel of it, set the man to gauge ale-barrels in the Burgh of Dumfries: and pique ourselves on our 'patronage of genius.'

Genius, Poet: do we know what these words mean? An inspired Soul once more vouchsafed us, direct from Nature's own great fire-heart, to see the Truth, and speak it, and do it; Nature's own sacred voice heard once more athwart the dreary boundless element of hearsaying and canting, of twaddle and poltroonery, in which the bewildered Earth, nigh perishing, has *lost its way*. Hear once more, ye bewildered benighted mortals; listen once again to a voice from the inner Light-sea and Flame-sea Nature's and Truth's own heart; know the Fact of your Existence what it is, put away the ant of it which it is *not*; and knowing, do, and let it be well with you!—

George the Third is Defender of something we call

'the Faith' in those years; George the Third is head charioteer of the Destinies of England, to guide them through the gulf of French Revolutions, American Independences; and Robert Burns is Gauger of ale in Dumfries. It is an Iliad in a nutshell. The physiognomy of a world now verging towards dissolution, reduced now to spasms and death-throes, lies pictured in that one fact,—which astonishes nobody, except at me for being astonished at it. The fruit of long ages of confirmed Valethood, entirely confirmed as into a Law of Nature; cloth-worship and quackworship; entirely *confirmed* Valethood,—which will have to *unconfiirm* itself again; God knows, with difficulty enough!—

Abbot Samson had found a Convent all in dilapidation; rain beating through it, material rain and metaphorical, from all quarters of the compass. Willelmus Sacrista sits drinking nightly, and doing mere *tacenda*. Our larders are reduced to leanness, Jew harpies and unclean creatures our purveyors; in our basket is no bread. Old women with their distaffs rush out on a distressed Cellarer in shrill Chartism. 'You cannot stir abroad but Jews and Christians pounce upon you with unsettled bonds'; debts boundless seemingly as the National Debt of England. For four year our new Lord Abbot never went abroad but Jew creditors and Christian, and all manner of creditors, were about him; driving him to very despair. Our Prior is remiss; our Cellarers, officials are remiss, our monks are remiss: what man is not remiss? Front this, Samson, thou alone art there to front it; it is thy task to front and fight this, and to die or kill it. May the Lord have merey on thee!

To our antiquarian interest in poor Jocelin and his Convent, where the whole aspect of existence, the whole dialect, of thought, of speech, of activity, is so obsolete, strange, long-vanished, there now superadds itself a mild glow of human interest for Abbot Samson; a real pleasure, as at sight of man's work, especially of governing, which is man's highest work, done *well*. Abbot Samson had no

experience in governing; had served no apprenticeship to the trade of governing,—alas, only the hardest apprenticeship to that of obeying. He had never in any court given *vadium* or *plegium*, says Jocelin: hardly ever seen a court, when he was set to preside in one. But it is astonishing, continues Jocelin, how soon he learned the ways of business; and, in all sort of affairs, became expert beyond others. Of the many persons offering him their service, 'he retained one Knight skilled in taking *vadia* and *plegia*'; and within the year was himself well skilled. Nay, by and by, the Pope appoints him Justiciary in certain causes; the King one of his new Circuit Judges; official Osbert is heard saying, 'That Abbot is one of your shrewd ones *disputator est*; if he go on as he begins, he will cut out every lawyer of us!' [1]

Why not? What is to hinder this Samson from governing? There is in him what for transcends all apprenticeships: in the man himself there exists a model of governing something to govern by! There exists in him a heart—abhorrence of whatever is incoherent, pusillanimous, univeracious,—that is to say, chaotic, ungoverned; of the Devil, not of God. A man of this kind cannot help governing! He has the living ideal of a governor in him; and the incessant necessity of struggling to unfold the same out of him. Not the Devil or Chaos, for any wages, will he serve: no, this man is the born servant of Another than them. Alas, how little avail all apprenticeships, when there is in your governor himself what we may well call *nothing* to govern by: nothing;—a general grey twilight, looming with shapes of expediencies, parliamentary traditions, division-lists, election-funds, leading articles; this, with what of vulpine alertness and adroitness soever, is not much!

But indeed what say we, apprenticeship? Had not this Samson served, in his way, a right good apprenticeship to governing; namely, the harshest slave-apprenticeship

1. Jocelini Chronica p. 25.

to obeying! Walk this world with no friend in it but God and St. Edmund, you will either fall into a ditch, or learn a good many things. To learn obeying is the fundamental art of governing. How much would many a Serene Highness have learned, had he travelled through the world with water-jug and empty wallet, *sine omni expensa*; and, at his victorious return, sat down not to newspaper, paragraphs and city-illuminations, but at the foot of St. Edmund's Shrine to shackles and bread and water! He that cannot be servant of many, will never be master, true guide and deliverer of many;—that is the meaning of true mastership. Had not the Monk-life extraordinary 'political capaleilities' in it; if not imitable by us, yet enviable? Heavens, had a Duke of Logwood, now rolling sumptuously to his place in the Collective Wisdom, but himself happened to plough daily, at one time, on seven-and-six pence a week, with no outdoor relief,—what a light, unquenchable by logic and statistic and arithmetic, would it have thrown on several things for him!

In all cases, therefore, we will agree with the judicious Mrs. Glass: 'First catch your hare!' First get your man; all is got: he can learn to do all things, from making boots, to decreeing judgements, governing communities; and will do them like a men. Catch your no-man,—alas, have you not caught the terriblest Tartar in the World! Perhaps all the terrible, the quieter and gentler he looks. For the mischief that one blockhead, that every blockhead does, in a world so ferocious, teeming with endless results as ours, no ciphering will sum up. The quack bootmaker is considerable; as corn-cutters can testify, and desperate men reduced to buckskin and liest shoes. But the quack priest, quack high-priest, the quack king! Why do no all just citizens rush, half frantic; to stop him, as they would a conflagration? Surely a just citizen *is* admonished by God and his own Soul, by all silent and articulate voices of this Universe, to do what in *him* lies towards relief of this poor blockhead-quack, and of a world that groans under him. Run swiftly; relieve him,—were it even by extinguishing him! For all things have grown so

old. tinder-dry, combustible ; and he is more ruinous than conflagration. Sweep him *down*, at lerst ; keep him strictly within the hearth : he will then cease to be conflagration ; he will then become useful. more or less, as culinary fire- Fire is the best of servants ; but what a master ! This poor blockhead too is born for uses : why elevating him to mastership, will you make a conflagration, a parish-curse or world-curse of him ?

CHAPTER X

Government

How Abbot Samson giving his new subject seriatim the kiss of fatherhood in the St. Edmunds-bury chapter-house. proceeded with cautions energy to set about reforming their disjointed distracted way of life ;how he managed with his Fifty rough *Milites* (Feudal Knights), with his lazy Farmers, remiss refractory Monks, with Pope's Legates, Viscounts, Bishops, Kings. how on all sides he laid about him like a man, and putting consequence on premiss, and everywhere the saddle on the right horse, struggled incessantly to educe organic method out of lazily fermenting wreck,—the careful reader will discern. not without true interest in these pages of Jocelin Boswell. In most antiquarain quaint costume, not of garments alone, but of thought word, action, outlook and position. the substantial figure of a man with eminent nose, bushy brows and clear-flashing eyes, his russet beard growing daily greyer, is visible, is engaged in true governing of men. It is beautiful how the chrysalis governing soul, shaking off its dusty slough and prison, starts forth winged a true royal soul ! Our new Abbot has a right honest unconscious feeling, without insolence as without fear or flutter, of what he is and what others are. A courage to quell the proudest, an honest pity to encourage the humblest. Withal there is a nolbe reticence in this Lord Abbot: much vain unreason he hears; lays up without response. He is not there to expect reason

and nobleness of others: he is there to give them of his own reason and nobleness. Is he not their servant, as we said, who can suffer from them, and for them; bear the burden their poor spindle-limbs totter and stagger under: and in virtue *there of* govern them, lead them out of weakness into strength, out of defeat into victory !

One of the first Herculean Labours Abbot Samson undertook, or the very first, was to institute a strenuous review and radical reform of his economies. It is the first labour of every governing man, from *Paterfamilias* to *Dominus Rex*. To get the rain thatched out from you is the perliminary of whatever, further in the way of speculation or of action, you may mean to do. Old Abbot Hugo's budget, as we saw, had become empty, filled with deficit and wind. To see his account-boks clear, be delivered from those ravening flights of Jew and Christian creditors, pouncing on him like obscene harpies wherever he showed face, was a necessity for Abbot Samson.

On the morrow after his instalment, he brings in a load of mony-bonds, all duly stamped, sealed with this or the other Convent Seal: frightful, unmanageable, a bottomless confusion of Convent finance. There they are;—but there at least they all are; all that shall be of them. Our Lord Abbot demands that all the official seals in use among us be now produced delivered to him. Three-and-thirty seals turn up ; are straightway broken, and shall seal no more: the Abbot only, and those duly authorized by him shall seal any bond. There are but two ways of paying debt: increase of industry in raising income, increase of thrift in laying it out. With iron energy, in slow but steady underviating perseverance, Abbot Samson sets to work in both directions. His troubles are manifold ; cunning *milites*, unjust bailiffs, lazy sockmen, he an inexperienced. Abbot; relaxed lazy monks, not disinclined to mutiny in mass: but continued vigilance, rigorous method, what we call the 'eye of the master work wonders. The clear-beaming eyesight, of Abbot Samson, steadfast, severe, all-penetrating,—it is like *Fiat lux* in that inorganic waste whirlpool ; penetrates

gradually to all nooks, and of the chaos makes a *kosmos* or ordered world!

He arranges evervwhere, struggles unweariedlv to arrange, and blace on some intelligible footing, the 'affairs and dues, *res acdoreᵈditus*', of his dominion. The Lakenheath eels cease to breed squabbles between human beings; the penny of *reap silver* to explode into the streets the Female Chartism of St. Edmundsbury. These and innumerable greater things. Wheresoever Disorder may stand or lie, let it have a care; here is the man that has declared war with it, that never will make peace with it. Man is the Missionary of Order; he is the servant not of the Devil and Chaos, but of God and the Universe! Let all sluggards and cowards, remiss, false spoken, unjust, and otherwise diabolic persons have a care, this is a dangerous man for them. He has a mild grave face; a thoughtful sternness, a sorrowful pitv: but there is a terrible flash of anger in him too; lazv monks often have to murmur, '*Saevit ut lupus*, He rages like a wolf; was not our Dream true! To repress and hold-in such sudden anger he was continuallv careful', and succeed well·—right, Samson that it mav become in thee as noble central heat, fruitful, strong, beneficent; not blaze out, or the seldomest possible blaze out as wasteful volcanoism to scorch and consume!

We must first creep, and graduall y learn to walk,' had Abbot Samson said of himself, at starting. In four years he has become a great walker; striding prosperously along; driving much before him. In less than four vears, Jocelin.the Conven Debts were all liquidated: the harby Jews not only settled with, but banished, bag and baggage, out of the *Bannaleuca* (Librties, *Banlieue*) of St. Edmundsbury,—so has the King's Majesty been persuaded to permit Farewell to *you*, at any rate; let us, in no extremity, apply again to you! Armed men march them over the borders, dismiss them under stern penalties,—sentence of excommunication on all that shall again harbour them here: there were many dry eyes at their departure.

New life enters everywhere, springs up beneficent, the Incubus of Debt once rolled away Samson hastes not; but neither does he pause to rest . This of the Finance is a life-long business with him;—Jocelin's anecdotes are filled to weariness with it. As indeed to Jocelin it was of very primary interest.

But we have to record also, with a lively satisfaction, that spiritual rubbish is as little tolerated in Samson's Monastery as material With due rigour. Willelmus Sacrista, and his bibations and *tacenda* are, at the earliest opportunity, softly yet irrevocably put an end to The bibations, namely, had to end even the building where they used to be carried on was razed from the soil of St. Edmundsbury, and on its place grow rows of beans,Willelmus himself, deposed from the Sacristy and all offices, retires into obscurity, into obsolute taciturnsty unbroken thenceforth to this hour. Whether the poor Willelmus did not still, by secret channels occasionally get some slight wetting of vinous or alcoholic liquor,—now grown, in a manner, indispensable to the poor man? Jocelin hints not; one knows not how to hope, what to hope! But if he did, it was in silence and darkness; with an everpresent feeling that teetotalism was his only true course. Drunken dissolute Monks are a class of persons who had better keep out of Abbot Samson,s way. *Saevit at lupus*; was not the Dream true ! murmured many a monk. Nay Ranulf de Glanville, Justiciary in Chief, took umbrage at him, seeing these strict ways; and watched farther with suspicion: but descerned gradually that there was nothing wrong, that there was much the opposite of wrong.

CHAPTER XI

The Abbot's Ways

Abbot Samson showed no extraordinary favour to the Monks who had been his familiars of old; did not promote them to offices,—*nis essent idonei*, unless they chanced to be fit men! Whence great discontent among certain of these,

who had contributed to make him Abbot: reproaches, open and secret, of his being 'ungrateful, hard-tempered, unsocial, a Norfolk *barrator and paltenerius.*'

Indeed, except it were for *idonei*, 'fit men,' in all kinds, it was hard to say for whom Abbot Samson had much favour. He loved his kindred well, and tenderly enough acknowledged the poor part of them; with the rich part, who in old days had never acknowledged him, he totally refused to have any business. But even the former he did not promote into offices; finding none of them *idonei*. 'Some whom he thought suitable he put into situations in his own household, or made keepers of his country places: if they behaved ill, he dismissed them without hope of return.' In his promotions, nay almost in his benefits, you would have said there was a certain impartiality. 'The official person who had, by Abbot Hugo's order put the fetters on him at his return from Italy, was now supported with food and clothes to the end of his days at Abbot Samson's expense.'

Yet he did not forget benefits; far the reverse, when an opportunity occurred of paying them at his own cost. How pay them at the public cost;—how, above all, by *setting fire* to the public, as we said; clapping 'conflagration the public, which the services of blockheads, *non-idonei*, intrinsically are! He was right willing to remember friends, when it could be done. Take these instances: 'A certain chaplain who had maintained him at the Schools of Paris by the sale of holy water, *quaestu aquae benedictae*:—to this good chaplain he did gave a vicarage, adequate to the comfortable sustenance of him.' 'The Son of Elias, too, that is, of old Abbot Hugo's Cupbearer, coming to do homage for his Father's land, our Lord Abbot said to him in full court: "I have, for these seven years, put off taking thy homage for the land which Abbot Hugo gave thy Father, because that gift was to the damage of Elmswell, and a questionable one: but now I must profess myself overcome; mindful of the kindness thy Father did me when I was in bonds; because they sent me a cup of the very wine his master had been drinking, and bade me comforted in God."

'To Magister Walter, son of Magister William de Dice, who wanted the vicarage of Chevington, he answered: "Thy Father was Master of the Schools; and when I was an indigent *clericus*, he granted me freely and in charity an entrance to his School, and opportunity of learning; wherefore I now, for the sake of God, grant to thee what thou askest.", Or lastly, take this good instance,—and a glimpse, along with it, into long-obsolete times: 'Two *Milites* of Risby, Willelm and Nor man, being adjudged in Court to come under his mercy, *in misericordia ejus* ' for a certain very considerable fine of twenty shilings, 'he thus addressed them publicly on the spot: "When I was a Cloister-monk, I was once sent to Durham on business of our Church; and coming home again, the dark night caught me at Risby, and I had to beg a lodging there. I went to Dominus Norman's and he gave me a flat refusal. Going then to Dominus Willelm's, and begging hosptality, I was by him honourably received. The twenty, shillings therefore of *mercy*, I, without mercy will exact from Dominus Norman; to Dominus Willelm, on the other hand, I, with thanks, will wholly remit the said sum." 'Men know not always to whom they refuse lodgings; men have lodged Angles unawares!—

It is clear Abbot Somson had a talent; he had learned to judge better than Lawyers, to manage better than bred Bailiffs:—a talent shining out indisputable, on whatever side you took him. An eloquent man he was,' says Jocelin, 'both in Franch and Latin ; but intent more on the substance and method of what was to be said, than on the ornamental way of saying it. He could read English Manuscripts very elegantly, *elegantissime* : he was wont to preach to the people in the English tongue, though according to the dialect of Norfolk, where he had been brought up; wherefore indeed he had caused a Pulpit to be erected in our Church both for ornament of the same, and for the use of his audiences'. There preached he, according to the dialect of Norfolk : a man worth going to hear.

That he was a just clear-hearted man, this, as the basis of all true talent, is presupposed. How can a man, without clear vision in his heart first of all, have any clear vision in the head? It is impossible! Abbot Samson was one of the justes: insisted on understanding the case to the bottom, and then swiftly decided without feud or favour. For which reason, indeed, the Dominus Rex, searching for such men, as for hidden treasure and healing to his distressed realm, had made him one of the new It-nerant Judges,—such as continue to this day. 'My curse on that Abbot's court-' a suitor was heard imprecating, '*Meledicta sit curia istius Abbatis*, where neither gold nor silver can help me to confound my enemy!' And old friendships and all connexions forgotten.' when you go to seek an office from him! 'A kinless loon,' as the Scotch said of Cromwell's new judges,—intent on mere indifferent fairplay!

Eloquence in three languages is good; but it is not the best. To us, as already hinted, the Lord Abbot's eloquence is less admirable than his *ineioquence*, his great invaluable, of silence'! "*Deus, Deus*," said the Lord Abbot to me once, when he heard the Convent were murmuring at some act of his, "I have much need to remember that Dream they had of me, that I was to rage among them like a wolf. Above all earthly things I dread their driving me to do it. How much do I hold in, and wink at; raging and shuddering in my own secret mind, and not outwardly at all!" He would boast to me at other times: "This and that I have seen, this and that I have heard; yet patiently stood it." He had this way, too, which I have never seen in any other man, that he affectionately, loved many persons to whome he never or hardly ever showed a countenance of love. Once on many venturing to expostulate with him on the subject be reminded me of Solomon: "Many sons I have; it is not that I should smile on them." He would suffer, faults damage from his servants, and know what he suffered, and not speak of it; but I think the reason was, *h*e waited a good time for speaking of it, and in a wise way amending it. He intimated, openly in chapter to us all, that he would

have no eavesdropping : "Let none," said he, "come to me secretly accusing another, unless he will publicly stand to the same; if he came otherwise, I will openly proclaim the name of him. I wish, too, that every Monk of you have free access to me, to speak of your needs of grievances when you will."

The kinds of people Abbot Samson liked worst were these three: *Mendaces ebriosi, verbosi,* Liars, drunkards, and wordy or windy persons';—not good kinds, any of them! He also much condemned 'persons given to murmur at their meat or drink, especially Monks of that disposition. We remark, from the very first, his strict anxious order to his servants to provide handsomely for hospitality, to guard above all things that there be no shabbiness in the matter of meat and drink; no look of mean parsimony, *in novitate mea*, at the beginning of my Abbotship ; and to the last he mintains a due opulence of table and equipment for others: but he is himself in the highest degree indifferent to all such things.

"Sweet milk, honey and other naturally sweet kinds of food, were what he preferred to eat : but he had this virtue,'—says Jocelin, 'he never changed the dish (*jerculum*) you set before him, be what it might. Once when I, still a novice, happened to be waiting table in the refectory, it came into my head" (rogue that I was!) to try if this were true; and thought I would place before him a *ferculum* that would have displeased any other person, the very platter being black and broken. But he, seeing it, was as one that saw it not : and now some little delay taking place, my heart smote me that I had done this ; and so, anatching up the platter (*discus*), I changed both it and its contents for a better, add put down that instead; which emendation he was angry at, and rebuked me for,'— the storical monastic man ! 'For the first seven years he had commonly four sorts of dishes on his table; afterwards only three, except it might be presents, or venison from his own parks, or fishes from his ponds.

And if, at any time, he had guests living in his house at the request of some great person, or of some friend, or had public messengers, or had harpers (*citharoedos*), or any one of that sort, he took the first opportunity of shifting to another of his Manor-house, and so got ride of such superfluous individuals,'[1]—very prudently, I think.

As to his park, of these, in the general repair of buildings, general improvement and adornment of the St. Edmund Domains, 'he had laid out several, and stocked them with animals, retaining a proper huntsman with hounds and, if any guest of great quality were there, our Lord Abbot with his Monks would sit in some opening of the woods, and see the dogs run; but he himself never meddled with hunting, that I saw."[2]

'In an opening of the wood',— for the country was still dark with wood in those days; and Scotland itself still rustled shaggy and leafy, like a damp black American Forest, with cleared spots and spaces here and there. Dryasdust advances several absurd hypotheses as to the insensible but almost total disappearance of these woods : the thick wreck of which now lies as *peat*, sometimes with huge heart-of-oak timber logs embedded in it, on many a height and hollow. The simplest reason doubtless is that by increase of husbandry there was increase of cattle; increase of hunger for green spring food ; and so, more, the new seedlings got yearly eaten out in April; and the old tree, having only a certain length of life in them, died gradually, no man heeding it, and disappeared into *peat*.

A sorrowful waste of noble wood and umbrage ! Yes — but a very common one; the course of most things in this world. Monachism itself, so rich and fruitful once, is now all rotted into *peat*; lies sleek and buried, —and a most feeble bog-grass of Dilet-

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1. Jocelini Chronica, p. 31 2. Ibid., p. 21.

tantism all the crop we reap from it! That also was frijhtful waste; perhaps among the sadddest our England ever saw. Why will men destroy noble Forests, even when in part a nuisance, in such reckless manner; turning loose four-footed cattle and Henry-the Eighths into them! The fifth part of our English soil, Dryasdust computes, lay consecrated to 'spiritual uses,' better or worse; solemnly set apart to foster spiritual growth and culture of the soul, by the methods then known: and now—it too, like the four-fifths, fosters what? Gentle shepherd, tell me what!

CHAPTER XII

The Abbot's Troubles

The troubles of Abbot Samson, as he went along in this abstemious, reticent, rigorous way, were more than tongue can tell. The Abbot's mitre once set on his head, he knew rest no more, Double, toil and trouble; that is the life of all governors that really govern; not the spoil of victory, only the glorious toil of battle can be theirs. Abbot Samson found all men more or less headstrong, irrational, prone to disorder, continually threatening to prove ungovernable.

His lazy Monks gave him most trouble. 'My heart is tortured,' said he 'still we get out of debt, *cor meum cruciatum est*. Your heart, indeed;—but not altogether ours! By no devisable method, or none of three or four that he devised, could Abbot Samson get these Monks of his to keep their accounts straight but always, do as he might, the Cellerarius at the end of the term is in a coil, in a flat defictit,—verging again toward debt and Jews. The Lord Abbot at last declares sternly he will keep our accounts too himself; will appoint an officer of his own to see our Cellerarius keep them. Murmurs thereupon among us: Was the like ever heard? Our Cellerarius a cipher; the very Townsfolk know it:

subsannatio et derisio sumus, we have become a laughing-stock to mankind. The Norfolk barrator and paltener!

And consider, if the Abbot found such difficulty in the mere economic department, how much in more complex ones, in spiritual ones perhaps! He wears a stern calm face; raging and gnashing teeth, *fremens* and *frendens*, many times, in the secret of his mind. Withal, however, there is a noble slow perseverance in him; a strength of subdued rage' calculated to subdue most things: always, in the long-run he contrives to gain his point.

Murmurs from the Monk meanwhile, cannot fail; ever deeper murmurs, new grudges accumulating. At one time, on slight cause, some drop making the cup run over, they burst into open mutiny: the Cellarer will not obey, prefers arrest on bread and water to obeying: the Monks thereupon strike work and; refuse to do the regular chanting of the day, at least the younger part of them with loud clamour and uproar refuse:—Abbot Samson has withdrawn to another residence, acting only by messengers: the awful report circulates through St. Edmundsbury that the Abbot is in danger of being murdered by the Monks with their knives! How with thou appease this, Abbot Samson! Return; for the Monastery seems near catching fire!

Abbot Samson returns; sits in his *Thalamus*, or inner room, hurls out a bolt or two of excommunication, lo, one disobedient Monk sits in limbo, excommunicated, with foot-shackles on him, all day; and three more our Abbot has gyved 'with the lesser sentence, to strike fear into the others'! Let the others think with whom they have to do. The others think; and fear enters into them. On the morrow morning we decide on humbling overclever before the Abbot, by word and gesture, in order to mitigate his mind. And so accordingly was done. He, on the other side, replying with much humility, yet always alleging his own justice and turning the blame on

us, when he saw that we were conquered, become himself conquered. And bursting into tears ; *perfusus lachrymis* he swore that he had never grieved so much for anything in the world as for this, first on his own account, and then secondly and chiefly for the public scandal which had gone abroad, that St. Edmund's Monks were going to kill their Abbot. And when he had narrated how he went away on purpose till his anger should cool, repeating this word of the philosopher, "I would have taken vengeance on thee, had not I been angry," he arose weeping, and embraced each and all of us with the kiss of peace. He wept[1]:'—What a picture ! Behave better, ye remiss Monks, and thank Heaven for such an Abbot; or know at least that ye must and shall obey him.

Worn down in this manner, which incessant toil and tribulation. Abbot Samson had a sore time of it; his grizzled hair and beard grew daily greyer. Those Jews, in the first four years, had visibly emaciated him,: Time, Jews, and the task of Governing, will make a man's beard very grey! In twelve years,' says Jocelin; ,our Lord Abbot had grown wholly white as snow, *totus efficitur albus sicut nix.*' White atop, like the granite mountains:—but his clear-beaming eyes still look out, in their stern clearness, in their sorrow and pity; the heart within him remains unconquered.

Nay sometimes there are gleams of hilarity too ; little snatches of encouragement granted even to a Governor. 'Once my Lord Abbot and I, coming down from London through the Forest, I inquired of an old woman whom we came up to, Whose wood this was, and of what manor ; who the master, who the keeper ?'—All this I knew very well beforehand, and my Lord Abbot too, Bozzy that I was ! But 'the old woman answered. The wood belonged to the new Abbot of St. Edmund's, was of the manner of Harlow, and the keeper of it was one Arnald. How did he behave to the pople of the manor ? I asked farther.

1. Joclein Chronica p 85

She answered that he used to be a devil incarnate, *daemon vivus*, an enemy of God and flayer of the peasants' skins,' —skinning them like live eels, as the manner of some is : 'but that now he dreads the new Abbot, knowing him to be a wise and sharp man, and so treats the people reasonably, *tractat homines pacifice* ; Whereat the Lord Abbot *factus est hilaris*,—could not but 'ake a triumphant laugh for himself ; and determines to leave that Harlow manor yet unmeddled with, for a while[1].

A brave man, strenuously fighting, fails not of a little triumph, now and then, to keep him in heart. Everywhere we try at least to give the adversary as good as he brings ; and, with swift force or slow watchful manoeuvre, extinguish this and the other solecism, leave one solecism less in God's Creation ; and so *proceed* with our battle, not slacken or surrender in it ! The Fifty feudal knights, for example, were of unjust greedy temper, and cheated us, in the Installation day of ten knights' fees :— but they know now whether that has profited them aught, and I Jocelin know. Our Lord Abbot for the moment had to endure it, any say nothing ; but he watched his time.

Look also how my Lord of Clare, coming to claim his undue 'debt' in the Court at Witham, with barons and apparatus, gets a Rowland for his Oliver ! Jocelin shall report : 'The Earl, crowded round (*constipatus*) shall report : 'The Earl, crowded round (*constipatus*) with many barons and men-at-arms, Earl Alberic had others standing by him, said "That his bailiffs had given him to understand they were wont annually to receive for his behoof, from the Hundred of Risebridge and the bailiffs thereof, a sum of five shillings, which sum was now unjustly held back" : and he alleged farther that his predecessors had been infeft, at the Conquest, in the lands of Alfric son of Wisgar, who was Lord of that Hundred ; as may be read in Domesday Book by all persons. The

1. Jocelini Chronica, p. 24

Abbot, reflecting for a moment, without stirring from his place, made answer: "A wonderful deficit, my Lord Earl, this that thou mentionest! King Edward gave to St. Edmund that entire Hundred, and confirmed the same with his Charter: nor is there any mention there of those five shillings. It will behove thee to say, for what service, or on what ground, thou exactest those five shillings." Whereupon the Earl, consulting with his followers, replied. That he to carry the Banner of St. Edmund in war-time, and for this duty the five shillings were his. To which the Abbot: "Certainly, it seems inglorious, if so great a man, Earl of Clare no less, receive so small a gift for such a service. To the Abbot of St. Edmund's it is no unbearable burded to give five shillings. But Roger Earl Bigot holds himself duly seised, and asserts that he by such seisin has the office of carrying St. Edmund's Banner; and he did carry it when the Earl of Leicester and his Flemings were beaten at Fornham. Then again Thomas de Mendham says that the right is his. When you have made out with one another, that this right is thine, come then and claim the five shillings, and I will promptly pay them!" Whereupon the Earl said. He would speak with Earl Roger his relative; and so the matter *cepit dilationem.*' and lies undecided to the end of the world. Abbot Samson answers by word or act, in this or the like pregnent manner, having justice on his side, innumerable persons: Pope's Legates. King's Viscounts, Canterbury Archbishops, Cellarers. *Schemanni*;—and leaves many a solecism extinguished.

On the whole, however, it is and remains sore work, 'One time, during my chaplaincy, I ventured to say to him: *Domine*, I heard thee, this night after matins wakeful, and sighing deeply, *valde suspirantem*, contrary to thy usual wont." He answered: "No wonder. Thou, son Jocelin, sharest in my good things, in food and drink, in riding and such like; but thou little thinkest concerning the management of House and Family, the various and arduous businesses of the Pastoral Care, which harass me, and make my soul to sigh and be anxious". Whereto I, lifting up my hands to Heaven: "From such anxiety,

Omnipotent Merciful Lord deliver me!"—I have heard the Abbot say, If he had been as he was before he became a Monk, and could have any where got five or six marcs of income', some three pound ten of yearly revenue, 'whereby to support himself in the schools, he would never have been Monk nor Abbot. Another time he said with an oath, If he had known what a business it was to govern the Abbey, he would rather have been Almoner, how much rather Keeper of the Books, than Abbot and Lord. That latter office he said he had always longed for, beyond any other. *Quis talia crederet*,' concludes Jocelin, 'Who can believe such things ?'

Three pound ten, and a life of Literature, especially of quiet Literature, without copyright, or world celebrity of literary-gazettes,—yes, thou brave Abbot Samson, for thyself it had been, easier, perhaps also nobler ! But then, for thy disobedient Monks, unjust Viscounts : for a Domain of St. Edmund overgrown with Solecisms, human and other, it had not been so well. Nay neither could *thy* Literature, never, so quiet, have been easy. Literature, when noble, is not easy; but only when ignoble. Litreature too is a quarrel, and internecine dule, with the whole World of Darkness that lies without one and within one ;—rather a hard fight at times, even with the three pound ten secure. Thou, there where thou art, wrestle and duel along, cheerfully to the end ; and make no remarks !

CHAPTER XIII

In Parliament

Of Abbot Samson's public business we say little, though that also was great. He had to judge the people as Justice Errant, to decide in weighty arbitrations and public controversies ; to equip his *milites*, send them duly in war-time to the King ;—strive every way that the Commonwealth in his quarter of it, take no damage.

Once, in the confused days of Lackland's usurpation, while Coeur-de-Lion was away, our brave Abbot took helmet himself, having first excommunicated all that should favour Lackland ; and led his men in person to the siege of *Windleshora* what we now call Windsor ; where Lackland had entrenched himself the centre of infinite confusions ; some Reform Bill, then as now, being greatly needed. There did Abbot Samson fight the battle of reform,.—with other ammunition, one hopes, than 'tremendous cheering' and such like ! For these things he was called 'the magnanimous Abbot.'

He also attended duly in this place in Parliament *de arduis regni* ; attended especially, as in *arduissimo*, when 'the news reached London that King Richard was a captive in Germany'. Here 'while all the barons sat to consult,' and many of them looked blank enough; 'the Abbot started forth, *prosillit coram omnibus*, in his place in Parliament, and said, That *he* was ready to go and seek his Lord the King, either clandestinely by subterfuge (*in tapinagio*), or by any other method ; and search till he found him, and got certain notice of him ; he for one ! By which word,' says Jocelin, 'he acquired great praise for himself,'—unfeigned commendation from the Able Editors of that age.

By which wood;—and also by which *deed* : for the Abbot actually went with 'rich gifts to the King in Germany'[1]; Usurper Lackland being first rooted out from Windsor, and the King's peace somewhat settled.

As to these 'rich gifts', however, we have to note one thing : In all England, as appeared the Collective Wisdom, there was not like to be treasure enough for ransoming King Richard ; in which extremity certain Lords of the Treasury, *Justiciarii ad Scaccarium*, suggested that St. Edmund's Shrine, covered with thick gold, was still untouched. Could not it, in this extremity, be peeled off, at least in part ; under condition, of its beicg replaced,

1. Jocelini Chronica pp. 39,40

when times mended? The Abbot, starting plumb up, *se erigens*, answered: 'Know ye for certain, that I will in nowise do this thing; nor is there any man who could force me to consent thereto. But I will open the doors of the Church: Let him that likes enter; let him that dares come forward!' Emphatic words, which created a sensation round the woolsack. For the Justiciaries of the *Scaccarium* answered, 'with oaths, each for himself: "I won't come forward, for my share; nor will I, nor I! This distant and absent who offended him, Saint Edmund has been known to punish fearfully; much more will he those close by, who lay violent hands on his coat, and would strip it off!" These things being said, the Shrine was not meddled with, nor any ransom levied for it.' [1]

For Lords of the Treasury have in all times their impassable limits, be it by 'force of public opinion' or otherwise; and in those days a Heavenly Awe overshadowed and encompassed, as it still ought and must, all earthly Business whatsoever.

CHAPTER XIV

Henry of Essex

Of St. Edmund's fearful avengements have they not the remarkablest instance still before their eyes? He that will go to Reading Monastery may find there, now tonsured into a mournful penitent Monk, the once proud Henry Earl of Essex; and discern how St. Edmund punishes terribly, yet with mercy! This Narrative is too significant to be omitted as a document of the Time. Our Lord Abbot, once on a visit at Reading, heard the particulars from Henry's own mouth: and thereupon charged one of his monks to write it down; —as accordingly the Monk has done, in ambitious rhetorical Latin; inserting the same, as episode, among Jocelin's garrulous leaves Read it here; with ancient yet with modern eyes.

1. Jocelin Chronica, p. 71

Henry Earl of Essex, standard-bearer of England, had high places and emoluments; had a haughty high soul, yet with various flaws, or rather with one many-branched flaw and crack, running through the texture of it. For example, did he not treat Gilbert de Cereville in the most shocking manner? He cast Gilbert into prison; and, with chains slow torments, wore the life out of him there. And Gilbert's crime was understood to be only that of innocent Joseph: the Lady Essex was a Potiphar's Wife, and had accused poor Gilbert! Other cracks, and branches of that widespread flaw in the Standard-bearer's soul we could point out: but indeed the main stem and trunk of all is too visible in this. That he had no right reverence for the Heavenly in Man—that far from showing due reverence to St. Edmund, he did not even show him common justice. While others in the Eastern Counties were adorning and enlarging with rich gifts St. Edmund's resting-place, which had become a city of refuge for many things, this Earl of Essex flatly defrauded him, by violence or quick of law, of five shillings yearly, and converted said sum to his own poor uses! Nay, in another case of litigation, the unjust Standard-bearer, for his own profit, asserting that the cause belonged not to St. Edmund's Court, but to *his* in Lailand Hundred, 'involved us in travellings and innumerable expenses, vexing the servants of St. Edmund for long tract of time.' In short, he is without reverence for the Heavenly, this Standard-bearer; reveres only the Earthly, Gold-coined: and has a most morbid lamentable flaw in the texture of him. It cannot come to good.

Accordingly, the same flaw, or St. Vitus' *tic*, manifests itself ere long another way. In the year 1457, he went with his Standard to attend King Henry, our blessed Sovereign (whom *we* saw afterwards at Waltham), in his War with the Welsh. A somewhat disastrous War; in which while King Henry and his force were struggling to retreat Parthian-like, endless clouds of exasperated Welshmen hemming them in, and now we had come to the 'difficult pass of Coleshill' and as it were to the nick of destruction,—

Henry Earl of Essex shrieks out on a sudden (blinded doubtless by his inner flaw, or 'evil genius' as some name it). That King Henry is killed, That all is lost,—and flings down his Standard to shift for itself there! And, certainly enough, all *had* been lost, had all men been as he;—had not brave men, without such miserable jerking *ticdouloureux* in the souls of them, come dashing up, with blazing swords and looks, and asserted That nothing was lost yet, that all must be regained yet. In this manner King Henry and his force got safely retreated, Parthian-like, from the pass of Coleshill and the Welsh War.[1] But, once home again, Earl Robber de Montfort, a kinsman of this Standard-bearer's; rises up in the King's Assembly to declare openly that such a man is unfit for bearing English Standards, being in fact either a special traitor, or something almost worse, a coward namely, or universal traitor. Wager of Battle in consequence; solemn Duel, by the King's appointment, 'in a certain Island of the Thames-stream at Reading, *apud Radingas,* short way from the Abbey there.' King, Peers, and an immence multitude of people, on such scaffoldings and heights as they can come at, are gathered round to see what issue the business will take. The business takes this bad issue, in our Monk's own words faithfully rendered.

'And it came to pass, while Robert de Montfort thundered on him manfully (*viriliter intonasset*) with hard and frequent strokes, and a valiant beginning promised the fruit of victory, Henry of Essex, rather giving way, glanced round on all sides; and lo, at the rim of the horizon, on the confines of the River and land, he discerned the glorious King and Martyr Edmund, in shining armour, and as if hovering in the air; looking towards him with severe countenance, nodding his head with a mien and motion of austere anger. As St. Edmund's hand there stood also another Knight, Gilbert de Cereville, whose armour was not so splendid, whose stature was less gigantic; casting vengeful looks at him. This he seeing with his eyes, remembered that old crime brings new shame. And now wholly desperate, and

1. See Lyttelton's Henry II. ii. 384

changing reason into violence, he took the part of one blindly attacking not skilfully defending. Who while he struck fiercely was more fiercely struck ; and so, in short, fell down vanquished, and it was thought, slain. As he lay there for dead, his kinsmen, Magnates of England, besought the King, that the Monks of Reading might have leave to bury him. However, he proved not to be dead, but got well again among them ; and now, with recovered health, assuming the Regular Habit, he strove to wipe out the stain of his former life, to cleanse the long week of his dissolute history by at least a purifying sabbath, and cultivate the studies of Virtue into fruits of eternal Felicity.'[1]

Thus does the Conscience of man project itself athwart whetsoever of knowledge or surmise, of a imagination, understanding, faculty, acquirement, or natural disposition he has in him ; and, like light through coloured glass, paint strange pictures, on the rim of the horizon' and elsewhere ! Truly, this same 'sense of the infinite nature of Duty' is the central part of all with us ; a ray as of Eternity and Immortality, immured in dusky many-coloured Time, and its deaths and births. Your 'coloured glass' varies so much from century to century—and, in certain moneymaking, game-preserving centuries, it gets so terribly opaque ! Not a Heaven with cherubim surrounds you then but a kind of vacant leaden-coloured Hell. One day it will again cease to be *opaque*, 'this coloured glass. Nay, may it not become at once translucent and un-coloured ? Painting no Pictures more for us, but only the everlasting Azure itself ? That will be a right glorious consummation :—

Saint Edmund from the horizon's edge, in shining armour, thretening the misdoer in his hour of extreme need: it is beautiful, it is great and true. So old, yet so modern, actual ; true yet for every one of us, as for Henry the Earl and Monk ! A glimpse as of the Deepest in man's Destiny, which is the same for all times and ages. Yes, Henry my brother, there in thy extreme need, thy soul is *lamed* ; and behold thou canst so much as fight ! For Justice and

1. Jocelini Chronica, p. 52.

Reverence *are* the everlasting central Law of this Universe ; and to forget them and have all the Universe against one, God and one's own Self for enemies, and only the Devil and the Dragons for friends, is not that a 'lameness' like few ? That some shining armed St. Edmund hang minatory on thy horizon, that infinite sulphur-lakes hang minatory, or do not now hang,— this alters no whit the eternal fact of thing. I say, thy soul is lamed, and the God and all Godlike in it marred; lamed, paralytic, tending towards baleful eternal death, whether thou know it or not ;—nay hadst thou never known it, that surely had been worst of all !—

Thus, at any rate, by the heavenly Awe that overshadows earthly Business, does Samson, readily in those days, save St. Edmund's Shrine, and innumerable still more precious things.

CHAPTER XV

Practical-Devotional

Here indeed, perhaps, by rule of antagonism, may be the place to mention that, after King Richard's return, there was a liberty of tourneying given to the fighting-men of England: that a Tournament was proclaimed in the Abbot's domain, 'between Thetford and St. Edmundsbsbury,'—perhaps in the Euston region, on Fakenham Heights, midway between these two localities : that it was publicly prohibited by our Lord Abbot ; and nevertheless was held in spite of him, end by the parties, as would seem, considered 'a gentle and free passage of arms'.

Nay, next year, there came to the same spot four and-twenty young men, sons of Nobles, for another passage of arms; who, having completed the same, all rode into St. Edmundsbury to lodge for the night. Here is modesty ! Our Lord Abbot, being instructed of it, ordered the Gats tso be closed ; the whole party shut in. The morrow wae teh

Vigil of the Apostles Peter and Paul ; no outgate on the morrow. Giving their promise not to depart without permission, those four-and-tweny young bloods dieted all that day (*manducaverunt*) with the Lord Abbot, waiting for trial on the morrow. 'But after dinner,'—mark it, posterity !—'the Lord Abbot retiring into his *Thalamus* they all started up, and began carroling and singing(*carolare et cantare*)' sending into the Town for wine ; drinking, and afterwards howling (*ululantes*) ;—totally depriving the Abbot and Convent of their afternoon's nap; doing all this in derision of the Lord Abbot, and spending in such fashion the whole day till evening, nor would they desist at the Lord Abbot's order ! Night coming on, they broke the bolts of the Town Gates. and went off by violence !' [1] Was the like ever head of ? The roysterous young dogs ; carolling, howling, breaking the Lord Abbot's sleep,—after that sinful chivalry cockfight of theirs ! They too are a feature of distant centuries, as of near ones. St. Edmund on the edge of your horizon, or whatever else there, young scamps, in the dandy state, whether cased in iron or in whalebone, begin to caper and carol on the green Earth ! Our Lord Abbot excommunicated most of them ; and they gradually came in for repentance.

Excommunication is a great recipe with our Lord Abbot ; the prevailing purifier in those ages. Thus when the Townsfolk and Monk's-menials quarrelled once at the Christmas Mysteries in St. Edmund's Churchyard, and 'from words it came to cuffs, and from cuffs to cuttings and the effusion of blood',—our Lord Abbot excommunicates sixty of the rioters, with bell, book and candle (*accensis candelis*), at one stroke.[2] Whereupon they all come suppliant, indeed nearly naked, 'nothing on but their breeches, *omnino nudi praeter femoralia*, and prostrate themselves at the Church-door.' Figure that !

In fact by excommunication or persuasion, by impetuosity of driving or adroitness in leading, this Abbot, it is now becoming plain everywhere, is a man that generally

1. Joceline Chronica, p. 40. 2. Ibid., p. 68.

remains master at last. He tempers his medicine to the malady, now hot, now cool ; prudent though fiery, an eminently practical man. Nay sometimes in his adroit practice there are swift turns almost of a surprising nature ! Once, for example, it chanced that Geoffrey Riddell Bishop of Ely, a Prelate rather troublesome to our Abbot, made a request of him for timber from his woods towards certain edifices going on at Glemsford. The Abbot, a great builder himself, disliked the request ; could not however give it a negative. While he lay, therefore, at his manorhouse of Melford not long after, there comes to him one of the Lord Bishop's men or monks, with a message from his Lordship, "That he now begged permission to cut down the requiste trees in Elmswell wood,'—so said the monk : Elmswell, where there are no trees but scrubs and shrubs instead of Elmset, our true *nemus*, and high-towering oak-wood. here on Melford Manor ! Elmswell ? The Lord Abbot, in surprise, inquiries privily of Richard his Forestor ; Richard answers that my Lord of Ely has already had his *carpentarii* in Elmset, and marked out for his own use all the best trees in the compass of it. Abbot Samson thereupon answers the Monk : 'Elmswell ? Yes surely, be it as my Lord Bishop wishes.' The successful monk, on the morrow morning, hastens home to Ely ; but on the morrow morning, 'directly after mass, Abbot Samson too was busy ! The successful monk, arriving at Ely, is rated for a goose and an owl ; is ordered back to say that Elmset was the place meant. Alas, on arriving at Elmset, he finds the Bishop's trees, they 'and a hundred more,' all felled and piled, and the stamp of St. Edmund's Monastery burnt into them,—for roofing of the geat tower we are building there ! Your importunate Bishop must seek wood for Glemsford edifices in some other *nemus* than this. A practical Abbot !

We said withal there was a terible flash of anger in him : witness his address to old Herbert the Dean, who in a too thrifty manner has erected a windmill for himself on his glebe-lands at Haberdon. On the morrow, after mass our Lord Abbot orders the Cellerarius to send off his carpenters to demolish the said structure *brevi manu*,

and lay up the wood in safe keeping. Old Dean Herbert, hearing what was toward, comes tottering along hither, to plead humbly for himself and his mill. The Abbot answers : 'I am obliged to thee as if thou hadst cut off both my feet ! By God's face, *Per os Dei*, I will not eat bread till that fabric be torn in pieces. Thou art an old man, and shouldst have known that neither the King nor his Justiciary dare change aught within the Liberties without consent of ? Abbot and Convent : and thou hast presumed on such a thing ? I tell thee, it will *not* be without damage to my mills; for the Townsfolk will go to the thy mill, and grind their corn (*bladum suum*) at their own good pleasure ; nor can I hinder them, since they are free men. I will allow no new mills on such principle. Away, away ; before thou gettest home again, thou shalt see what thy mill has grown to !'[1]—The very reverend the old Dean totters home again, in all haste ; tears the mill in pieces by his own *carpentarii*, to save at least the timber ; and Abbot Samson's workmen, coming up, find the ground already clear of it.

Easy to bully-down poor old rural Deans, and blow their windmills away : but who is the man that dare abide King Richard's anger ; cross the Lion in his path, and take him by the whiskers ! Abbot Samson too ; he is that man, with justice on his side. The case was this. Adam de Cokefield, one of the chief feudatories of St. Edmund, and a principal man in the Eastern Counties, died, leaving large possessions, and for heiress a daughter of three months ; who by clear law, as all men know, became thus Abbot Samson's ward ; whom accordingly he proceeded to dispose of to such person as seemed fittest. But now King Richard has another person in view, to whom the little ward and her great possessions were a suitable thing. He, by letter, request that Abbot Samson will have the goodness to give her to this pesson. Abbot Samson, with deep humility, replies that she is already given. New letters from Richard, of severer tenor ; answered with new deep humi-

1. Jocelini Chronica, p. 43

lities, with gifts and entreaties, with no promise of obedience. King Richard's ire is kindled : messengers arrive at St. Edmundsbury, with emphatic message to obey or tremble ! Abbot Samson, wisely silent as to the King's threats, makes answer : 'The King can send if he will, and seize the ward : force and power he has to do his pleasure, and abolish the whole Abbey. But I, for my part, never can be bent to wish this that he seeks, nor shall it by me be ever done. For there is danger lest such things be made a precedent of, to the prejudice of my successors. *Videat Altissimus*, Let the Most High look on it. Whatsoever thing shall befall I will patiently endure.'

Such was Abbot Samson's deliberate decision. Why not ? Coeur-de Lion is very dreadful, but not the dreadfullest. *Videat Altissimus.* I reverence Coeurde-Lion to the marrow of my bones, and will in all right things be *homo suus* ; but it is not, properly speaking, with terror, with any fear at all. On the whole, have I not looked on the face of 'Satan with outspread wings' ; steadly into Hellfire these seven-and-forty years ;—and was not melted into terror even at that, such the Lord's goodness to me ? Coeurde-Lion !

Richard swore tornado oaths, worth than our armies in Flanders. To be revenged on that proud Priest. But in the end he discovered that the Priest was right ; and forgave him, and even loved him. 'King Richard wrote, soon after, to Abbot Samson, That he wanted one or two of the St. Edmundsbury dogs, which he heard were good.' Abbot Samson sent him dogs of the best ; Richard replied by the present of a ring, which Pope Innocent the Third had given him. Thou brave Richard, thou brave Samson ! Richard too, I suppose, 'loved a man,' and knew one when he saw him.

No one will accuse our Lord Abbot of wanting worldly wisdom, due interest in worldly things. A skilful man ; full of cunning insight, lively interests ; always discerning the road to his object, be it circuit, be it short-cut and

victoriously travelling forward thereon. Nay rather it might seem, from Jocelin's Narrative, as if he had his eye all but exclusively directed on terrestrial matters, and was much too secular for a devout man. But this too, if we examine it, was right. For it is *in* the world that a man, devout or other, has his life to lead, his work waiting to be done. The bosis of Abbot Samson's we shall discover, was truly religion, after all Returning from his dusty pilgrimage, with such welcome as saw, 'he sat down at the foot of St. Edmund's Shrine.' Not a talking theory that ; no, a silent practice : Thou, St. Edmund, with what lies in thee, thou now must help me, or none will !

This also is a significant fact ; the zealous interest our Abbot took in the Crusades. To all noble Christian hearts of that era, what earthly enterprise so noble ? 'When Henry II, having taken the cross, came to St. Edmund's, to pay his devotions before setting out, the Abbot secretly made for himself a cross of linen cloth ; and, holding this in one hand and a threaded needle in the other, asked leave of the King to assume it:' The King could not spare Samson out of England ;—the King himself indeed never went. But the Abbot's eye was set on the Holy Sepulchre, as on the spot of this Earth where the true cause of Heaven was deciding itself. 'At the retaking of Jerusalem by the Pagans, Abbot Samson put on a cilice and hair-shirt, and wore under-garments of hair-cloth ever after, he abstained also from flesh and fleshmeats (*carne et carneis*) thenceforth to the end of his life.' Like a dark cloud eclipsing the hopes of Christendom, those tidings cast their shadow over St. Edmundsbury too : Shall Samson Abbas take pleasure while Christ's Tomb is in the hands of the Infidel ? Samson, in pain of body, shall daily be reminded of it, daily be admonished to grieve for it.

The great antique heart : how like a child's in its simplicity, like a man's in its earnest solemnity and depth ! Heaven lies over him wheresoever he floes or stands on the Earth ; making all the Earth a mystic Temple to him,

the Earth's business all a kind of worship. Glimpses of bright creature flash in the common sunlight, angles yet hover doing God's messages among men: that rainbow was set in the clouds by the hand of God! Wonder, miracle encompass the man; he lives in an element of miracle; Heaven's splendour over his head, Hell's darkness under his feet. A grear Law of duty, high as these two Infinitudes, dwarfing all else,—making royal Richard as small as peasant Samson, smaller if need be!—The 'imaginative faculties'? 'Rude poetic ages'? The 'primaeval poetic element'? O for God's sake, good reader, talk no more of all that! It was not a Dilettantism this of Abbot Samson. It was a Reality, and it is one. The garment only of it is dead; the essence of it lives through all Time and all Eternity!—

And truly, as we said above, is not this comparative silence of Abbot Samson as to his religion, precisely the healthiest sign of him and of it? 'The Unconscious is the alone Complete.' Abbot Samson all along a busy working man, as all men are bound to be, his religion, his worship was like his daily bread to him;—which he did not take the trouble to talk much about; which he merely ate at stated intervals, and lived and did his work upon! This is Abbot Samson's Catholicism of the Twelfth Century;—something like the *Ism* of all true men in all true centuries, I fancy! Alas, compared with any of the *Isms* current in these poor days, what a thing! Compared with the respectablest, morbid, struggling Methodism, never so earnest; with the respectablest, ghastly, dead or galvanized Dilettantism, never so spasmodic!

Methodism with its eye forever turned on its own navel; asking itself with torturing anxiety of Hope and Fear, 'Am I right, am I wrong? Shall I be saved, shall I not be damned?' what is this, at bottom, but a new phasis of *Egoism*, stretched out into the Infinite; not always the heavenlier for its infinitude! Brother, so soon as possible, endeavour to rise above all that. 'Thou *art* wrong; thou art like to be damned': consider that as the

fact, reconcile thyself even to that, if thou be a man ;—then first is the devouring Universe subdued under thee, and from the black murk of midnight and noise of greedy Acheron, dawn as of an ever lasting morning, how far above all Hope and all Fear, springs for thee, enlightening thy steep path, awakening in thy heart celestial Memnon's music !

But of our Dilettantisms, and galvanized Dilettantisms; of Puseyism—O Heavens, what shall we say of Puseyism in comparison to Twelfth-Century Catholicism? Little or nothing; for indeed it is a matter to strike one dumb.

The Builder of this Universe was wise,
He plann'd all souls, all systems, planets, particles :
The Plan He shap'd all Worlds and Aeons by,
Was—Heavens !—Was thy small Nine-and thirty Articles ?

That certain human souls, on this practical Earth, should think to save themselves and a ruined world by noisy theoretic demonstrations and laudations of *the* Church, instead of some unnoisy, unconscious, but *practical*, total, heart-and-soul demonstration of *a* Church: this, in the circle of revolving ages, this also was a thing we were to see. A kind of penultimate thing percursor of very strange consummations; last thing but one ? If there is no atmosphere, what will it serve a man to demonstrate the excellence of lungs ? How much profitabler when you can, like Abbot Samson, breathe; and go along your way !

CHAPTER XVI

St. Edmund

Abbot Samson built many useful, many pious edifices ; human dwellings, churches, church steeples, barns;—all fallen now and vanished, but useful while they stood. He built and endowed 'the Hospital of Babwell'; built 'fit houses for the St. Edmundsbury Schools'. Many are the

roofs once 'thatched with reeds' which he 'caused to be covered with tiles'; or if they were churches, probably 'with lead'. For all ruinous incomplete things, buildings or other, were an eye-sorrow to the man. We saw his 'great tower of St. Edmund's;' or at least the roof-timbers of it, lying cut and stamped in Elmset Wood. To change combustible decaying reed-thatch into tile or lead; and material, still more, moral wreck into rain-tight order, what a comfort to Samson !

One of the things he could not in any wise but rebuild was the great Altar, aloft on which stood the Shrine itself; the great Altar, which had been damaged by fire, by the careless rubbish and careless candle of two somnolent Monks, one night,—the Shrine escaping almost as if by miracle ! Abbot Samson read his Monks a severe lecturs : 'A Dream one of us had, that he saw St. Edmund naked and in lamentable plight. Know ye the interpretation of that Dream ? St. Edmund proclaims himself naked, because ye defraud the naked Poor of your old clothes, and give with reluctance what ye are bound to give them of meat and drink : the idleness moreover and negligence of the Sacristan and his people is too evident from the late misfortune by fire. Well might our Holy Martyr seem to lie cast out from his Shrine, and say with groans that he was stripped of his garments, and wasted with hunger and thirst !'

This is Abbot Samson's interpretation of the Dream;—diametrically the revers of that given by the Monks themselves, who scruple not to say privily, 'It is *we* that are the naked and famished limbs of the Martyr ; we whom the Abbot curtails of all our privileges, setting his own official to control our very Cellarer !' Abbot Samson adds, that this judgment by fire has fallen upon them for murmuring about their meat and drink.

Clearly enough, meanwhile, the Altar. whatever, the burning of it mean or foreshdow, must needs be reedified. Abbot Samson re-edifies it, all of polished marble; with the

highest stretch of art and sumptuosity, re-embellishes the Shrine for which it is to serve as pediment. Nay farther, as had ever been among his prayers. he enjoys, he sinner a glimpse of the gloricus Martyr's very Body in the process; having solemnly opened the *Loculus*, Chest or sacred Coffin, for that purpose. It is the culminating moment of Abbot Samson's life. Bozzy Jocelin himself rises into a kind of Psalmist solemnity on this occaion ; the layiest monk 'weeps' warm tears, as *Te Deum* is sung.

Very strange : —how far vanished from us in these unworshipping ages of ours ! The Patriot Hampden, best beatified man we have, had lain in like manner some two centuries in his narrow home, when certain dignitaries of us, 'and twelve grave-diggers with pulleys,' raised him also up, under cloud of night, cut off his arm with penknives, pulled the scalp off his head,—and otherwise worshipped our Hero Saint in the most amazing manner![1] Let the modern eye look earnestly on that old midnight hour in St. Edmunds bury Church, shining yet on us, rudely-bright, through the depths of seven hundred years ; and consider mournfully what our Hero-worship once was, and what it now is ! We translate with all the fidelity we can :

'The Festival of St. Edmund now approaching, the marble blocks are polished, and all things are in readiness for lifting of the Shrine to its new place. A fast of three days was held by all the people, the cause and meaning thereof being publicly set forth to them. The Abbot announces to the Convent that all must prepare themselves for transferring of the Shrine, and appoints time and way for the work. Coming therefore that night to matins, we found the great Shrine (*feretrum magnum*) raised upon the Altar, but empty ; covered all over with white doeskin leather, fixed to the wood with silver nails; but one panel of the Shrine was left down below, and resting thereon,

1. Annual Register (year 1828, Chronicle, p. 93), Genteman's Magazine, &c., &c.

beside its old column of the Church, the Loculus with the Sacred Body yet lay where it was wont. Praises being sung, we all proceeded to commence our disciplines (*ad disciplinas suscipiendas*). These finished, the Abbot and certaine with him are clothed in their albs; and, apponaching reverently, set about uncovering the Loculus. There was an outer cloth of linen, enwrapping the Loculus and all; this we found tied on the upper side with strings of its own: within this was a cloth of silk, and then another linen cloth, and then a third; and so at last the Loculus was uncovered, and seen resting on a little tray of wood, that the bottom of it might not be injured by the stone. Over the breast of the Martyr, there lay, fixed to the surface of the Loculus, a Golden Angel about the length of a human foot; holding in one hand a goldent sword, and in the other a banner: under this there was a hole in the lid of the Loculus, on which the ancient servants of the Martyr had been wont to lay their hands for touching the Sacrrd Body. And over the figure of the Angel was this verse inscribed:

Martiris ecce zoma servat Michaelis agalma I

At the head and foot of the Loculus were iron rings whereby it could be lifted.

'Lifting the Loculus and Body, therefore, they carried it to the Altar; and I put-to my sinful hand to help in carrying, though the Abbot had commanded that none should approach except called. And the Loculus was placed in the Shrine; and the panel it had stood on was put in its place, and the Shrine for the present closed, We all thought that the Abbot would show the Loculus to the people; and bring out the Sacred Body again, at a certain period of the Festival. But in this we were woefully mistaken, as the sequel shows.

'For in the fourth holiday of the Festival, while the

1. This is the Martyr's Garment, which Michael's Image guards.

Convent were al singing *Completorium*, our Lord Abbot spoke privily with the Sacristan and Walter the Medicus; and order was taken that twelve of the Brethren should be appointed against midnight who werestrong for carrying the panel-planks of the Shrine, and skilful in unfixing them, and putting them together again. The Abbot then said that it was among his prayers to look once upon the Body of his Patron; and that he wished the Sacristan and Walter the Medicus to be with him. The Twelve appointed Brethren were these: The Abbot's two Chaplains, the two Keepers of the Shrine, the two Masters of the Vestry; and six more, namely, the Sacristan Hugo, Walter the Medicus Angustin, William of Dice, Robert, and Richard. I, alas, was not of the number.

'The Convent therefore being all asleep, these Twelve, clothed in their albs, with the Abbot, assembled at the Alter; and opening a panel of the Shrine, they took out the Loculus; laid it on a table, near where the Shrine used to be; and made ready for unfastening the lid, which was joined and fixed to the Loculus with sixteen very long nails. Which when, with difficulty, they had done, all except the two forenamed associates are ordered to draw back. The Abbot and they two were alone privileged to look in. The Loculus was so filled with the Sacred Body that you could scarcely put a needle between the head and the wood, or between the feet and the wood: the head lay united to the body, a little raised with a small pillow. But the Abbot, looking close, found now a silk cloth veiling the whole Body, and then a linen cloth of wondrous whiteness; and upon the head was spread a small linen cloth, and then another small and most fine silk cloth, as if it were the veil of a nun. These coverings being lifted off. they found now the Sacred Body all wrapped in linen; and so at length the lineaments of the same appeared But herethe Abbot stopped; saying, he durst not proceed farther, or look at the sacred flesh naked. Taking the head between his hands, he thus spake groaning: "Glorious Martyr, holy Edmund, blessed be the hour when thou wert born. Glorious Martyr, turn it not to my perdition that I have so dared to touch thee, I miserable and sinful; thou knowest my devout love, and the intention

is inseparable thereform, reverence the right man, all is well; have sham-reverence, and what also follows, greet with it the wrong man, then all is ill, and there is nothing well. Alas, if Hero-worship become Dilettantism, and all except Mammonism be a vain grimace, how much, in the most earnest Earth, has gone and is evermore going to fatal destruction, and lies wasting in quiet lazy ruin, no man regarding it! Till at length no heavenly *Ism* any longer coming down upon us, *Isms* from the other quarter have to mount up. For the Earth, I say, is an earnest place; Life is no grimace, but a most serious fact. And so, under universal Dilettantism much having been stripped bare, not the souls of men only, but their very bodies and bread-cupboards having been stripped bare, and life now no longer possible,—all is reduced to desperation, to the iron law of Necessity and very Fact again, and to temper Dilettantism, and astonish it, and burn it up with infernal fire, arises Chartism, *Bare-back-ism*, Sansculottism so-called! May the gods, and what of unworshipped heroes still remain amoung us, avert the omen—

But however this may be, St. Edmund's Loculus, we find, has the veils of silk and linen reverently replaced, the lid fastened down again with its sixteen ancient nails: is wrapped in a new costly covering of silk, the gift of Hubert Archbishop of Canterbury: and through the sky-window John of Dice sees it lifted to its place in the Shrine, the panels of this latter duly refixed, fit parchment documents being introduced withal;—and now John and his vestry—men can side down from the roof for all is over, and the Convent wholly awakens to matins. 'When we assembled to sing matins,' says Jocelin, 'and understood what had been done, grief took hold of all that had not seen these things, each saying to himself, "Alas, I was deceived." Matins over, the Abbot called the Convent to the great Altar, and briefly recounting the matter, alleged that it had not been in his power, nor was it permissible or fit, to invite us all to the sight of such things. As hearing of which, we all

wept, and with tears sang *To Deum laudamus*, and hastened to toil the bells in the Choir.

Stupid blockheads, to reverence their St. Edmund's dead Body in this manner? Yes, brother :—and yet, on the whole, who known how to reverence the Body of a Man? It is the most reverend phenomenon under this Sun. For the Highest God dwells visible in that mystic unfathomable Visibility, which calls itself 'I' on the Earth. 'Bending before men' says Novalis, 'is a reverence done to this Revelation in the Flesh. We touch Heaven when we lay our hand on a human Body.' And the Body of one Dead ;—a temple where the Hero-soul once was and now is not : Oh, all mystery, all pity, all mute *awe* and wonder ; *Super*-naturalism brought home to the very dullest ; Eternity laid open, and the nether Darkness and the upper Light-Kingdoms,—do conjoin there, or exist nowhere ; Sauerteig used to say to me, in his peculiar way : 'A Chancery Lawsuit : justice, any justice to mere money, denied a man, for all his pleading, till twenty, till forty years of his life are gone seeking it : and a Cockney Funeral, Death reverenced by hatchments, horsehair, brass-lacquer, and unconcerned bipeds carrying long poles and bags of black silk :—are not these two reverence, this reverence for Death and that reverences for life, a notable pair of reverences among you English ?'

Abbot Samson, at this culminating point of his existence, may, and indeed must, be left to vanish with his Life scenery from the eyes of modern men. He had to run into France, to settle with King Richard for the military service there of his St. Edmundsbury Kinghts; and with great labour got it done. He had to decide on the dilapidated Coventry Monks ; and with great labour and much pleading and journeying got them reinstated : dined with them all, and with the 'Masters of the Schools of Oxneford',—the veritable Oxford *Caput* sitting there at dinner, in a dim but undeniable manner, in the City of Peeping Tom ! He had, not without labour, to con-

trovert the intrusive Bishop of Ely, the intrusive Abbot of Cluny. Magnanimous Samson, his life is but a labour and a journey; a bustling and a justling, till the still Night come. He is sent for again, over sea, to advise King Richard touching certain Peers of England, who had taken the Cross, but never followed it to Palestine; whom the Pope is inquiring after. The magnanimous Abbot makes preparation for departure; departs, and—— And Jocelin's Boswellean Narrative, suddenly shorn through by the scissors of Destiny, *ends*. There are no words more; but a black line, and leaves of blank paper. Irremediable: the miraculous hand that held all this theatric-machinery suddenly quits hold; impenetrable Time-Curtains rush down; in the mind's eye all is again dark, void; with loud dinning in the mind's ear, our real-phantasmagory of St. Edmundsbury plunges into the bosom of the Twelfth Century again and all is over. Monks, Abbot, Hero-worship, Government, Obedience, Coeur-de-Lion and St. Edmund's Shrine, vanish like Mirza's Vision; and there be nothing left but a mutilated black Ruin amid green isotanic expanses, and oxen, sheep and dilettanti pasturing in their places.

CHAPTER XVII

THE BEGINNINGS

What a singular shape of a Man, shape of a Time, have we in this Abbot Samson and his history; how strangely do modes, creeds, formularies, and the date and place of a man's birth, modify the figure of the man!

Formulas too, as we call them, have a *reality* in Human Life. They are real as the very *skin* and *muscular tissue* of a Man's Life; and a most blessed in-dispensable thing, so long as they have *vitality* withal, and are a living skin and tissue to him! No man, or man's life, can go abroad and no business in the world without skin tissues. No; first of all, these have to fashion themselves,—as in-

deed they spontaneously and inevitably do. Foam itself, and this worth thinking of, can harden into oyster-shell ; all living objects to by necessity form to themselves a skin.

And yet, again, when a man's Formulas become *dead* ; as all Formulas, in the progress of living growth, are very sure to do ! When the poor man's integuments, no longer nourished from within, become dead skin, mere adscititious leather and callosity, wearing thicker and thicker, uglier and uglier ; till no *heart* any longer can be felt beating through them, so thick, callous, calcified are they ; and all over it has now grown mere calcified oyster-shell, or were it polished mother-of pearl, inwards almost to the very heart of once more is quite obstructed ; once more, he cannot go abroad and do business in the world ; it is time that *he* take to bed, and prepare for departure, which cannot now be distant !

Ubi homines sunt modi sunt. Habit is the deepest law of human nature. It is our supreme strength ; if also, in certain circumstances, our miserablest weakness. —From Stock to Stowe to is as yet a field all pathless, untrodden : from Stoke where I live, to Stowe where I have to make my merchandises, perform my businesses, consult my heavenly oracles, there is as yet no path or human footprint ; and I, impelled by such necessities, must nevertheless undertake the journey. Let me go once, scanning my way with any earnestness of outlook, and successfully arriving, my footprints are an invitation to me a second time to go by the same way. It is easier than any other way ; the industry of 'scanning' lies already invested in it for me ; I can go this time with less of scanning, or without scanning at all. Nay the very sight of my footprints, what a comfort for me ; and in a degree, for all my brethren of mankind ! The footprints are trodden and retrodden ; the path wears ever broader, smoother ; into a broad highway, where even wheels can run ; and many travel it ;—till—till the Town of Stowe disappear from that locality (as towns have been known to do), or no merchandising, heavenly oracle, or real

business any longer exist for one there : then why should anybody travel the way ?—Habit is our primal, fundamental law ; Habit and Imitation, there is nothing more perennial in us than these two. They are the source of all Working and all Apprenticeship, of all Practice and all Learning, in this world.

Yes, the wise man too speaks, and acts, in Formulas ; all men do so. And in general, the more completely cased with Formulas a man may be, the safer, happier is it for him. Thou who, in an All of rotten Formulas, seemest to stand nigh bare, having indignantly shaken off the superannuated rags and unsound callosities of Formulas,—consider how thou too art still clothed ! This English Nationality, whatsoever from uncounted ages is genuine and a fact among thy native People, in their words and ways : all this, has it not made for thee a skin or second-skin adhesive actually as thy natural skin ? This thou hast not stripped off, this thou wilt never strip off the humour that thy mother gave thee has to show itself through this. A common, or it may be an uncommon Englishman thou art : but, good Heavens, what sort of Arab, Chinaman, Jew-clothesman, Turk, Hindoo, African Mandingo, wouldst thou have been, *thou* with those mother-qualities of thine !

It strikes me dumb to look over the long series of faces, such as any full Church, Courthouse, London-Tavern Meeting, or miscellany of men will show them. Some score or two of years ago, all these were little red-coloured pulpy infants ; each of them capable of being kneaded, baked into any social form you chose ; yet see now how they are fixed and hardened,—into artisans, artist, clergy, gentry, learned serjeants unlearned dandies, and can and shall now be nothing else henceforth !

Mark on that nose the colour left too copious port and viands ; to which the profuse cravat with exorbitant breast-pin, and the fixed, forward, and as it were menacing glance of the eyes correspond. That is a 'Man of

Business'; prosperous manufacturer, house-contractor, engineer, law-manager; his eye, nose, cravat, in such work and fortune, got such a character: deny him not thy praise, thy pity. Pity him too, the Hard-handed, with bony brow, rudely combed hair, eyes looking out as in labour, in difficulty and uncertainty; rude mouth, the lips coarse, loose, as in hard toil and lifelong fatigue they have got the habit of hanging:—hast thou seen aught more touching than the rude intelligence, so cramped, yet energetic, unsubduable, true, which looks out of that marred visage? Alas, and his poor wife, with her own hands, washed that cotton neckcloth for him, buttoned that coarse shirt, sent him forth creditably trimmed as she could. In such imprisonment lives he, for his part; man cannot now deliver him: the red pulpy infant has been baked and fashioned *so*.

Or what kind of baking was it that his other brother-mortal got, which has baked him into the genus Dandy? Elegant Vacuum; serenely looking down upon all Plenums and Entities, as low and poor to his serene Chimeraship and *Nonentity* laboriously attained! Heroic Vacuum: inexpugnable, while purse and present condition of society hold out; curable by no hellebore. The doom of Fate was, Be thou a Dandy! Have thy eye-glasses, opera-glasses, thy Long-Acre cabs with white-breeched tiger, thy yawning impossivities pococurantisms; *fix* theyself in Dandyhood, undeliverable; it is thy doom.

And all these, we say, were red-coloured infants; of the same pulp and stuff, few years ago; now irretrievably shaped and kneaded as we see! Formulas? There is no mortal extant, out of the depths of Bedlam, but lives all skinned, thatched, covered with the Formulas; and is, as in were, held in from delirium and the Inane by his Formulas! They are withal the most beneficent, indispensable of human equipments; blessed he who has a skin and tissues, so it be a living one, and the heart-pulse everywhere discernible through it. Monachism, Feudalism, with a real King Plantagenet, with real

Abbots Samson, and their other living realities, how blessed !—

Not without a mournful interest have we surveyed that authentic image of a Time now wholly swallowed. Mournful reflections crowd on us ;—and yet consolatory. How many brave men have lived before Agamemnon ! Here is a brave governor Samson, a man fearing God, and fearing nothing else ; of whom as First Lord of the Treasury, as King, Chief Editor, High Priest, we could be so glad and proud ; of whom nevertheless Fame has altogether forgotten to make mention ! The faint image of him, revived in this hour, is found in the gossip of one poor Monk, and in Nature nowhere else. Oblivion had so nigh swallowed him altogether, even to the echo of his ever having existed. What regiments and hosts and generations of such has Oblivion already swallowed ! Their crumbled dust makes up the soil our life-fruit grows on. Said I not, as my old Nurse Fathers taught me, The Life-tree Igdrasil, which waves round thee in this hour, whereof thou in this hour art Portion, has its roots down deep in the oldest Death-Kingdoms ; and grows ; the Three Nornas, or *Times*, Past, present, Future, watering it from the Sacred Well !

For example, who taught thee to *speak* ? From the day when two hairy-naked or fig-leaved Human Figures began, as uncomfortable dummies, anxious no longer to be dumb, but to impart themselves to one another ; and endeavoured, with gaspings, gesturings, with unsyllabled cries, with painful pantomime and interjections, in a very unsuccessful manner,—up to the writing of this present copyright Book, which also is not very successful ! Between that day and this, I say, there has been a pretty space of time ; a pretty spell of work, which *somebody* has done ! Thinkest thou there were no poets till Dan Chaucer ? No heart burning with a thought, which it could not hold, and had no word for, and needed to shape and coin a word for,—what thou callest a metaphor, trope, or the like ? For every word we have, there

was such a man and poet. The coldest word was once a glowing new metaphor, and bold questionable originality. "Thy very ATTENTION, does it not mean an *attentio*, a STRECHING-TO? Fancy that act of the mind, which all were conscious of which none had yet named,—when this new 'poet' first felt bound and driven to name it! His questionable originality, and new glowing metaphor, was found adoptable, intelligible; and remains our name for it to this day.

Literature:—and look at Paul's Cathedral, and the Masonries and Worships and Quasi-Worships that are there; not to speak of Westminster Hall its wigs! Men had not a hammer to begin with, not a syllabled articulation: they had it all to make; and they have made it. What thousand thousand articulate, semi articulate, earnest stammering *Prayers* ascending up to Heaven, from hut and cell, in many lands, in many centuries, from the fervent kindled souls of innumerable men, each struggling to pour itself forth incompletely as it might, before the incompletest *Liturgy* could be compiled! The Liturgy, or adoptable and generally adopted Set of Prayers and Prayer-Method, was what we can call the Select Adoptabilities. 'Select Beauties well-edited (by Occumenie Councils and other Useful-Knowledge Societies) from that wide waste imbroglio of Prayers already extant and accumulated, good and bad. The good were found adoptable by men; were gradually got together, well-edited, accredited: the bad, found inappropriate, undoptable, were gradually forgotten, disussed and burnt. It is the way with human things, The first man who looking with opened soul on this august Heaven and Earth, this Beautiful and Awful, which we name Nature, Universe and such like, the essence of which remains forever UNNAMEABLE; he who first, gazing into this, fell on his knees awestruck, in silence as is likeliest,—he, driven by inner necessity, the 'audacious original' that he was, has done a thing, too, which all thoughtful hearts saw straightway to be an expressive, altogether adoptable thing! To bow the knee was ever since the attitude of supplica-

tion. Earlier than any spoken Prayers, *Litanias* or *Leiturgias*, the beginning of all Worship,—which needed but a beginning, so rational was it. What a poet he! Yes, this bold original was a successful one withal. The well-head this one, hidden in the primeval dusks and distances, from whom as from a Nile-source all *Forms of Worship* flow :—such a Nile-river (somewhat muddy and malarious now !) of Forms of Worship sprang there, and flowed, and flows, down to Pusevsism, Rotatory Calabash, Archbishop Laud at St. Catherine Creed's, and perhaps lower !

Thing rise, I say, in that way. The *Iliad* Poem, and indeed most other poetic, especially epic things, have risen as the Liturgy did. The great *Iliad* in Greece, and the small *Robin Hood's Garland* in England, are each, as I understand, the well-edited 'Select Beauties of an immeasurable waste imbroglio of Heroic Ballads in their respective centuries and countries. Think what strumming of the seven-stringed heroic lyre, torturing of the less heroic fiddle-catgut, in Hellenic Kings' Courts, and English wayside Public Houses ; and beating of the studious Poetic brain ; and gasping here too in the semi-articulate windpipe of Poetic men, before the Wrath of a Divine Achilles, the Prowess of a will scarlet or Wakefield Pindar, could be adequately sung ! Honour to you, ye nameless great and greatest ones, ye long-forgotten brave !

Nor was the Statute *De Tallagio non concedendo*, nor any Statute, Law-method, Lawyer's-wig, much less were the Statute-Book and Four Courts, with Coke upon Lyttelton and Three Estates of Parliament in the rear of them, got together without human labour,—mostly forgotten now ! From the time of Cain's slaying Abel by swift head-breakage, to this time of killing your man in Chancery by inches, and slow heart-break for forty years,—there too is an interval ! Venerable Justice herself began by Wild-Justice ; all Law is as a tamed furrowfield, slowly worked out, and rendered arable,

from the waste jungle of Club-Law. Valiant Wisdom tilling and draining; escorted by owl-eyed Pedantry, by owlish and vulturish and many other forms of Folly;—the valiant husbandman assiduously tilling; the blind greedy enemy *too* assiduously sowing tares! It is because there is yet in venerable wigged Justice some wisdom, amid such mountains of wiggeries and folly, that men have not cast her into the River, that she still sits there, like Dryden's Head in the *Battle of the Books*,—a huge helmet, a huge mountain of greased parchment, of unclean horse-hair, first striking the eye; and then in the innermost corner, visible at last, in size as a hazelnut, a real fraction of God's Justice, perhaps not yet unattainable to some, surely still indispensable to all;—and men know not what to do with her! Lawyers were not all pedants, voluminous voracious persons; Lawyers too were poets, were heroes,—or their Law had been past the Nore long before this time. Their owlisms. Vulturisms, to an incredible extent, will disappear by and by, their Heroisms only remaining, and the helmet be reduced to something like the size of the head, we hope!—

It is all work and forgotten work, this peopled, clothed, articulate-speaking, high-towered, wide-acred World. The hands of forgotten brave men have made it a World for us; they;—honour to them; they, in *spite* of the idle and the dastard. This English Land, here and now, is the summary of what was found of wise, and noble, and accordant with God's Truth in all the generations of English Men. Our English Speech is speakable because there were Hero-Poets of our blood and lineage; speakable in proportion to the number of these. This Land of England has its conquerors, possessors, which change from epoch to epoch, from day to day; but its real conquerors, creators, and eternal proprietors are these following, and their representatives if you can find them; All the Heroic Souls that ever were in England, each in their degree; all the man that ever cut a thistle, drained a puddle out of England, contrived a wise scheme in England, did or said a true and valiant thing in England. I tell thee, they had not a hammer to

begin with ; and yet Wren built St. Paul's : not an articulated syallable ; and yet there have come English Literatures, Elizabethan Literatures, Satanic School, Cockney School and other Literatures ;—once more, as in the old time of the *Leitourgia*, a most waste imbroglio, and world-wide jungle and jumble ; waiting terribly to be 'well-edited' and 'well burnt'! Arachne started with fore-finger and thumb, and had not even a distaff ; yet thou seest Manchester, and Cotton Cloth, which will shelter naked backs, at twopence an ell.

Work ? The quantity of done and forgotten work that lies silent under my feet in this world, and escorts and attends me, and supports and keeps me alive wheresoever I walk or stand, whatsoever I think or do, gives rise to reflections ! Is it not enough, at any rate, to strike the thing called 'Fame' into total silence for a wise man ? For fools and unreflective persons, she is and will be very noisy, this 'Fame', and talks of her 'immortals' and so forth : but if you will consider it, what is she ? Abbot Samson was not nothing because nobody *said* anything of him. Or thinkest thou, the Right Honourable Sir Jabesh Windbag can be made something by Parliamentary Majorities and Leading Articles ? Her 'immortals Scarcely two hundred years back can Fame recollect, articulately at all ; and there she but maunders and mumble. She manages to recollect a Shakespeare or so ; and prates, considerably like a goose, about him ; —and in the rear of that, onwards to the birth of Theuth, to Hengst's Invasion, and the the bosom of Eternity, it was all black ; and the respactable Teutonic Languages, Teutonic Practices, Existences, all came of their own accord, as the grass springs, as the trees grow ; no Poet, no work from the inspired heart of a Man needed there ; and Fame has not an articulate word to say about it ! Or ask her, What, with all conceivable appliances and mnemonics, including apotheosis and human sacrifices among the number, she carries in her head with regard to a Wodan, even a Moses, or other such ? She begins to be uncertain as to what they were, whether spirits or men of mould,—gods, charlatans ; begins some-

times to have a misgiving that they were mere symbols, ideas of the mind; perhaps nonentities, and Letters of the Alphabet! She is the noisiest, inarticulately babbling, hissing, screaming foolishest, unmusicallest of fowls that fly; and needs no 'trumpet'. I think, but her own enormous goose-throat,—measuring several degrees of celestial latitude, so to speak. Her 'wings', in these days, have grown far swifte than ever; but her goose-throat hither to seems only larger, louder and foolisher than ever. *She* is transitory, futile, a goose goddess;—if she were not transitory, what would become of us! It is a chief comfort that she forgets us all; all, even to the very Wodans; and grows to consider us, at last, as probably nonetities and Letters of the Alphabet.

Yes, a noble Abbot Samson resigns himself to Oblivion too; feels *it* no hardship, but a comfort; counts it as a still resting-place, from much sick fret and fever and stupidity, which in the night-watches often made his strong heart sigh. Your most sweet voices, making one enormous goose voice, O Bobus and Company, how can they be a guidance for any Son of Adam? In *silence* of you and the like of you, the 'small still voices' will speak to him better; in which does lie guidance.

My friend, all speech and rumour is short lived, foolish, unture. Genuine Work alone, what thou workest faithfully, that is eternal, as the Almighty Founder and World-Builder himself. Stand thou by that; and let 'Fame' and the rest of it go prating.

Heard are the Voices,
Heard are the Sages,
The Worlds and the Ages:
'Choose well, your choice is
Brief and yet endless.

Here eyes do regard you,
It Eternity's stillness;
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you;
Work, and despair not.'[1]

1 Goethe,

BOOK III—THE MODERN WORKER

CHAPTER I

PHENOMENA

But, it is said, our religion is gone : we no longer believe in St. Edmund, no longer see the figure of him 'on the rim of the sky', minatory or cofirmatory ! God's absolute Laws, sanctioned by an eternal Heaven and an eternal Hell, have become Moral Philosophies, sanctioned by able computations of Profit and Loss, by weak considerations of Pleasures of Virtue and the Moral Sublime.

It is even so. To speak in the ancient dialect, we 'have forgotton God';—in the most modern dialect and very truth of the matter, we have taken up the Fact of this Universe as it *is not*. We have quietly closed our eyes to the eternal Substance of things, and opened them only to the Shows and Shams of things. We quietly believe this Universe to be intrinsically a great unintelligible PERHAPS ; extrinsically, clear enough, it is a great, most extensive Cattlefold and Workhouse, with most extensive Kitchen-ranges, Dining-tables,—whereat he is wise who can find a Place ! All the truth of this Universe is uncertain ; only the profit and loss of it the pudding and praise of it, are and remain very visible to the practical man.

There is no longer any God for us ! God's Law are become a Greatest-Happiness Principle, a Parliamentary Expediency : the Heavens overarch us only as an Astronomical Time-keeper ; a butt for Herscheltelescopes to shoot science at, to shoot sentimentalities at :—in our and old Jonson's dialect, man has lost the *soul* out of

him : and now, after the due period,—begins to find the want of it ! This is verily the plague-spot ; centre of the universal Social Gangrene, threatening all modern things with frightful death. To him that will consider it, here is the stem, with its roots and taproot, with its world-wide upas-boughs and accursed poison-exudations, under which the world lies writhing in atrophy and agony. You touch the focal-centre of all our disease, of our frightful nosology of diseases, when you lay your hand on this. There is no religion, there is no God: man has lost his soul, and vainly seeks antiseptic salt. Vainly : in killing Kings, in passing Reform Bills, in French Revolutions. Manchester Insurrections, is found no remedy. The foul elephantine leprosy, alleviated for an hour, reappears in new force and desperateness next hour.

For actually this is *not* the real fact of the world ; the world is not made so, but otherwise !—Truly, any Society setting out from this No-God hypothesis will arrive at a result or two. The Unveracities, escorted, each Unveracity of them by its corresponding Misery and Penalty : the Phantasms, and Fatuities, and ten-years Corn-Law Debatings, that shall walk the Earth at noon-day,—must needs be numerous ! The Universe *being* intrinsically a Perhaps, being too probably an 'infinite Humbug why should any minor Humbug astonish us ? It is all according to the order of Nature; and Phantasms riding with huge clatter along the streets, from end to end of our existence, astonish nobody. Enchanted St. Ives' Workhouses and Joe-Manton Aritocracies ; giant Working Mammonism near strangled in the partridge-nets of giant-looking Idle Dilettantism,—this, in all its branches, in its thousand thousand modes and figures, is a sight familiar to us.

The Popish Religion, we are told, flourishes extremely in these years ; and is the most vivacious looking religion to be met with at present '*Elle a trois cents ans dans le ventre*' counts M. Juffroy ; '*c' est pourquoi je la respecte* !'—The old Pope of Rome, finding it laborious

to kneel so long while they cart him through the streets to bless the people on *Corpus-Christi* Day, complains of rheumatism ; whereupon his Cardinals consult ;—construct him, after some study, a stuffed cloaked figure, of iron and wool, with wool or baked hair ; and place it in a kneeling posture. Stuffed figure, or rump of a figure ; to this stuffed rump he, sitting at his ease on a lower level, joins, by the aid of cloaks and drapery, his living head and outspread hands : the rump with its cloaks kneels, the Pope looks, and holds his hands spread ; and so the two in concert bless the Roman population on *Corpus-Christi* Day, as well as they can.

I have considered this amphibious Pope, with the wool-and iron back, with the flesh head and hands ; and endeavoured to calculate his horoscope. I reckon him the remarkablest Pontiff that has darkened God's daylight, or painted himself in the human retina, for these several thousand years. Nay, since Chaos first shivered, and 'sneezed,' as the Arabs say, with the first shaft of sunlight shot through it, what stranger product was there of Nature and Art working together ? Here is a Supreme Priest who believes God to be—What, in the name of God, *does* he believe God to be ?—and discerns that all worship of God is a scenic phantasmagory of wax-candles, organ-blasts, Gregorian Chants, mass-brayings, purple monsignori, Wool-and-iron rumps, artistically spread out,—to save the ignorant from worse.

O reader, I say not who are Belial's elect. This poor amphibious Pope, too, gives leaves to the Poor ; has in him more good latent than he is himself aware of. His poor Jesuits, in the late Italian Cholera, were, with a few German Doctors, the only creatures whom dastard terror had not driven mad : they descended fearless into all gulfs and bedlams ; watched over the pillow of the dying, with help, with counsel and hope ; shone as luminous fixed stars, when all else had gone out in chaotic night : honour to them ! This poor Pope,—who knows what good is in him ? In a time otherwise too prone to forget, he keeps up the mournfulest ghastly memorial of

the Highest, Blessedest, which once was; which in new fit forms, will again partly have to be. Is he not as a perpetual death's-head and cross-bones, with their *Resurgam*, on the grave of a Universal Heroism,—grave of a Christianity? Such Noblenesses, purchased by the world's best heart's-blood, must not be lost; we cannot afford to lose them, in what confusions sover. To all of us the day will come, to a few of us it has already come when no mortal, with his heart yearning for a 'Divine Humility' or other 'Highest form of Valour,' will need to look for it in death's heads, but will see it round him in here and there a beautiful living head.

Besides there in this poor Pope, and his practice of the Scienic Theory of Worship, a frankness which I rather honour. Not half and half, but with undivided heart does *he* set about worshipping by stage-machinery; as if there were now, and could again be, in Nature no other. He will ask you, what other? Under this my Gregorain Chant, and beautiful wax-light Phantasmagory, kindly hidden from you is an Abyss, of Black Doubt, Scepticism, nay Sansculottic Jacobinism; an Orcus that has no bottom. Think of that. 'Groby-Pool *is* thatched with pancakes,'—as Jeannie Deans's Innkeeper defined it to be! The Bottomless of Scepticism, Atheism, Jacobinism, behold, it is thatched over, hidden from your despair, by stage properties judiciously arranged. This stuffed rump of mine saves not me only from rheumatism, but you also from what other *isms*! In this your Life-pilgrimage Nowhither, a fine Squallacci marching music, and Gregorian Chant, accompanies you, and the hollow Night of Orcus well hid!

Yes truly, few men that worship by the rotatory Calabash of the Calmucks do it in half so great, frank or effectual a way. Drury-Lane, it is said, and that is saying much, might learn from him in the dressing of parts, in the arrangement of lights and shadows. He is the greatest Play-actor that at present draws salary in this world. Poor Pope; and I am told he is fast growing

bankrupt too ; and, will in a measureable term of years (a great way *within* the 'three hundred'), not have a penny to make his pot boil ! His old rheumatic back will then get to rest ; and himself and his stage-properties sleep well in Chaos for evermore.

Or, alas, why go to Rome for Phantasms walking the streets? Phantasms, ghosts, in this midnight hour, hold jublilee, and screech and jabber ; and the question rather were, What high Reality anywhere is yet awake ? Aristocracy has become Phantasm-Aristocracy, no longer able to *do* its work, not in the least conscious that it has any work longer to do. Unable, totally careless to *do* its work ; careful only to clamour for the *wages* of doing its work,—nay for higher, and *palpably* undue wages, and Corn-Laws and *increase* of rents, the old rate of wages not being adequate now ! In hydra-wrestle, giant '*Millocracy*' so-called, a real giant, though as yet a blind one and but half-awake, wrestles and wrings in choking night-mare, 'like to be strangled in the partridge-nets of Phantasm-Aristocracy,' as we said, which fancies itself still to be a giant. Wrestles, as under nightmare, till it do awaken ; and gasps and struggles thousandfold, we may say, in a truly painful manner, through all fibres of our English Existence, in these hours and years ! Is our poor English Existence wholly becoming a Night-mare ; full of mere Phantasm ?—

The Champion of England, cased in iron or tin, rides into Westminster Hall, 'being lifted into his saddle with little assistance,' and there asks, If in the four quarters of the world, under the cope of Heaven, is any man or demon that dare question the right of this King ? Under the cope of Heaven no man makes intelligible answer,—as several men ought already to have done. Does not this Champion too know the world : that it is a huge Imposture, and bottomless Inanity, thatched over with bright cloth and other ingenious tissues ? Him let us leave there, questioning all men and demons.

Him we have left to his destiny ; but whom else

have we found? From this the highest apex of things, downwards through all strata and breadths, how many fully awakened Realities have we fallen in with:—alas, on the contrary, what troops and populations of Phantasms, not God-Veracities but Devil-Falsities, down to the very lowest stratum,—which now, by such superincumbent weight of Unveracities, lies enchanted in St. Ives' Workhouses, broad enough, helpless enough! You will walk in no public thoroughfare or remotest by-way of English Existence but you will meet a man, an interest of men, that has given up hope in the Everlasting, True, and placed its hope in the Temporary, half or wholly False. The Honourable Member complains unmusically that there is 'devil's-dust' in Yorkshire cloth. Yorkshire cloth,—why, the very Paper I now write on is made, it seems, partly of plaster-lime well-smoothed, and obstructs my writing! You are luck if you can find now any good Paper,—any work really *done*; search where you will, from highest Phantasm apex to lowest Enchanted basis.

Consider, for example, that great Hat seven-feet high, which now perambulates London Streets; which my Friend Sauerteig regarded justly as one of our English notabilities; 'the topmost point as yet,' said he, 'would it were your culminating and returning point, to which English Puffery has been observed to reach!'—The Hatter in the Strand of London, instead of making better felt-hats than another, mounts a huge lath-and-plaster Hat, seven-feet high, upon wheels; sends a man to drive it through the streets; hoping to be saved *thereby*. He has not attempted to *make* better hats, as he was appointed by the Universe to do, and as with this ingenuity of his he could very probably have done; but his whole industry is turned to *persuade* us that he has made such! He too knows that the Quack has become God. Laugh not at him, O reader; or do not laugh only. He has ceased to be comic; he is fast becoming tragic. To me this all-deafening blast of Puffery, of poor Falsehood grown necessitous, of poor Heart-Atheism fallen now into Enchanted Workhouses, sounds too surely like a

Doom's-blast! I have to say to myself in old dialect: 'God's blessing is not written on all this: His curse is written on all this!' Unless perhaps the Universe *be* a chimera:—some old totally deranged eight day clock, dead as brass; when the Maker, if there ever was any Maker, has long ceased to meddle with?—To my Friend Sauerteig this poor seven-feet Hat-manufacturer, as the topstone of English-Puffery, was very notable.

Alas, that we natives note him little, that we view him as a thing of course, is the very burden of the misery. We take it for granted, the most rigorous of us, that all men who have made anything are expected and entitled to make the loudest possible proclamation of it, and call on a discerning public proclamation of it, and call on a discerning public to reward them for it. Every man his own trumpeter; that is, to a really alarming extent, the accepted rule. Make loudest possible proclamation of your Hat: true proclamation if that will do; if that will not do, then false proclamation,—to such, extent of falsity as will serve your purpose; as will not, seem too false to be credible!—I answer, once for all, that the fact is not so. Nature requires no man to make proclamation of his doings and hat-makings; Nature forbids all men to make such. There is not a man or hat-maker born into the world but feels, or has felt, that he is degrading himself if he speak of his excellences and prowesses, and supremacy in his craft his inmost heart says to him, Leave thy friends to speak of these; if possible, they enemies to speak of these; but at all events, thy friends!' He feeds that he is already a poor braggart; fast hastening to be a falsity and speaker of the Untruth.

Nature's laws, I must repeat, are eternal: her small still voice, speaking from the inmost heart of us, shall not, under terrible penalties, be disregarded. No one man can depart from the truth without damage to himself; no one million of men: no Twenty-seven Millions of men: Show me a Nation fallen everywhere into this course, so that each expects it, permits it to others and himself,

I will show you a Nation travelling with one assent on the broad way. The broad way, however many Banks of England, Cotton-Mills and Duke's Palaces it may have. Not at happy Elysian fields, and everlasting crowns of victory, earned by silent Valour, will this Nation arrive; but at precipices, devouring gulfs, if it pause not. Nature has appointed happy fields, victorious laurel-crowns; but only to the brave and true: *Un*nature, what we call Choas, holds nothing in it but vacuities, devouring gulfs. What are Twenty-seven Millions, and their unanimity? Believe them not: the Worlds and the Ages, God and Nature and All Men say otherwise.

'Rhetoric all this'? No, my brother, very singular to say, it is Fact all this. Cocker's Arithmetic is not truer. Forgotten in these days, it is old as the foundations of the Universe, and will endure till the Universe cease. It is forgotten now; and the first mention of it puckers thy sweet countenance into a sneer: but it will be brought to mind again,—unless indeed the Law of Gravitation chance to cease, and men find that they *can* walk on vacancy Unanimity of the Twenty-seven Millions will do nothing; walk not thou with them; fly from them as for they life. Twenty-seven Millions travelling on such courses, with gold jingling in every pocket, with vivats heaven-high are incessantly advancing, let me again remind thee, towards the *firmland's end*,—towards the end and extinction of what Faithfulness Veracity, real Worth, was in their way of life. Their noble ancestors have fashioned for them a life-road;—in how many thousand senses, this! There is not an old wise Proverb on the tongue, an honest Principle articulated in their hearts into utterance, a wise true method of doing and dispatching any work or commerce of men, but helps yet to carry them forward. Life is still possible to them, because all is not yet Puffery, Falsity, Mammon-worship and Un-nature; because somewhat is yet Faithfulness, Veracity and Valour. With a certain very considerable finite quantity of Unveracity and Phantasm, social life is still possible; not with and infinite quantity! Exceed your certain quantity, the seven-

feet Hat, and all things upwards to the very Champion cased in tin, begin to reel and flounder,—in Manchester Insurrections, Chartisms, Sliding-scales; the Law of Gravitation not forgetting to act. You advance incessantly towards the land's end; you are, literally enough, 'consuming the way.' Step after step, Twenty-seven Million unconscious man;—till you are *at* the land's end; till there is not Faithfulness enough among you any more: and the next step now is lifted *not* over land, but into air, over ocean-deeps and roaring abysses:—unless perhaps the Law of Gravitation have forgotten to act?

O, it is frightful when a whole Nation, as our Fathers used to say, has 'forgotten God'; has remembered only Mammon, and what Mammon leads to! When your self-trumpeting Hat-maker is the emblem of almost all makers, and workers, and men, that make anything,—from soul-overseerships, body-overseerships, epic poems, acts of parliament, to hats and shoe-blacking! Not one false man but does uncountable mischief: how much, in a generation or two, will Twenty-seven Millions, mostly false, manage to accumulate? The sum of it, visible in every street, market-place, senate-house, circulating-library, cathedral, cotton-mill, and union-workhouse, fills one *not* with a comic feeling!

CHAPTER II

GOSPEL OF MAMMONISM

READER, even Christian Reader as they title goes, hast thon any notion of Heaven and Hell? I rather apprehend, not. Often as the words are on our tongue, they have got a fabulous or semi-fabulous character for most of us, and pass on like a kind of transient similitude, like a sound signifying little.

Yet it is well worth while for us to know, once and always, that they are not a similitude. nor a fable nor semi-fable; that they are an everlasting highest fact!

'No Lake of Sicilian or other sulphur burns now anywhere in these ages,' sayest thou? Well, and if there did not! Believe that there does not; believe it if thou wit, nay hold by it as a real increase, a rise to higher stages, to wider horizons and empires. All this has vanished, or has not vanished; believe as thou wilt as to all this. But that an Infinite of Practical Importance, speaking with strict arithmetical exactness, an *Infinite*, has vanished or can vanish from the Life of any Man: this thou shalt not believe! O brother, the Infinite to Terror, of Hope, of Pity, did is not at any moment disclose itself to thee, indubitable, unnameable? Came it never, like the gleam of *preter*-natural Oceans, like the voice of old Etermities, far-sounding through thy heart of hearts? Never? Alas, it was not thy Liberalism then; it was thy Animalism! The Infinite is more sure than any other fact. But only men can discern it; mere building beavers, spinning arachnes, much more the predatory vulturous and vulpine species, do not discern it well!—

'The word Hell', says Sauerteig, 'is still frequently in use among the English People: but I could not without difficulty ascertain what they meant by it. Hell generally signifies the Infinite Terror, the thing a man *is* infinitely afraid of, and shudders and shrinks from, struggling with his whole soul to escape from it. There is a Hell therefore, if you will consider, which accompanies man, in all stages of his history, and religious or other development; but the Hells of men and Peoples differ notably. With Christians it is the infinite terror of being found guilty before the just Judge. With old Romans, I conjecture, it was the terror not of Pluto, for whom probably they cared little, but of doing unworthily, doing unvirtuously, which was their word for unmanfully. And now what is it, if you pierce through his Cants, his oft repeated Hearsays, what he calls his Worships and so forth,—what is it that the modern English soul does, in very truth, dread infinitely, and contemplate with entire despair? What is his Hell, after all

these reputable, oft-repeated Hearsays, what is it ? With hesitation, with astonishment, I pronounce it to be : The terror of "Not succeeding"; of not making money, fame, or some other figure in the world,—chiefly of not making money ! Is not that a somewhat singular Hell ?'

Yes, O Sauerteig, it is very singular. If we do not 'succeed', where is the use of us ? We had better never have been born. 'Tremble intensely,' as our friend the Emperor of China says : *there* is the black Bottomless of Terror ; what Sauerteig calls the 'Hell of the English !'—But indeed this Hell belongs naturally to the Cospel of Mammonism which also has its corresponding Heaven. For there *is* one Reality among so many Phantasms : about one thing we are entirely in earnest : The making of money. Working Mammonism does divide the world with idle game-preserving Dilettantism :—thank Heaven that there is even a Mammonism, anything we are in earnest about ! Idleness is worst. Idleness alone is without hope : work earnestly at anything, you will by degress learn to work at almost all things. There is endless hope in work, were it even work at making money.

True, it must be owned, we for the present, with our Mammon-Gospel, have come to strange conclusions. We call it a Society ; and go about professing openly the totallest separation, isolation. Our life is not a mutual helpfulness : but rather, cloaked under due laws-of-war, named 'fair competition' and so forth, it is a mutual hostility. We have profoundly forgotten everywhere that *Cash-payment* is not the sole relation of human being ; we think, nothing doubting that *it* absolves and liquidates all engagements of man. 'My starving workers? answers the rich Millowner : 'Did not I hire them fairly in the market ? Did I not pay them, to the last sixpence, the sum covenanted for ? What have I to do with them more ?'—Verily Mammon worship is a melancholy creed. When Cain, for his own behoof, had killed Abel, and was questioned, 'Where is thy brother ?' he too made answer,

'Am I my brother's keeper ?' Did I not pay my brother *his* wages, the thing he had merited from me ?

O sumptuous Merchant-Prince, illustrious gamepreserving Duke, is there no way of 'killing' thy brother but Cain's rude way ! 'A good man by the very look of him, by his very presence with us as a fellow wayfarer in this Life-pilgrimage, *promises* so much': woe to him if he forget' all such promises, if he never know that they are given ! To a deadened soul, seared with the brute Idolatry of Sense, to whom going to Hell is equivalent to not making money, all 'promises,' and moral duties, that cannot be pleaded for in Courts of Requests, address themselves in vain. Money he can be ordered to pay, but nothing more. I have not heard in all Past History, and expect not to hear in all Future History, of any society any where under God's Heaven supporting itself on such Philosophy. The Universe is not made so ; it is made otherwise than so. That man or nation of men that thinks it is made so, marches forward nothing doudting, step after step ; but marches—whither we know ! In these last two centuries, of Atheiststic Government (near two centuries now, since the blessed restoration of his Sacred Majesty, and Defender of the Faith, Charles Second), I reckon that we have pretty well exhausted what of 'firm earth' there was for us to march on ;—and are now, very ominously, shuddering, reeling, and let us hope trying to recoil, on the cliff's edge !—

For out of this that we call Atheism come so many other *isms* and falsities, each falsity with its misery at its heels ! A SOUL, is not like wind (*spiritus*, or breath) contained within a capsule ; the ALMIGHTY MAKER' is not like a clockmaker that once, in old immemorial ages, having *made* his Horologe, of a Universe, sits ever since and sees it go ! Not at all Hence comes Atheism ; come, as we sap, many other *isms* : and as the sum of all, comes Valetism, the *reverse* of Heroism ; sad root of all woes whatsoever. For indeed, as no man ever saw the above-said wind-element, enclosed within its capsule, and finds it at bottom

more deniable than conceivable ; so too he finds, in spite of Bridge-water Bequests, your Clockmaker Almighty an entirely questionable affair, a deniable affair;—and accordingly denies it, and along with it so much else. Alas one knows not what and how much else ! For the faith in an Invisible, Unnameable, Godlike, present everywhere in all that we see and work and suffer, is the essence of all faith whatsoever ; and that once denied, or still worse, asserted with lips only, and out of bound prayerbooks only, what other thing remains believable ? That Cant well ordered is marketable Cant ; that Heroism means gas-lighted Histrionism ; that seen with 'clear eyes' (as they call Valet-eyes), no man is a Hero, or ever was a Hero, but all men are Valets and Varlets. The accursed practical quintessence of all sorts of Unbelief ! For if there be now no Hero, and the Histrio himself begin to be seen into, what hope is there for the seed of Adam here below ? We are the doomed everlasting prey of the Quack ; who, now in this guise, now in that, is to filch us, to pluck and eat us, by such modes as are convenient for him. For the modes and guises I care little. The Quack once inevitable, let him come swiftly, let him pluck and eat me ; swiftly, that I may at least have done with him ; for in his Quack-world I can have no wish to linger. Though he slay me, yet will I *not* trust in him. Though he conquer nations, and have all the Flunkeys of the Universe shouting at his heels, yet will I know well that *he* is an Inanity ; that for him and his there is no continuance appointed, save only in Gehenna and the Pool. Alas, the Atheist world, from its utmost summits of Heaven and Westminster Hall, downwards through poor seven-feet Hats and 'Unveracities fallen hungry', down to the lowest cellars and neglected hunger-dens of it, is very wretched.

One of Dr. Alison's Scotch facts struck us much.[1] A poor Irish Widow, her husband having died on one of the Lanes of Edinburgh, went forth with her three children, bare of all resource, to solicit help from the Charitable

1. Observations on the Management of the Poor in Scotland : By William Pulteney Alison, M. D. (Edinburgh, 1840).

Establishments of that City. At this Charitable Establishment and then at that she was refused ; referred from one to the other, helped by none—till she had exhausted them all ; till her strength and heart failed her : she sank down in typhus-fever ; died, and infected her Lane with fever, so that 'seventeen other persons' died of fever there in consequence. The humane Physician asks thereupon, as with a heart too full for speaking, Would it not have been *economy* to help this poor Widow ? She took typhus-fever, and killed seventeen of you !—Very curious. The forlorn Irish Widow applies to her fellow-creatures, as if saying, 'Behold I am sinking, bare of help : ye must help me ! I am your sister, bone of your bone ; one God made us ; ye must help me !' They answer, 'No ; impossible ; thou art no sister of ours.' But she proves her sisterhood ; her typhus-fever kills *them* : they actually were her brothers, though denying it ! Had human creature ever to go lower for a proof ?

For, as indeed was very natural in such case, all government of the Poor by the Rich has long ago been given over to Supply-and-demand, Laissez-faire and such like, and universally declared to be 'impossible.' 'You are no sister of ours ; what shadow of proof is there ? Here are our parchments, our padlocks, proving indisputably our money-safes to be *ours*, any you to have no business with them. Depart ! It is impossible !'—Nay, what wouldst thou thyself have us do ? cry indignant readers. Nothing, my friends,—till you have got a soul for yourselves again. Till then all things are 'impossible'. Till then I cannot even bid you buy, as the old Spartans would have done, two-pence worth of powder and lead, and compendiously shoot to death this poor Irish Widow: even that is 'impossible' for you. Nothing is left but that she prove her sisterhood by dying, and infecting you with typhus. Seventeen of you lying dead will not deny such proof that she *was* flesh of your flesh ; and perhaps some of the living may lay it to heart.

'Impossible': of a certain two-legged animal with feathers it is said, if you draw a distinct chalk-circle

round him, he sits imprisoned, as if girt with the iron ring of Fate; and will die there, though within sight of victuals,—or sit in sick misery there, and be fatted to death. The name of this poor two-legged animal is—Goose; and they make of him, when well fattened, *Pate de foie gras*, much prized by some!

CHAPTER III

GOSPEL OF DILETTANTISM

BUT after all, the Gospel of Dilettantism, producing a Governing Class who do not govern, nor understand in the least that they are bound or expected to govern, is still mournfuller than that of Mammonism. Mammonism, as we said, at least works; this goes idle. Mammonism has seized some portion of the message of Nature to man; and seizing that, and following it, will seize and appropriate more and more of Nature's message: but Dilettantism has missed it wholly. 'Make money': that will mean withal. 'Do work in order to make money.' But, 'Go gracefully idle in Mayfair,' what does or can that mean? An idle, game-preserving and even corn-lawing Aristocracy, in such an England as ours: has the world, if we take thought of it, ever seen such a phenomenon till very lately? Can it long continue to see such?

Accordingly the impotent, insolent Donothingism in Practice, and Saynothingism in Speech, which we have to witness on that side of our affairs, is altogether amazing. A Corn-Law demonstrating itself openly, for ten years or or more, with 'arguments' to make the angels, and some other classes of creatures, weep! For men are not ashamed to rise in Parliament and elsewhere, and speak the things they do *not* think. 'Expediency', 'Necessities of Party,' &c.! It is not known that the Tongue of Man is a sacred organ; that Man himself is definable in Philosophy as an 'Incarnate *Word*'; the Word not there, you have no Man there either, but a Phantasm instead! In this way it is that Absurdities may live long enough,—still walking, and talking for themselves, years and decades after the

brains are quite out ! How are 'the knaves and destards' ever to be got 'arrested' at that rate ?—

'No man in this fashionable London of yours,' friend Sauerteig would say, 'speaks a plain world to me. Every man feels bound to be something more than plain ; to be pungent withal, witty, ornamental. His poor faction of sense has to be perked into some epigrammatic shape, that it may prick into me ;—perhaps (this is the commonest) to be topsy-turvied, left standing on its head, that I may remember it the better ! Such grinning inanity is very sad to the soul of man. Human faces should not grin on one like masks ; they should look on one like faces ! I love honest laughter, as I do sunlight ; but not dishonest : most kinds of dancing too ; but the St. Vitus kind not at all ! A fashionable wit, *ach Himmel*, if you ask, Which, he or a Death's-head, will be the cheerier company for me ? Pray send *not* him !'

Insincere Speech, truly, is the prime material of insincere Action. Action hangs, as it were, *dissolved* in Speech, in Thought whereof Speech is the shadow ; and precipitates itself therefrom. The kind of Speech in a man betokens the kind of Action you will get from him. Our Speech, in these modern days, has become amazing. Johnson complained, 'Nobody speaks in earnest, Sir ; there is no serious conversation.' To us all serious speech of men, as that of Seventeenth-Century Puritans, Twelfth-Century Catholics. German Poets of this Century, has become jargon, more or less insane. Cromwell was mad and a quack ; Anselm, Becket, Goeth, *ditto ditto*.

Perhaps few narratives in History or Mythology are more significant than that Moslom one, of Moslem and the Dwellers by the Dead Sea. A tribe of men dwelt on the shores of that same Asphaltic Lake : and having forgotten, as we are all too prone to do, the inner facts of Nature, and taken up with the falsities and outer semblances of it, were fallen into sad conditions,—verging indeed towards a certain far deeper Lake. Whereupon it pleased kind Heaven to send them the Prophet Moses,

with an instructive word of warning, out of which might have sprung 'remedial measures' not a few. But no: the men of the Dead Sea discoved, as the valet-species always does in heroes or prophets, no comeliness in Moses; listened with real tedium to Moses, with light grinning, or with splenetic siniffs and sneers, affecting even to yawn; and signifed, in short, that they found him a humbug, and even a bore. Such was the candid theory these men of the Asphalt Lake formed to themselves of Moses, That probably he was a humbug, that certainly he was a bore.

Moses withdrew; but Nature and her rigorous veracties did not withdraw. The men of the Dead Sea, when we next went to visit them, were all 'changed into Apes'[1]; sitting on the trees there, grinning now in the most *unaffected* manner; gibbering and chattering very genuine nonsense; finding the whole Universe now a most indisputable Humbug! The Universe has *become* a Humbug to these Apes who thought it one. There they sit and chatter, to this hour: only, I believe, every Sabbath there returns to them a bewildered half-consciousness, half reminiscence; and they sit, with their wizened smoke-dried visages, and such an air of supreme tragicality as Apes may; looking out through those blinking smoke-bleared eyes of theirs, into the wonderfullest universal smoky Twilight and undecipherable disordered Dusk of Things; wholly an Uncertainty, Unintelligibility, they and it; and for commentary thereon, here and there an unmusical chatter or mew:—truest, tragicallest Humbug conceivable by the mind of man or ape! They made no use of their souls; and so have lost them. Their worship on the Sabbath now is to roost there, with unmusical screeches, and half-remember that they had souls.

Didst thou never, O Traveller, fall in with parties of this tribe? Meseems they are grown somewhat numerous in our day.

1. Sale's Koran (*Introduction*).

CHAPTER IV

HAPPY

ALL work, even cotton-spinning, is noble ; work is alone noble : be that here said and asserted once more. And in like manner, too, all dignity is painful : a life of ease is not for any man, nor for any god. The life of all gods figures itself to us a Sublime Sadness,—earnestness of Infinite Battle against Infinite Labour. Our highest religion is named the 'Worship of Sorrow'. For the son of man there is no noble crown, well worn, or even ill worn, but is a crown of thorns !—These things, in spoken words, or still better, in felt instincts alive in every heart, were once well known.

Does not the whole wretchedness, the whole *Atheism* as I call it, of man's ways, in these generations, shadow itself for us in that unspeakable Life-philosophy of his : The pretension to be what he calls 'happy' ? Every pitifullest whipster that walks within a skin has his head filled with the notion that he is, shall be, or by all human and divine laws ought to be, 'happy.' His wishes, the pitifullest whipster's are to be fulfilled for him ; his days the pitifullest whipster's are to flow on in ever-gentle current of enjoyment, impossible even for the gods. The prophets preach to us, Thou shalt be happy ; thou shalt love pleasant things, and find them. The people clamour, Why have we not found pleasant things ?

We construct our theory of Human Duties, not on any Greatest-Nobleness Principle, never so mistaken ; no, but on a Greatest-Happiness Principle. 'The word *Soul* with us, as in some Slavonic dialects, seems to be synonymous with *Stomach.*' We plead and speak, in our Parliament and elsewhere, not as from the Soul, but from the Stomach ;—wherefore, indeed, our pleadings are so slow to profit. We plead not for God's Justice ; we are not ashamed to stand clamouring and pleading for our own interests', our own rents and trade-profits ; we say, They

are the 'interests' of so many ; there is such an intense desire in us for them ! We demand Free-Trade, with much just vociferation and benevolence, That the poorer classes, who are terribly ill-off at present, may have cheaper New —Orleans bacon. Men ask on Free-Trade platforms How can the indomitable spirit of Englishmen be kept up without plenty of bacon ? We shall become a ruined Nation ! —Surely, my friends, plenty of bacon is good and indispensable : but, I doubt, you will never get even bacon by aiming only at that, You are men, not animals of prey, well-used or ill-used ! Your Greatest-Happiness Principle seems to me fast becoming a rather unhappy ono.—What if we should cease babbling about 'happiness', and leave *it* resting on its own basis, as it used to do !

A gifted Byron rises in his wrath ; and feeling too surely that he for his part is not 'happy', declares the same in very violent language, as piece of news that may be interesting. It evidently has surprised him much. One dislikes to see a man and poet reduced to proclaim on the streets such tidings : but on the whole, as matters go, that is not the most dislikable. Byron speaks the *truth* in this matter. Byron's large audience indicates how true it is felt to be.

'Happy', my brother ? First of all, what difference is it whether thou art happy or not ? To-day becomes Yesterday so fast, all To-morrows become Yesterdays ; and then there is no question whatever of the 'happiness', but quite another question. Nay, thou hast such a sacred pity left at least for theyself, thy very pains, once gone over into Yesterday, become joys to thee. Besides, thou knowest not what heavenly blessedness and indispensable sanative virtue was in them ; thou shalt only know it after many days, when thou art wiser !—A benevolent old Surgeon sat once in our company, with a Patient fallen sick by gormandizing, whom he had just, too briefly in the Patients judgment, been examining. The foolish Patient still at intervals continued to break in on our discourse, which rather Promised to take a philosophic turn : 'But

I have lost my appetite,' said he, objurgatively, with a tone of irritated pathos ; 'I have no appetite ; I can't eat!' —'My dear follow,' answered the Doctor in mildest tone, 'it isn't of the slightest consequence' ;—and continued his philosophical discoursings with us !

Or does the reader not know the history of that Scottish iron Misanthrope ? The immates of some town-mansion, in those Northern parts, were thrown into the fearfullest alarm of indubitable symptoms of a ghost inhabiting the next house, or perhaps even the partition-wall ! Ever at a certain hour, with preternatural gnaring, growling and screeching, which attended as running bass, there began, in a horrid, semi-articulate, unearthly voice, this song : 'Once I was hap-hap-happy, but now I'm *mess*-erable ! Clack-clack, clack, gnarr-r-r, whuz-z : Once I was hap-hap-happy but now I'm *mess*-erable !' Rest, rest ; perturbed spirit ;—or indeed, as the good old Doctor said : My dear fellow, it isn't of the slightest consequence ! But no ; the perturbed spirit could not rest ; and to the neighbours, fretted, affrighted, or at least insufferably bored by him, it *was* of such consequence that they had to go and examine in his haunted chamber. In his haunted chamber, they find that the perturbed spirit is an unfortunate—Imitator of Byron ? No, is an unfortunate rusty Meat-jack, gnarring and creaking with rust and work ; and this, on Scotland dialect, is *its* Byronian musical Life-philosophy sung according to ability !

Truly, I think the man who goes about pothering and uproaring for his 'happiness,'—pothering, and were it ballot-boxing, poem-making, or in what way soever fussing and exerting himself,—he is not the man that will help us to 'get our knaves and dastards arrested'! No ; he rather in on the way to increase the number,—by at least one unit and his tail ! Observe, too, that this is all a modern affair; belongs not to the old heroic times, but to these dastard new times. 'Happiness our being's end and aim,' all that very paltry speculation, is at

bottom, if we will count well, not yet two centuries old in the world.

The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about was, happiness to get his work done. Not 'I can't eat !' but 'I can't work !' that was the burden of all wise complaining among men. It is, after all, the one unhappiness of a man. That he cannot work ; that he cannot get his destiny as a man fulfilled. Behold, the day is passing swiftly over ; our life is passing swiftly over ; and the night cometh, wherein no man can work. The night once come, our happiness, our unhappiness,—it is all abolished ; vanished, clean gone ; a thing that has been : 'not of the slightest consequence' whether we were happy as eupeptic Curtis, as the fattest pig of Epicurus, or unhappy as Job with potsherds, as musical Byron with Giaours and sensibilities of the heart ; as the unmusical Meat-jack with hard labour and rust ! But our work,—behold that is not abolished, that has not vanished : our work, behold, it remains, or the want of it remains ; for endless Times and Eternities, remains ; and that is now the sole question with us for evermore ! Brief brawling Day, with its noisy phantoms, its poor paper-crowns tinsel-gilt, is gone ; and divine everlasting Night, with her star-diadems, with her silences and her veracities, is come! What hast thou done, and how ? Happiness, unhappiness : all that was but the *wages* thou hadst ; thou has spent all that, in sustaining thyself hither-ward ; not a coin of it remains with thee, it is all spent, eaten : and now thy work, where is thy work ? Swift, out with it let us see thy work !

Of a truth, if man were not a poor hungry dastard, and even much of a blockhead withal, he would cease criticizing his victuals to such extent ; and criticize himself rather, what he does with his victuals !

CHAPTER V

THE ENGLISH

And yet, with all thy theoretic platitudes, what a

depth of practical sense in thee, great England! A depth of sense, of justice, and courage; in which, under all emergencies and world-bewilderments, and under this most complex of emergencies we now live in, there is still hope, there is still assurance!

The English are a dumb people. They can do great acts, but not describe them. Like the old Romans, and some few others, *their* Epic Poem is written on the Earth's surface: England her Mark! It is complained that they have no artists: one Shakespeare indeed; but for Raphael only a Reynolds; for Mozart nothing but a Mr. Bishon: not a picture, not a song And yet they did produce one Shakespeare: consider how the element of Shakespearean melody does lie imprisoned in their nature; reduced to unfold itself in mere Cotton-mills, Constitutional Governments, and such like;—all the more interesting when it does become visible, as even in such unexpected shapes it succeeds in doing! Goethe spoke of the Horse, how impressive, almost affecting it was that an animal of such qualities should stand obstructed so; its speech nothing but an inarticulate neighing, its handiness mere *hoofiness*, the finers all constricted, tied together, the finger-nails coagulated into a mere hoof, shod with iron. The more significant, thinks he, are those eye-flashings of the generous noble quadruped; those prancings, curvings of the neck clothed with thunder.

A Dog of Knowledge has free utterance; but the Warhorse is almost mute, very far from free! It is even so. Truly, your freest utterances are not by any means always the best: they are the worst rather; the feeblest, trivialest; their meaning prompt, but small, ephemeral. Commend me to the silent English, to the silent Romans. Nay, the silent Russians too I believe to be worth something: are they not even now drilling, under much obloquy, an immense semi-barbarous half-world from Finland to Kamtschatka, into rule, subordination, civilization,—really in an old Roman fashion; speaking no

word about it ; quietly hearing all manner of vituperative Able Editors speak ! While your ever-talking, ever-gesticulating French, for example, what are they at this moment drilling ?—Nay, of all animals, the freest of utterance, I should judge, is the genus *Simia* : go into the Indian woods, say all Travellers, and look what a brisk, adroit, unresting Ape-population it is !

The spoken Word, the written Poem, is said to be an epitome of the man ; how much more the done Work. Whatsoever of morality and of intelligence ; what of patience, perseverance, faithfulness, or method, insight, ingenuity, energy : in a word, whatsoever of Strength the man had in him will lie written in the Work he does. To work : why, it is to try himself againt Nature, and her everlastling unerring Laws ; these will tell a verdict as to the man. So much of virtue and of faculty did *we* find in him ; so much and no more ! He had such capacity of harmonizing himself with *me* and my unalterable ever-veracious Laws ; of co-operating and working as *I* bade him ;—and has prospered, and has not prospered, as you see !—Working as great Nature bade him : does not that mean virtue of a kind ; nay, all of kinds ? Cotton can be spun and sold, Lancashire operatives can be got to spin it, and at length one has the woven ewbs and sells them, by following Nature's regulations in you have them not. You have them not ;—there is no Cotton-web to sell : Nature finds a bill against you ; your 'Strength' is not Strength, but Futility ! Let faculty be honoured, so far as it is faculty. A man that can succeed in working is to me always a man.

How one loves to see the burly figure of him, this thick-skinned, seemingly opaque, perhaps sulky, almost stupid Man of Practice, pitted against some light adroit Man of Theory, all equipped with clear logic, and able anywhere to give you Why for Wherefore ! The adroit Man of Theory, so light of movement, clear of utterance, with his bow full-bent and quiver full of arrow-arguments, —surely he will strike down the game, transfix everywhere

the heart of the matter ; triumph everywhere, as he proves that he shall and must do ? To your astonishment, it turns out oftenest No. The cloudy browed, thick soled, opaque Practicality, with no logic utterance, in silence mainly, with here and there a low grunt or growl, has in him what transcends all logic-utterance : a Congruity with the Unuttered. The Speakable, which lies atop, as a superficial film, or outer skin, is his or is not his ; but the Doable, which reaches down to the World's centre, you find him there !

The rugged Brindley has little to say for himself ; the rugged Brindley, when difficulties accumulate on him, retires silent, 'generally to his bed' ; retires 'sometimes for three days together to his bed, that he may be in perfect privacy there', and ascertain in his rough head how the difficulties can be overcome. The ineloquent Brindley, behold he *has* chained seas together ; his ships do visibly float over valleys, invisibly through the hearts of mountains ; the Mersey and the Thames, the Humber and the Severn have shaken hands : Nature most audibly answers. Yea ! The man of Theory twangs his full-bent bow : Nature's Fact ought to fall stricken, but does not : his logic-arrow glances it as from a scaly dragon, and the obstinate Fact keeps walking its way. How singular ! At bottom, you will have to grapple closer with the dragon ; take it home to you, by real faculty, not by seeming faculty ; try whether you are stronger or it is stronger. Close with it, wrestle it : sheer obstinate toughness of muscle ; but much more, what we call toughness of heart, which will mean persistence hopeful and even desperate unsubduable patience, composed candid openness, clearness of mind : all this shall be 'strength' in wrestling your dragon ; the whole man's real strength is in this work, we shall get the measure of him here.

Of all the Nations in the world at present the English are the stupidest in speech, the wisest in action. As good as a 'dumb' Nation, I say, who cannot speak,

and have never yet spoken,—spite of the Shakespeares and Miltons who show us what possibilities there are!—Of Mr. Bull, I look in that surly face of thine with a mixture of pity and laughter, yet also with wonder and veneration. Thou complainest not, my illustrious friend; and yet I believe the heart of thee is full of sorrow, of unspoken sadness, seriousness,—profound melancholy (as some have said) the basis of thy being. Unconsciously, for thou speakest of nothing, this great Universe is great to thee. Not by levity of floating, but by stubborn force of swimming, shalt thou make thy way. The Fates sing of thee that thou shalt many times be thought an ass and a dull ox, and shalt with a godlike indifference believe it. My friend,—and it is all untrue, nothing ever falser in point of fact! Thou art of those great ones whose greatness the small passer-by does not discern. Thy very stupidity is wiser than their wisdom. A grand *vis inertiae* is in thee; how many grand qualities unknown to small men! Nature alone knows thee, acknowledges the bulk and strength of thee: thy Epic, unsung in words, is written in huge characters on the face of this Planet,—sea-moles, cotton-trades, railways, fleets and cities. Indian Empire, Americas, New-Hollands; legible throughout the Solar System!

But the dumb Russians too, as I said, they, drilling all wild Asia and wild-Europe into military rank and file, a terrible yet hitherto a prospering enterprise, are still dumber. The old Romans also could not *speak*, for many centuries:—not till the world was theirs; and so many speaking Greekdoms, their logic-arrows all spent, had been absorbed and abolished. The logic-arrows, how they glanced futile from obdurate thick-skinned Facts; Facts to be wrestled down only by the real vigour of Roman thews!—As for me, I honour, in these loud-babbling days, all the Silent rather. A grand Silence that of Romans;—nay the grandest of all, is it not that of the gods! Even Triviality. Imbecility, that can sit silent, how respectable is it in comparison! The 'talent of silence' is our fundamental one. Great honour to

him whose Epic is a melodious hexameters Iliad ; not a jingling Sham-Iliad, nothing true in it but the hexameters and forms merely. But still greater honour, if his Epic be a mighty Empire slowly built together, a mighty Series of Heroic Deeds,—a mighty Conquest over Choas ; *which* Epic the 'Eternal Melodies' have and must have, informed and dwelt in, as *it* sung itself ! There is no mistaking that latter Epic. Deeds are greater than Words. Deeds have such a life, mute but undeniable, and grow as living trees and fruit-trees do ; they people the vacuity of Time, and make it green and worthy. Why should the oak prove logically that it ought to grow, and will grow ? Plant it, try it ; what gifts of diligent judicious assimilation and secretion it has, of progress and resistance, of *force* to grow, will then declare themselves. My much-honoured, illustrious, extremely inarticulate Mr. Bull !—

Ask Bull his spoken opinion of any matter,—oftentimes the force of dullness can no farther go. You stand silent, incredulous, as over a platitude that borders on the Infinite. The man's Churchisms, Dissenterism, Puseyism. Benthamisms, College Philosophies, Fashionable Literatures, are unexampled in this world. Fate's prophecy is fulfilled ; you call the man an ox and an ass. But set him once to work,—respectable man ! His spoken sense is next to nothing, nine-tenths of it palpable nonsense : but his unspoken sense, his inner silent feeling of what is true, what does agree with fact, what is doable and what is not doable,—this seeks its fellow in the world. A terrible worker ; irresistible against marshes, mountains, impediments, disorder, incivilization ; everywhere vanquishing disorder, leaving it behind him as method and order. He 'retires to his bed three days', and considers !

Nay withal, stupid as he is, our dear John,—ever, after infinite tumblings, and spoken platitudes innumerable from barrel-heads and parliament-benches, he does settle down somewhere about the just conclusion ; you are certain that his jumblings and tumblings will end, after years or centuries, in the stable equilibrium. Stable equi-

librium, I say; centre-of-gravity lowest;—not the unstable, with centre-of-gravity highest, as I have known it done by quicker people! For indeed, do but jumble and tumble sufficiently, you avoid that worse fault of settling with your centre-of-gravity highest; your centre-of-gravity is certain to come lowest, and to stay there. If slowness, what we in our impatience call 'stupidity', be the price of stable equilibrium over unstable, shall we grudge a little slowness? Not the least admirable quality of Bull is, after all, that of remaining insensible to logic; holding out for considerable periods, ten years or more, as in this of the Corn-Laws, after all arguments and shadow of arguments have faded away from him, till the very urchins on the street titter at the arguments he brings. Logic,—*Voyikn*, the 'Art of Speech'—does indeed speak so and so; clear enough: nevertheless Bull still shakes his head; will see whether nothing else *illogical*, not yet 'spoken', not yet able to be 'spoken' do not lie in the business, as there so often does!—My firm belief is, that, finding himself now enchanted, hand-shackled, foot-shackled, in Poor-Law Bastilles and elsewhere, he will retire three days to his bed, and *arrive* at a conclusion or two! His three-years 'total stagnation of trade,' alas, is not that a painful enough 'lying in bed to consider himself? Poor Bull!

Bull is a born Conservative; for this too I inexpressibly honour him. All great Peoples are conservative; slow to believe in novelties; patient of much error in actualities; deeply and for ever certain of the greatness that is in LAW, in Custom once solemnly established, and now long recognized as just and final.—True, O Radical Reformer, there is no Custom that can, properly speaking, be final; none. And yet thou seest *Customs* which, in all civilized countries, are accounted final; nay, under the Old-Roman name of *Mores*, are accounted *Morality*. Virtue, Laws of God Himself. Such, I assure thee, not a few of them are; such almost all of them once were. And greatly do I respect the solid character,—a blockhead, thou wilt say; yes, but a well-conditioned blockead,

and the best conditioned—who esteems all 'Customs once solemnly acknowledged' to be ultimate, divine, and the rule of a man to walk by, nothing doubting, not inquiring farther. What a time of it had we, were all men's life and trade still, in all parts of it, a problem, a hypothetic seeking, to be settled by painful Logics and Baconian Inductions ! The Clerk in Eastcheap cannot spend the day in verifying his Ready-Reckoner; he must take it as verified, true and indisputable; or his Book-keeping by Double Entry will stand still. 'Where is your Posted Ledger?' asks the Master at night.—'Sir,' answers the other, 'I was verifying my Ready-Reckoner, and find some errors. The Ledger is—!'—Fancy such a thing !

True, all turns on your Ready-Reckoner being moderately correct,—being *not* insupportably incorrect ! A Ready-Reckoner which has led to distinct entries in your Ledger such as these: '*Creditor* an English People by fifteen hundred years of good Labour; and *Debtor* to lodging in enchanted Poor-Law Bastilles. *Creditor* by conquering the largest Empire the Sun ever saw; and *Debtor* to Donothingism and "Impossible" written on all departments of the government thereof: *Creditor* by mountains of gold ingots earned; and *Debtor* to No Bread purchasable by them':—*such* Ready-Reckoner, methinks, is beginning to be suspect; nay is ceasing, and has ceased, to be suspect ! Such Ready-Reckoner is a Solecism in Eastcheap; and must, whatever be the press of business, and will and shall be rectified a little. Business can go on no longer with *it*. The most Conservative English People, thickest-skinned, most patient of Peoples, is driven alike by its Logic and its Unlogic, by things 'spoken', and by things not yet spoken or very speakable, but only felt and very unendurable, to be wholly a Reforming People. This Life as it is has ceased to be longer possible for them.

Urge not this noble silent People: rouse not the Berserkir-rage that lies in them ! Do you know their Cromwells, Hampdens, their Pyms and Bradshaws ? Men very peaceable but men that can be made very terrible !

Men who, like their old Teutsch Fathers in Agrippa's days, 'have a soul that despises death'; to whom 'death', compared with falsehoods and injustices, is light:—'in whom there is a rage unconquerable by the immortal gods!' Before this, the English People have taken very preternatural-looking Spectres by the beard; saying virtually: 'And if thou *wert* "preternatural"? Thou with thy "divine-rights" grown diabolic wrongs?' Thou,—not even "natural"; decapitable; totally extinguishable!'——Yes, just so godlike as this People's patience was, even so godlike will and must its impatience be. Away, ye scandalous Practical Solecisms, children actually of the Prince of Darkness; ye have near broken our hearts; we can and will endure you no longer. Begone, we say; depart, while the play is good! Ay the Most High God, whose sons and born missionaries true men are, ye shall not continue here! You and we have become incompatible; can inhabit one house no longer. Either you must go, or we. Are ye ambitious to try *which* it shall be?

O my Conservative friends, who still specially name and struggle to approve yourselves 'Conservative', would to Heaven I could persuade you of this world-old fact, than which Fate is not surer, That Truth and Justice alone are *capable* of being 'conserved' and preserved! The thing which is unjust, which is *not* according to God's Law, will you, in a God's Universe, try to conserve that? It is so old, say you? Yes, and the hotter haste ought *you*, of all others, to be in to let it grow no older! If but the faintest whisper in your hearts intimate to you that it is not fair, —hasten, for the sake of Conservatism itself, to probe it rigorously, to cast it forth at once and for ever if guilty. How will or can you preserve *it*, the thing that is not fair? 'Impossibility' a thousandfold is marked on that. And ye call yourselves Conservatives, Aristocracies:—ought not honour and nobleness of mind, if they had departed from all the Earth else where, to find their last refuge with you? Ye unfortunate!

The bough that is dead shall be cut away, for the sake of the tree itself. Old? Yes, it is too old. Many

a weary winter has it swung and creaked there, and gnawed and fretted, with its dead wood, the organic substance and still living fibre of this good tree; many a long summer has its ugly naked brown defaced the fair green umbrage; very day it has done mischief, and that only; off with it, for the tree's sake, if for nothing more; let the Conservatism that would preserve cut *it* away. Did no wood-forester apprise you that a dead bough with its dead root left sticking there is extraneous; poisonous is as a dead iron spike, some horrid rusty ploughshare driven into the living substance;—nay is far worse; for in every wind-storm ('commercial crisis' or the like), it frets and creaks, jolts itself to and fro, and cannot lie quiet as your dead iron spike would.

If I were the Conservative Party of England (which is another bold figure of speech), I would not for a hundred thousand pounds an hour allow those Corn-Laws to continue! Potosi and Golconda put together would not purchase my assent to them. Do you count what treasuries of bitter indignation they are laying up for you in every just English heart? Do you know what questions, not as to Corn-prices and Sliding-scales alone, they are *forcing* every reflective Englishman to ask himself? Questions insoluble, or hitherto unsolved: deeper than any of our Logic-plummets hitherto will sound: questions deep enough—which, it were better that we did not name even in thought! You are forcing us to think of them, to begin uttering them. The utterance of them is begun: and where will it be ended, think you? When two millions of one's brother-men sit in Workhouses, and five millions, as is insolently said, 'rejoice in potatoes,' there are various things that must be begun, let them end where they can.

CHAPTER VI

TWO CENTURIES

THE Settlement effected by our 'Healing Parliament' in the year of Grace 1660, though accomplished under universal acclamations from the four corners of the British

Dominions, turns out to have been one of the mournfullest that ever took place in this land of ours. It called and thought itself a Settlement of brightest hope and fulfilment, bright as the blaze of universal tar-barrels and bonfires could make it : and we find it now, on looking back on it with the insight which trial has yielded, a Settlement as of despair. Considered well, it was a settlement to govern hence-forth without God, with only some decent Pretence of God.

Governing by the Christian Law of God has been found a thing of battle, convulsion, confusion, an infinitely dfficult thing : wherefore let us now abandon it, and govern only by so much of God's Christian Law as—as may prove quiet and convenient for us. What is the end of Government ? To guide men in the way wherein they should go ; towards their true good in this life, the portal of infinite good in a life to come ? To guide men in such way and ourselves in such way, as the Maker of men, whose eye is upon us, will sanction at the Great Day ?—Or alas, perhaps at bottom *is* there no Great Day, no sure outlook of any life to come ; but only this poor life, and what of taxes, felicities, Nell-Gwyns and entertainments we can manage to muster here ? In that case, the end of Government will be, To suppress all noise and disturbance, whether of Puritan preaching, Cameronian psalm-singing, thieves'-riot, murder, arson, or what noise soever, and—be careful that supplies do not fail ! A very notable conclusion, if we will think of it, and not without an abundance of fruits for us. Oliver Cromwell's body hung on the Tybu'n-gallows, as the type of Puritanism found futile, inexecutable execerable,—yes, that gallows-tree has been a finger-post into very strange country indeed. Let earnest Puritanism die ; let decent Formalism, whatsoever can't it be or 'grow' to, live ! We have had a pleasant journey in that direction ; and are—arriving at our inn ?

To support the Four Pleas of the Crown, and keep Taxes coming in : in very sad seriousness, has not this been, ever since, even in the best times, almost the one

admitted end and aim of Government? Religion, Christian Church, Moral Duty; the fact that man had a soul at all; that in man's life there was any eternal truth or justice at all,—has been as good as left quietly out of sight. Church indeed,—alas, the endless talk and struggle we have had of High-Church, Low-Church, Church-Extension, Church-in-Danger: we invite the Christian reader to think whether it has not been a too miserable screech-owl phantasm of talk and struggle, as for a 'Church',—which one had rather not define at present!

But now in these godless two centuries, looking at England and her efforts and doings, if we ask. What of England's doings the Law of Nature had accepted, Nature's King had actually furthered and pronounced to have truth in them,—where is our answer? Neither the 'Church' of Hurd and Warburton, nor the Antichurch of Hume and Paine; nor in any shape the Spiritualism of England; all this is already seen, or beginnning to be seen, for what it is; a thing that Nature does *not* own. On the one side is dreary Cant, with a *reminiscence* of things noble and divine; on the other is but aerid Candour, with a *prophecy* of things brutal, infernal. Hurd and Warburton are sunk into the sere and yellow leaf; no considerable body of true-seeing men looks whitherward for healing: the Paine-end-Hume Atheistic theory, of 'things well let alone,' with Liberty, Equality and the like, is also in these days declaring itself naught, unable to keep the world from taking fire.

The theories and speculations of both these parties, and, we may say, of all intermediate parties and persons, prove to be things which the Eternal Veracity did not accept; things superficial, ephemeral, which already a near Posterity, finding them already dead and brown-leafed, is about to suppress and forget. The Spiritualism of England, for those godless years, is, as it were, all forgettable. Much has been written: but the perennial Scriptures of Mankind have had small accession: from all English Books, in rhyme or prose, in leather binding or in paper wrappage, how many verses have been added to these? Our

most melodious Singers have sung as from the throat outwards: from the inner Heart of man, from the great Heart of Nature, through no hope or Philips, has there come any tone. The Oracles have been dumb. In brief, the Spoken Word of England has not been true. The Spoken Word of England turns out to have been trivial; of short endurance; not valuable, not available as a Word, except for the passing day. It has been accordant with transitory Semblance; discordant with eternal Fact. It has been unfortunately not a Word, but a Cant; a helpless involuntary Cant, nay too often a cunning voluntary one: either way, a very mournful Cant; the Voice not of Nature and Fact, but of something other than these.

With all its miserable shortcomings, with its wars, controversies, with its trades-unions, famine-insurrections, —it is her Practical Material Work alone that England has to show for herself! This, and hither to almost nothing more; yet actually this. The grim inarticulate veracity of the English People. unable to speak its meaning in words, has turned itself silently on things: and the dark powers of Material Nature have answered, 'Yes, this at least is true, this is not false!' So answers Nature. 'Waste desert-shrubs of the Torpical swamps have become Cotton-trees; and here, under my futherance, are verily woven shirts,—hanging unsold, undistributed, but capable to be distributed, capable to cover the bare backs of my children of men. Mountains, old as the Creation. I have permitted to be bored through; bituminous fuelstores, the wreck of forests that were green a million years ago,—I have opened them from my secret rock-chambers, and they are yours, ye English. Your huge fleets steamships, do sail the sea: huge Indias do obey you; from huge *New* Englands and Antipodal Australias comes profit and traffic to this old England of mine!' So answers Nature. The Practical Labour of England is *not* a chimerical Triviality: it is a Fact, acknowledged by all the Worlds; which no man and no demon will contradict. It is, very audibly, though very

inarticulately as yet, the one God's Voice we have heard in these two atheistic centuries.

And now to observe with what bewildering obscurations and impediments all this as yet stands entangled, and is yet intelligible to no man! How, with our gross Atheism, we hear it not to be the Voice of God to us, but regard it merely as a Voice of earthly Profit and-Loss. And have a Hall in England,—the Hell of not making money. And coldly see the all-conquering valiant Sons of Toil sit enchanted, by the million, in their Poor-Law Bastille, as if this were Nature's Law;—mumbling to ourselves some vague janglement of Laissez-faire, Supply-and-demand. Cash-payment the one nexus of man to man: Free-trade, Competition, and Devil take the hindmost, our latest Gospel yet preached!

As if, in truth, there were no God of Labour; as if godlike Labour and brutal Mammonism were convertible terms. A serious, most earnest Mammonism grown Midas-eard; an unserious Dilettantism, earnest about nothing, grinning with inarticulate incredulous incredible jargon about all things, as the *enchanted* Dilettanti do by the Dead Sea! It is mournful enough, for the present hour; were there not an endless hope in it withal. Giant LABOUR, truest emblem there is of God the World-Worker, Demiurgus, and Eternal Maker; noble LABOUR, which is yet to be the King of this Earth, and sit on the highest throne,—staggering hitherto like a blind irrational giant, hardly allowed to have his common place on the street-pavements; idle Dilettantism, Dead-Sea Apism crying out, 'Down with him, he is dangerous!'

Labour must become a seeing rational giant, with a *soul* in the body of him, and take his place on the throne of things,—leaving his Mammonism, and several other adjuncts, on the lower steps of said throne.

CHAPTER VII

OVER PRODUCTION

BUT what will reflective readers say of a Governing

Class, such as ours, addressing its Workers with an indictment of 'Over-production !' Over-production : runs it not so ? 'Ye miscellaneous, ignoble manufacturing individuals ye have produced too much ! We accuse you to making above two hundred thousand shirts for the bare backs of mankind. Your trousers too, which you have made, of fustian, of cassimere, of Scotch-plaid, of jane, nankeen and woollen broad-cloth, are they not manifold ? Of hats for the human head, of shoes for the human foot, of stools to sit on, spoons to eat with— Nay, what say we hats or shoes ? You produce gold-watches, jwelleries, silver-forks and epergnes, commodes, chiffoniers, stuffed sofas—Heavens, the Commercial Bazaar and multitudinous Howel-add-Jameses cannot contain you. You have produced, produced ;—he that seeks your indictment, let him look around. Millions of shirts, and empty pairs of breeches, hang there in judgement against you. We accuse you of over-producing : you are criminally guilty of producing shirts, breeches, hats, shoes and commodities, in a frightful over-abundance. And now there is a glut, and your operatives cannot be fed !'

Never surely, against an earnest Working Mammonism was there brought, by Game-preserving aristocratic Dilettantism, a stranger accusation, since this world began My lords and gentlemen,—why, it was *you* that were appointed, by the fact and by the theory of you position on the Earth, to 'make and administer Laws,'— t at is to say, in a world such as ours, to guard against 'gluts' ; against honest operatives, who had done their work, remaining unfed ! I say, *you* were appointed to Preside over the Distribution and Apportionment of the Wages of Work done ; and to see well that there went no labourer without his hire, were it of money-coins, were it of hemp gallows-ropes that function was yours, and from immemorial time has been ; yours and as yet no other's. These poor shirt-spinners have forgotten much, which by the virtual unwritten law of their position they should have remembered : but by any written recognized law of their position, what have they forgot-

ten? They were set to make shirts. The Community with all its voices commanded them, saying, 'Make shirts';—and there the shirts are! Too many shirts? Well, that is a novelty, in this intemperate Earth, with its nine-hundred millions of bare backs! But the Community commanded you, saying, 'See that the shirts are well apportioned, that our Human Laws be emblem of God's Laws';—and where is the apportionment? Two million shirtless or ill-shirted workers sit enchanted in Workhouse Bastilles, five million more (according to some) in Ugolino Hungers-cellars; and for remedy, you say,—what say you?—Raise *our* rents!' I have not in may time heard any ttranger speech, not even on the Shores of the Dead Sea. You continue addressing those poor shirt-spinners and over-producers, in really a *too* triumphant manner:

'Will you bandy-accusations, will you accuse *us* of over-production? We take the Heavens and the Earth to witness that we have produced nothing at all. Not from us proceeds this frightful overplus of shirts. In the wide domains of created Nature circulates no shirt or thing of our producing. Certain fox-brushes nailed upon our stable door, the fruit of fair audacity at Melton Mowbray; these we have produced, and they are openly nailed up there He that accuses us of producing let him show himself, let him name what and when. We are innocent of producing;—ye ungrateful, what mountains of things have we not, on the contrary, had to 'consume,' and make away with! Mountains of those your heaped manufactures, wheresoever edible or wearable, have they not disappeared before us, as if we had the talent of ostriches, or cormorants, and a kind of divine faculty to eat? Ye ungrateful!—and did you not grow under the shadow of our wings? Are not your filthy mills built on these fields of ours; on this soil of England, which belongs to—whom think you? And we shall not offer you our own wheat at the price that pleases us, but that partly pleases you? A precious notion! What would bebome of you, if we chose, at any time, to decide on growing no wheat more?

Yes, truly, *here* is the ultimate rock-basis of all Corn Laws; whereon, at the bottom of much arguing, they rest, as securely as they can : What would become of you, if we decided, some day, on growing no more wheat at all ? If we chose to grow only partridiges henceforth, and a modicum of wheat for our own uses ? Cannot we do what we like with our own ?—Yes, indeed ! For my share, if I could melt Gneiss Rock, and create Law of Gravitation; if I could stride out to the Doggerbank, some morning, and striking down my trident there into the mudwaves, say, 'Be land, be fields, meadows, mountains and fresh-rolling streams !' by Heaven. I should incline to have the letting of *that* land in perpetuity, and sell the wheat of it, or burn the wheat of it, according to my own good judgment ! My Corn-Lawing friends, you affright me.

To the 'Millo-cracy' so called, to the Working Aristocracy, steeped too deep in mere ignoble Mammonism, and as yet all unconscious of its noble destinies, as yet but an irrational or semi-rational giant, struggling to awake some soul in itself,—the world will have much to say, reproachfully, reprovingly, admonishingly. But to the Idle Aristocracy, what will the world have to say ? Things painful and not pleasant !

To the man who *works*, who attempts, in never so ungracious barbarous a way, to get forward with some work, you will hasten out with furtherances, with encouragements, corrections ; you will say to him : 'Welcome ; thou art ours ; our care shall be of thee.' To the Idler, again, never so gracefully going idle, coming forward with never so many parchments, you will not hasten out ; you will still, and be disinclined to rise. You will say to him : 'Not welcome, O complex Anomaly ; would thou hadst stayed out of doors : for who of mortals knows to do with thee ? Thy parchments : yes, they are old, of venerable yellowness ; and we too honour parchment, old-established settlements, and venerable use and wont. Old parchments in very truth:— yet on the whole, if thou wilt remark, they are young to

the Granite Rocks, to the Groundplan of God's Universe! We advise thee to put up thy parchments; to go home to thy place, and make no needless noise whatever. Our heart's wish is to save thee: yet there as thou art, hapless Anomaly, with nothing but thy yellow parchments, noisy futilities, and shotbelts and fox-brushes, who of gods or men can avert dark Fate? Be counselled, ascertain if no work exist for thee on God's Earth; if thou find no commanded-duty there but that of going gracefully idle? Ask, inquire earnestly, with a half-frantic earnestness; for the answer means Existence or Annihilation to thee. We apprise thee of the world-old fact, becoming sternly disclosed again in these days. That he who cannot work in this Universe cannot get existed in it: had he parchments to thatch the face of the world, these, combustible falible sheepskin, cannot avail him. Home, thou unfortunate; and let us have at least no noise from thee!

Suppose the unfortunate Idle Aristocracy, as the unfortunate Working one has done, were to 'retire three days to *its* bed,' and consider itself there, what o'clock it had become?

How, have we to regret not only that men have 'no religion,' but that they have next to no reflection; and go about with heads full of mere extraneous noises, with eyes wide-open but visionless,—for most part, in the somnambulist state!

CHAPTER VIII

UNWORKING ARISTOCRACY

It is well said, 'Land is the right basis of an Aristocracy'; whoever possesses the Land, he, more emphatically than any other, is the Governor. Viceking of the people on the Land. It is these days as it was in those of Henry Plantagenet and Abbot Samson; as it will in all days be. The land is *Mother* of us all; nourishes, shelters, gladdens, lovingly enriches us all; in how many

ways, from our first awakening to our last sleep on her blessed mother-bosom, does she, as with blessed mother-arms, enfold us all!

The Hill I first saw the Sun rise over, when the Sun and I and all things were yet in their auroral hour, who can divorce me from it? Mystic, deep as the World's centre, are the roots I was struck into my Native Soil; no *tree* that grows is rooted so. From noblest Patriotism to humblest industrial Mechanism; from highest dying for your country, to lowest quarrying and coal-boring for it, a Nation's Life depends upon its Land. Again and again we have to say, there can be no true Aristocracy but must possess the Land.

Men talk of 'selling' Land. Land, it is true, like Epic Poems and even higher things, in such a trading world, has to be presented in the market for what it will bring, and as we say be 'sold': but the notion of 'selling', for certain bits of metal, the *Iliad* of Homer, how much more the *Land* of the World-Creator, is a ridiculous impossibility! We buy what is saleable of it; nothing more was ever buyable. Who can, or could, sell it to us? Properly speaking, the Land belongs to these two: To the Almighty God; and to all His Children of Men that have ever worked well on it, or that shall ever work well on it. No generation of men can or could, with never such solemnity and effort, sell Land on any other principle: it is not the property of any generation, we say, but that of all the past generations that have worked on it, and of all the future ones that shall work on it.

Again, we hear it said, The soil of England, or of any country, is properly worth nothing, except 'the labour bestowed on it'. This, speaking even in the language of Eastcheap, is not correct. The rudest space of country equal in extent to England, could a whole English Nation, with all their habitudes, arrangements. skills, with whatsoever they do carry within the skins of them and cannot be stripped of, suddenly take wing and alight on it,—

would be worth a very considerable thing ! Swiftly, within year and day, this English Nation, with its multiplex talents of ploughing, spinning, hummering, mining, roadmaking and trafficking would bring a handsome value out of such a space of country. On the other hand, fancy what an English Nation, once 'on the wing', could have done with itself, had there been simply no soil, not even an inarable one, to alight on ? Vain all its talents for ploughing, hammering, and whatever else : there is no Eerth-room for this Nation with its talents : this Nation will have to *keep* hovering on the wing, dolefully shrieking to and fro ; and perish piecemeal ; burying itself, down to the last soul of it, in the waste unfirmamented seas. Ah yes, soil, with or without ploughing, is the gift of God. The soil of all countries belongs evermore, in a very considerable degree, to the Almighty Maker ! The last stroke of labour bestowed on it is not the making of its value, but only the increasing thereof.

It is very strange, the degree to which these truisms are forgotten in our days ; how, in the ever-whirling chaos of Formulas, we have quietly lost sight of Fact,— which it is to so perilous not to keep forever in sight. Fact, if we do not see it, will make us *feel* it by and by ! —From much loud controversy, and Corn-Law debating these rises. loud though inarticulate, once more in these years, this very question among others. Who made the land of England ? Who made it, this respectable English Land, wheat growing, metalliferous, carboniferous, which will let readily hand over head for seventy millions or upwards, as it here lies : who did make it ?—'We !' answer the much-*consuming* Aristocracy, 'We !' as they ride in, moist with the sweat of Melton Mowbray : 'It is we that made it ; or are the heirs, assigns and representatives of those who did !'—My brothers, You ? Everlasting honour to you, then ; and Corn-Laws as many as you will, till your own deep stomachs cry Enough, or some voice of Human pity for our famine bids you Hold ! Ye are as gods, that can create soil. Soil creating gods there is no withstanding. They have the might to sell wheat at

what price they list ; and the right, to all lengths, and famine-lengths,—if they be pitiless infernal gods ! Celetial gods, I think, would stop short of the famine-price ; but no infernal nor any kind of god can be bidden stop ! ——Infatuated mortals, into what questions are you driving every thinking man in England ?

I say, you did *not* make the Land of England ; and, by the possession of it, you *are* bound to furnish guidance and governance to England ! That is the law of your position on this God's-Earth ; an everlasting act of Heaven's Parliament, not repealable in St. Stepen's or elsewhere ! True Government and guidance ; not no-government and Laissez-faire ; how much less, *mis*-government and Corn-Law ! There is not an imprisoned Worker looking out from these Bastilles but appeals, very audibly in Heaven's High Courts, against you, and me, and every one who is not imprisoned, 'Why am I here ?' His appeal is audible in Heaven ; and will become audible enough on Earth too, if it remain unheeded here. His appeal is against you, foremost of all ; you stand in the front-rank of the accused ; you, by the very place you hold, have first of all to answer him and Heaven !

What looks maddest, miserablest in there mad and miserable Corn-Laws is independent altogether of their 'effect on wages', their effect on 'increase of trade,' or any other such effect : it is the continual maddening proof they protrude into the faces of all men, that our Governing Class, called by God and Nature and the inflexible law of Fact, either to do-something towards governing, or to die and be abolished,—have not yet learned even to sit still and do not mischief ! For no Anti-Corn-Law League yet ask more of them than this ;—Nature and Fact, very imperatively, asking so much more of them. Anti-Corn-Law League asks not, Do something ; but, Cease your destructive misdoing, Do ye nothing !

Nature's message will have itself obeyed : messages of mere Free—Trade, Anti-Corn-Law League and Laissez-

faire, will then need small obeying !—Ye fools, in name of Heaven, work, work, at the Ark of Deliverance for yourselves and us, while hours are still granted you ! No : instead of working at the Ark, they say, 'We cannot get our hands kept rightly warm' ; and *sit obstinately burning the planks*. No madder spectacle at present exhibits itself under this Sun.

The Working Aristocracy ; Mill-owners, Manufacturers, Commanders of Working Men : alas, against them also much shall be brought in accusation ; much,—and the freest Trade in Corn, total abolition of Tariffs, and uttermost 'Increase of Manufactures' and 'Prosperity of Commerce,' will permanently mend no jot of it. The Working Aristocracy must strike into a new path ; must understand that money alone is *not* the representative either of man's success in the world, or of man's duties to man : and reform their own selves from top to bottom, if they wish England reformed. England will not be habitable long, unreformed.

The WorkingAristocracy—Yes, but on the threshold of all this, it is again and again to be asked, What of the Idle Aristocracy ? Again and again. What shall we say of the Idle Aristocracy, the Owners of the Soil of England; whose recognized function is that of handsomely consuming the rents of England, shooting the patridges of England, and as an agreeable amusement (if the purchase-money and other conveniences serve), dilettante-ing in Parliament and Quarter-Sessions for England ? We will say mournfully, in the presence of Heaven and Earth,—that we stand speechless, stupent, and know not what to say ! That a class of men entitled to live sumptuously on the marrow of the earth ; permitted simply, nay entreated, and as yet entreated in vain, to do nothing at all in return, was never heretofore seen on the face of this Planet. That such a class is transitory, exceptional, and, unless Nature's Law fall dead, cannot continue. That it has continued now a moderate while ; has, for the last fifty years, been rapidly attaining its state of perfection. That it will have to find its duties and do them ; or else that it

must and will cease to be seen on the face of this Planet, which is a Working one, not an Idle one.

Alas, alas, the Working Aristocracy, admonished by Trades-unions, Charist conflagrations, above all by their own shrewd sense kept in perpetual communion with the fact of things, will assuredly reform themselves, and a working world will still be possible :—but the fate of the Idle Aristocracy, as one reads its horoscope hitherto in Corn-Laws and such like, is an abyss that fills one with despair. Yes, my rosy fox-hunting brothers, a terrible *Hippocratic look* reveals itself (God knows, not to my joy) through those fresh buxom countenances of yours. Through your Corn-Law Majorities, Sliding-Scales, Protecting-Duties, Bribery-Elections, and triumphant Kentish-fire, a thinking eye discerns ghastly images of ruin, too ghastly for words; handwriting as of MENE, MENE. Men and brothers, on your Sliding-scale you seem sliding, and to have slid,—you little know whither ! Good God ! did not a French Donothing Aristocracy, hardly above half a century ago, declare in like manner, and in its feather-head believe in like manner, 'We cannot exist, and continue to dress and parade ourselves, on the just rent of the soil of France ; but we must have farther payment than rent of the soil, we must be exempted from taxes too,'—we must have a Corn-Law to extend our rent ? This was in 1789 : in four years more—Did you look into the Tanneries of Meudon, and the long naked making for themselves breeches of human skins ! May the merciful Heavens avert the omen : may we be wiser, that so we be less wretched.

A High Class without duties to do is like a tree planted on precipices ; from the roots of which all the earth has been crumbling. Nature owns no man who is not a Martyr withal. Is there a man who pretends to live luxuriously housed up ; screened from all work, from want, danger, hardship, the victory over which is what we name work ;—he himself to sit serene, amid down bolsters and appliances, and have all his work and battling done by other men ? And such man calls himself a *noble-*

man? His fathers worked for him, he says; or successfully gambled for him: here *he* sists; professes, not in sorrow but in pride, that he and his have done no work, time out of mind. It is the law of the land, and is thought to be the law of the Universe, that he, alone of recorded men, shall have no task laid on him, except that of eating his cooked victuals, and not flinging himself out of window. Once more I will say, there was no stranger spectacle ever shown under this Sun. A veritable fact in our England of the Nineteenth Century. His victuals he does eat: but as for keeping in the inside of the window,—have not his friends like me, enough to do? Truly, looking at his Corn-Laws, Game-Laws, Chandos-Clauses, Bribery-Elections and much else, you do shudder over the tumbling and plunging he makes held back by the lapels and coatskirts; only a thin fence of window-glass before him,—and in the street mere horrid iron spikes! My sick brother, as in hospital-malodies men do, thou dreamest of Paradises and Eldorados, which are far from thee. 'Cannot I do what I like with my own?' 'Gracious Heaven, my brother, this that thou seest with those sick eyes is no firm Eldorado, and Corn-Law Paradise of Donothings, but a dream of thy own fevered brain. It is a glass-window, I tell thee, so many stories from the street; where are iron spikes and the law of gravition!

What is the meaning of nobleness, if this be 'noble'? In a valiant suffering for others, not in a slothful making others suffer for us, did nobleness ever lie. The chief of men is he who stands in the van of men; fornting the peril which frightens, back all others; which, if it be not vanquished, will devour the others. Every noble crown is, and on Earth will for ever be, a crown of thorns. The Pagan Hercules, why was he accounted a hero? Because he had slain Nemean Lions, cleansed Augean Stables, undergone Twelves Labours only not too heavy for a god. In modern, as in ancient and all societies, the Aristocracy, they that assume the functions of an Aristocracy, doing them or not, have taken the post of honour, which is the post of difficulty, the post of danger,—of death, if the difficulty be not overcome, *Il faut payer de sa vie.* Why

was our life given us if not that we should manfully give it? Descend, O Donothing Pomp; quit the down-cushions; expose thyself to learn what wretches feel, and how to cure it! The Czar of Russia became a dusty toiling ship wright; worked with his axe in the Docks of Saardam: and his aim was small to thine. Descend thou: undertake this horrid 'living chaos of Ignorance and Hunger' weltering round thy feet; say, 'I will heal it, or behold I will die foremost in it.' Such is verily the law. Everywhere and every when a man has to '*pay* with his life'; to do his work, as a soldier does, at the expense of life. In no Piepowder earthly Court can you sue and Aristocracy to do its work, at this moment: but in the Higher Court, which even *it* calls 'Court of Honour', and which is the Court of Necessity withal, and the eternal Court of the Universe, in which all Fact comes to plead, and very Human Soul is an apparitor,—the Aristocracy is answerable, and even now answering *there*.

Parchments? Parchments are venerable: but they ought at all times to represent, as near as they by possibility can, the writing of the Adamant Tablets; otherwise they are not so venerable! Benedict the Jew in vain pleaded parchments; his usuries were too many. The King said, 'Go to, for all thy parchments, thou shalt pay just debt; down with thy dust, or observe this tooth-forceps!' Nature, a far juster Sovereign, has far terribler forceps. Aristocracies, actual and imaginary, reach a time when parchment pleading does not avail them. 'Go to, far all thy parchments, thou shalt pay due debt!' shouts the Universe to them, is an emphatic manner. They refuse to pay, confidently pleading parchment: their best grinder-tooth, with horrible agony, goes out of their jaw. Wilt thou pay now? A second grinder, again in horrible agony, goes: a second, and a third, and if need be, all the teeth and grinders, and the life itself with them;—and *then* there is free is free payment, and an anatomist-subject into the bargain!

Reform Bills, Corn-Law Abrogation Bills, and then Land-Tax Bill, Property-Tex Bill, and still dimmer list of

etceteras; grinder after grinder:—my lords and gentlemen, it were better for you to arise, and begin doing your work, than sit there and plead parchments!

We write no Chapter on the Corn-Laws, in this place; the Corn-Laws are too mad to have a Chapter. There is a certain immorality, when there is not a necessity, in speaking about things finished; in chopping into small pieces the already slashed and slain. When the brains are out, why does not a Solecism die? It is at its own peril if it refuse to die; it ought to make all conceivale haste to die, and get itself buried! The trade of Anti Corn-Law Lecturer in these days, still an indispensable, is a highly tragic one.

The Corn-Laws will go, and even soon go: would we were all as sure of the Millennium as they are of going! They go swiftly in these present months; with an increase of velocity, an ever-deepening, ever-widening sweep of momentum, truly notable. It is at the Aristocracy's own damage and peril, still more than at any other's whatsoever, that the Aristocracy maintains them;—at a damage, say only, as above computed, of a 'hundred thousand pounds an hour'! The Corn-Laws keep all the air hot: fostered by their fever-warmth, much that is evil, but much also, how much that is good and indispensable, is rapidly coming to life among us!

CHAPTER IX

WORKING ARISTOCRACY

A POOR Working Mammonism getting itself 'strangled in the partridge-nets of an Unworking Dilettanism', and bellowing dreadfully, and already black in the face, is surely a disastrous spectacle! But of a Midas-cared Mammonism, which indeed at bottom all pure Mammonisms are, what better can you expect? No better;—If not this, then something other equally disastrous, if not still more disastrous Mammonisms, grown asinine, have to become human again, and rational; they have, on the

whole, to cease to be Mammonisms, were it even on compulsion, and pressure of the hemp round their neck! My friends of the Working Aristocracy, there are now a great many things which you also, in your extreme need, will have to consider.

The Continental people, it would seem, are 'exporting our machinery, beginning to spin cotton and manufacture for themselves, to cut us out of this market and then out of that'! Sad news indeed; but irremediable;—by no means the saddest news. The saddest news is, that we should find our National Existence, as I sometimes hear it said, depend on selling manufactured cotton at a farthing an ell cheaper than any other People. A most narrow stand for a great Nation to base itself on! A stand which, with all the Corn-Law Abrogations conceivable. I do not think will be capable of enduring.

My friends, suppose we quitted that stand; suppose we came honestly down from it, and said: 'This is our minimum of cotton-prices. We care not, for the present, to make cotton any cheaper. Do you, if it seem so blessed to you, make cotton cheaper. Fill your lungs with cotton-fuz, your hearts with copperasfumes, with rage and mutiny; become ye the general gnomes of Europe, slaves of the lamp!'—I admire a Nation which fancies it will die if it do not undersell all other Nations, to the end of the world. Brothers, we will cease to *under*sell them; we will be content to *equal*-sell them; to be happy selling equally with them! I do not see the use of underselling them. Cotton-cloth is already two-pence a yard or lower; and yet bare backs were never more numerous among us. Let inventive men cease to spend their existence incessantly contriving how cotton can be made cheaper; and try to invent, a little, how cotton at its present cheapness could be somewhat justlier divided among us. Let inventive men consider, Whether the Secret of this Universe, and of Man's Life there, does, after all, as we rashly fancy it, consist in making money? There is One God, just, supreme, almighty: but is Mammon the name of him?—With a Hell which means 'Failing to make money,' I do not

think there is any Heaven possible that would suit one well ; ner so much as an Earth that can be habitable long! In brief, all this Mammon-Gospel, of Supply-and-demand Competition, Laissez-faire, and Devil take the hindmost, begins to be one of the shabbiest Gospels ever preached ; or altogether the shabbiest. Even with Dilettante partridge-nets, and as horrible expenditure of pain, who shall regret to see the entirely transiet, and at best somewhat despicable life strangled out of *it* ? At the best, as we say, a somewhat despicable, unvenerable thing, this same 'Laissez-faire' ; and now, at the *worst*, fast growing an altogether detestable one !

'But what is to be done with our manufacturing population, with our agricultural, with on ever-increasing population ?' cry many.—Aye, what ? Many things can be done with them, a hundred things, and a thousand things,—had we once got a soul, and begun to try. This one thing, of doing, for them by 'underselling all 'people', and filling our own bursten pockets and appetites by the road : and turning over all care for any 'population', or human or divine considrration except cash only, to the winds, with a 'Laissez-faire' and the rest of it : this is evidently not the thing. Farthing cheaper per yard ? No great Nation can stand on the apex of such a pyramind ; screwing itself higher and higher ; balancing itself on its great-toe ! Can England not subsist without being *above* all people in working ? England never deliberately purposed such a thing. If England work better than all people, it shall be well. England, like an honest worker, will work as well as she can ; and hope the gods may allow her to live on that basis. Laissez-faire and much else being once well dead, how many 'impossibles' will become possible ! They are impossible, as cotton-cloth at twopence an ell was—till men set about making it The inventive genius of great England will not for ever sit patient with mere wheels and pinions, bobbins, straps and billyrollers whirring in the head of it. The inventive genius of England is not a Beaver's, or a Spinner's or Spider's genius : it is a *Man's* genius, I hope, with a God over him !

Laissez-faire, Supply-and-demand,—one begins to be weary of all that. Leave all to egoism, to ravenous greed of money, of pleasure, of applause :—It is the Gospel of Despair! Man *is* a Patent-Digester, then : only give him Free Trade, Free digesting-room ; and each of us digest what he can come, at leaving the rest to Fate! My unhappy brethren of the Working Mammonism, my unhappier brethren of the Idle Dilettantism, no world was ever held together in that way for long. A world of mere Patent-Digesters will soon have nothing to digest: such worlds end, and by Law of Nature must end, in 'over-population' ; in howling universal famine, impossibility,' and suicidal madness, as of endless dog-kennels run rabid. Supply-and-demand shall do its full part, and Free-Trade shall be free as air ;—thou of the shot-belts, see thou forbid it not, with those paltry, *worse* than Mammonish swindleries and Sliding-scales of thine, which are seen to be swindleries for all thy canting, which in times likes our are very scandalous to see ! And Trade never so well freed, and all Tariffs settled or abolished, and Supply—and demand in full operation,—let us all know that we have yet done nothing ; that we have merely cleared the ground for doing.

Yes, were the Corn-Laws ended to-morrow, there is nothing yet ended ; there is only room made for all manner of things beginning. The Corn-Laws gone, and Trade made free, it is as good as certain this paralysis of industry will pass away. We shall have another period of commercial enterprise, of victory and prosperity ; during which, it is likely, much money will again be made, and all the people may, by the extant methods, still for a space of years, be kept alive and physically fed. The stangling band of Famine will be loosened from our necks; we shall have room again to breathe; time to bethink ourselves, to repent and consider ! A precious and thrice-precious space of years ; wherein to struggle as for life in reforming our foul ways ; in alleviating, instructing, regulating our people; seeking, as for life, that something like spiritual food be imparted them, some real governance and guidance be provided them ! It will be a

priceless time. For our new period or paroxysm of commercial prosperity will and can, on the old methods of 'Competition and Devil take the hindmost', prove but a paroxysm : a new paroxysm,—likely enough, if we do not use it better to be our *last*. In this, of itself, is no salvation. If our Trade in twenty years, 'flourishing' as never Trade flourished, could double itself ; yet then also, by the old Laissez-faire method, our Population is doubled : we shall be as we are, only twice as many of us, twice and ten times as unmanageable !

All this dire misery, therefore ; all this of our poor Workhouse Workmen, of our Chartisms, Trades-strikes, Corn-Laws, Toryisms, and the general downbreak of Laissez-faire in these days,—may we not regard it as a voice from the dumb bosom of Nature, saying to us : 'Behold ! Supply-and-demand is not the one Law of Nature ; Cash-payment is no the sole nexus of man with man,—how far from it ! Deep, far deeper than Supply-and demand, are Laws, Obligations sacred as Man's Life itself : these also, if you will continue to do work, you shall now learn and obey. He that will learn them, behold Nature is on his side, he shall yet work and prosper with noble rewards. He that will not learn them. Nature is against him, he shall not be able to do work in Nature's empire,—not in hers. Perpetual mutiny, contention, hatred, isolation, execration shall wait on his footsteps, till all men discern that the thing which he attains, however golden it look or be, is not success, but the want f success.

Supply and-demand,—alas ! For what noble work was there ever yet any audible 'demand' in that poor sense ? The man of Macedonia, speaking in vision to an Apostle Paul, 'Come over and help us,' did not specify what rate of wages he would give ! Or was the Christian Religion itself accomplished by Prize-Essays, Bridgwater Bequests, and a 'minimum of Four thousand five hundred a year'? No demand that I heard of was made then, audible in any Labour-Market, Manchester Chamber of Commerce, of other the like emporium and hiring

establishment ; silent were all these from any whisper of such demand ;—powerless were all these to 'supply' it, had the demand been in thunder and earthquake, with gold Eldorados and Mahometan Paradises for the reward. Ah me, into what waste latitudes, in this Time-Voyage, have we wandered : like adventurous Sindbads ;—where the men go about as if by galvanism, with meaningless glaring eyes, and have no soul, but only a beaver-faculty and stomach ! The baggard despair of Cotton-factory, Coalmine operatives, Chandos Farm-labourers, in these days, is painful to behold ; but not so painful, hideous to the inner sense, as that brutish god-forgetting Profit-and-Loss Philosophy and Life-theory, which we hear jangled on all hands of us, in senate-houses, spouting-clubs, leading-articles, pulpits and platforms, everywhere as the Utimate Gospel and did Plain-English of Man's Life, from the throats and pens and thoughts of all-but all men !—

Enlightened Philosophies, like Moliere Doctors, will tell you : 'Enthusiasms Self-sacrifice, Heaven, Hell and such like : yes, all that was true enough for old stupid times ; all that used to be true : but we have changed all that, *nous avons chang tout cela !*' Well ; if the heart be got round now into the right side, and the liver to the left ; if man have no heroism in him deeper than the wish to eat, and in his soul there dwell now no Infinite of Hope and Awe, and no divine Silence can become imperative because it is not Sinai Thunder, and no tie will bind if it be not that of Tyburn gallows-ropes,—then verily you have changed all that ; and for it, and for you, and for me, behold the Abyss and nameless Annihilation is ready. So scandalous a beggarly Universe deserves indeed nothing else ; I cannot say I would save it from Annihilation. Vaccum, and the serene Blue, will be much handsomer ; easier too for all of us, I, for one, decline living as a Patent-Digester. Patent-Digester. Spinning-Mule, Mayfair Clothes-Horse : many thanks but you Chaosships will have the goodness to excuse me !

CHAPTER X

PLUGSON OF UNDERSHOT

ONE thing I do know : Never, on this Earth, was the relation of man to man long carried on by Cash-payment alone. If, at any time, a philosophy of Laissez-faire, Competition and Supply-and-demand, start up as the exponent of human relations, expect that it will soon end.

Such philosophies will arise : for man's philosophies are usually the 'supplement of his practice', some ornamental Logic varnish, some outer skin of Articulate intelligence, with which he strives to render his dumb Instinctive Doings presentable when they are done. Such philosophies will arise; be preached as Mammon-Gospels, the ultimate Evangel of the World ; be believed, with what is called belief, with much superficial bluster, and a kind of shallow satisfaction real in its way :—but they are ominous gospels ! They are the sure, and even swift, forerunner of great changes Expect that the old System of Society is done, is dying and fallen into dotage, when it begins to rave in that fashion. Most Systems that I have watched the death of, for the last three thousand years, have gone just so. The Ideal, the True and Noble that was in them having faded out, and nothing now remaining but naked Egoism, vulturous Greediness, they cannot live ; they are bound and inexorebly ordained by the oldest Destinies, Mothers of the Universe, to die. Curious enough : they thereupon, as I have pretty generally noticed, devise some light comfortable kind of 'wine-and-walnuts philosophy' for themselves, this of Supply-and-demand or another ; and keep saying, during hours of mastication and rumintion, which they call hours of meditation : 'Soul, take thy ease, it is all *well* that thou art a vulture-soul, ;—and pangs of dissolution come upon them, oftenest before they are aware !

Cash-payment never was, or could excepts for a few years be, the union-bond of man to man. Cash never

yet paid one man fully his deserts to another ; nor could it, nor can it, now or hence forth to the end of the world. I invite his Grace of Castle-Rackrent to reflect on this ; —does he think that a Land Aristocracy when it becomes a Land Auctioneership can have long to live ? Or that Sliding-scales will increase the vital stamina of it ? The indomitable Plugson too, of the respected Firm of Plugson, Hunks and Company, in St. Dolly Undershot, is invited to reflect on this ; for to him also it will be new, perhaps even newer. Book-keeping by double entry is admirable. and records several things in an exact manner. But the Mother-Destinies also keep their Tablets ; in Heaven's Chancery also there goes on a recording ; and things, as my Moslem friends say, are 'written on the iron leaf.'

Your Grace and Plugson, it is like, go to Church occasionally : did you never in vacant moments, with perhaps a dull parson droning to you, glance into your New Testament, and the cash-account stated four times over, by asking of quardruple entry,—in the Four Gospels there ? I consider that a cash-account, and balance-statement of work done and wages paid, worth attending to. Precisely *such*, though on a smaller scale, go on at all moments under this Sun ; and the statement and balance of them in the Plugson Ledgers and on the Tablets of Heaven's Chancery are discrepant exceedingly ;—which ought really to teach, and to have long since taught, an indomitable common-sense Plugson of Undershot, much more an unattackable uncommon-sense Grace of Rackrent, a thing or two !—In brief, we shall have to dismiss the Cash-Gospel rigorously into its own place : we shall have to know, on the threshold, that either there is some infinitely deeper Gospel, subsidiary, explanatory and daily and hourly corrective, to the Cash one ; or else that the Cash one itself and all others are fast travelling !

For all human things do require to have an Ideal in them ; to have some Soul in them, as we said; were it only to keep the Body unputrefid. And wonderful it is to see how the Ideal or Soul, place it in what ugliest

Body you may, will irradiate said Body with its own nobleness; will gradually, incessantly, mould, modify, new-form or reform said ugliest Body, and make it at last beautiful, and to a certain degree divine!—O, if you could dethrone that Brute-god Mammon, and put a Spirit-god in his place! One way or other, he must and will have to be dethroned.

Fighting, for example, as I often say to myself, Fighting with steel murder-tools is surely a much uglier operation than Working, take it how you will. Yet even of Fighting, in religious Abbot Samson's days, see what a Feudalism there had grown,—a 'glorious Chivalry,' much besung down to the present day. Was not that one of the 'impossiblest' things? Under the sky is no uglier spectacle than two men with clenched teeth, and hellfire eyes, hacking one another's flesh; converting precious living bodies, and priceless living souls, into nameless masses of putrescence, useful only for turnip-manure. How did a Chivalry ever come out of that; how anything that was not hideous, scandalous, infernal? It will be a question worth considering by and by.

I remark, for the present, only two things: first, that the Fighting itself was not, as we rashly suppose it, a Fighting without cause, but more or less with cause. Man is created to fight; he is perhaps best of all definable as a born soldier; his life 'a battle and a march,' under the right General. It is for ever indispensable for a man to fight: now with Necessity, with Barrenness, Scarcity, with Puddles, Bogs, tangled Forests, unkempt Cotton;—now also with the hallucinations of his poor fellow Men. Hallucinatory visions rise in the head of my poor fellow man; make him claim over me rights which are not his. All Fighting, as we noticed long ago, is the dusty conflict of strengths, each thinking itself the strongest, or, in other words, the justest;—of Mights which do in the long-run, and for ever will in this just Universe in the long-run, mean Rights. In conflict the perishable part of them, beaten sufficiently, flies off into

dust : this process ended, appears the imperishable, the true and exact.

And now let us remark a second thing : how, in these baleful operations, a noble devout-hearted Chevalier will comfort himself, and an ignoble godless Bucanier and Chactaw Indian. Victory is the aim of each. But deep in the heart of the noble man it lies for ever legible, that, as an Invisible Just God made him, so will and must God's Justice and this only, were it never so invisible, ultimately prosper in all controversies and enterprises and battles whatsoever. What an Influence ; ever-present,—like a Soul in the rudest Caliban of a body : like a ray of Heaven, and illuminative creative *Faith lux*, in the wastest terrestrial Chaos ! Blessed divine influence, traceable even in the horror of Battlefields and garments rolled in blood : how it ennobles even the Battlefield ; and, in place of a Chactaw Massacre, makes it a Field of Honour ! A Battlefield too is greet Considered well, it is a kind of Quintessence of Labour ; Labour distilled into its utmost concentration ; the significance of years of it compressed into an hour. Here too thou shalt be strong and not in muscle only, if thou wouldst prevail. Here too thou shalt be strong of heart, noble of soul ; thou shalt dread no pain or death, thou shalt not love ease or life ; in rage, thou shalt remember mercy, justice ; —thou shalt be a Knight and not a Chactaw, if thou wouldst prevail ! It is the rule of all battles, against hallucinating fellow Men, against unkempt Cotton, or whatsoever battles they may be, which a man in this world has to fight.

Howel Davies dyes the West Indian Seas with blood, piles his decks with plunder ; approves himself the expertest Seaman, the daringest Seafighter : but he gains no lasting victory, lasting victory is not possible for him. Not, had he fleets larger than the combined British Navy all united with him in bucaniering. He, once for all, cannot prosper in his duel. He strikes down his man : yes ; but his man, or his man's representative, has no notion to lie struck down : neither, though slain ten

times, will he keep so lying;—nor has the Universe any notion to keep him so lying! On the contrary, the Universe and he have, at all moments, all manner of motives to start up again, and desperately fight again. Your Napoleon is flung out, at last, to St. Helena; the latter end of him sternly compensating the beginning. The Bucanier strikes down a man, a hundred or a million men: but what profits it? He has one enemy never to be struck down; nay two enemies. Mankind and the Maker of Men. On the great scale or on the small, in fighting of men or fighting of difficulties, I will not embark my venture with Howel Davies: it is not the Bucanier, it is the Hero only that can gain victory, that can do more than *seem* to succeed. These things will deserve meditating: for they apply to all battle and soldiership, all struggle and effort whatsoever in this Fight of life. It is a poor Gospel, Cash-Gospel or whatever name it have, that does not, with clear tone, uncontradictable, carrying conviction to all hearts, for ever keep men in mind of these things.

Unhappily, my indomitable friend Plugson of Undershot has, in a great degree, forgotten them;—as, alas, all the world has; as, alas, our very Dukes and Soul-Overseers have, whose special trade it was to remember them! Hence these tears,—Plugson, who has indomitably spun Cotton merely to gain thousands of pounds, I have to call as yet a Bucanier and Chactaw; till there come something better, still more indomitable from him. His hundred Thousand-pound Notes, if there be nothing other, are to me but as the hundred Scalps in a Chactaw wigwam. The blind plugson he was a Captain of Industry, born member of the Ultimate genuine Aristocracy of this Universe, could he have known it! These thousand men that span and toiled round him they were a regiment whom he had enlisted, man by man; to make war on a very genuine enemy. Bareness of back, and disobedient Cotton-fibre, which will not, unless forced to it, consent to cover bare backs Here is a most genuine enemy; over whom creatures will wish him victory. He enlisted his thousand men; said to them, 'Come, brothers,

let us have a dash at Cotton!' They follow with cheerful shout; they gain such a victory over Cotton as the Earth has to admire and clap hands at; but, alas, it is yet only of the Bucanier or Chactaw sort,—as good as no victory! Foolish Plugson of St. Dolly Undershot: does he hope to become illustrious by hanging up the scalps in his wigwam the hundred thousands at his banker's and saying, Behold my scalps? Why, Plugson, even thy own hast is all in mutiny: Cotton is conquered; but the 'bare backs'—are worse covered than ever! Indomitable Plugson, thou must cease to be a Chactaw; thou and others; thou thyself, of no other!

Did William the Norman Bastard, or any of his Taillefers, *Ironcutters*, manage so? Ironcutter, at the end of the campaign, did not turn off his thousand fighters, but said to them: 'Noble fighters, this is the land we have gained; be I Lord in it,—what we will call *Law-ward*, maintainer and *keeper* of Heaven's *Laws*: be I *Law-ward*, or in brief orthoepy *Lord* in it, and be ye Loyal Men around me in it: and we will stand by one another, as soldiers round a captain, for again we shall have need of one another!' Plugson, bucanier-like, says to them: 'Noble spinners, this is the Hundred Thousand we have gained, wherein I mean to dwell and plant vineyards; the hundred thousand is mine, the three and sixpence daily was yours: adieu, noble spinners; drink my health with this groat each, which I give you over and above!' The entirely unjust Captain of Industry, say I; not Chevalier, but Bucanier! 'Commercial Law' does indeed acquit him; asks, with wide eyes, What else? So too Howel Davies asks, Was it not according to the strictest Bucanier Custom? Did I depart in any jot or title from the Laws of the Bucaniers?

After all, money as they say, is miraculous Plugson wanted victory; as Chevaliers and Bucaniers, and all men alike do. He found money recognized, by the whole world with one assent, as the true symbol, exact equivalent and synonym of victory;—and here we have him, a grim-browed, indomitable Bucanier, coming home to us

with a victory which the whole world is *ceasing* to clap hands at! The whole world, taught somewhat impressively, is beginning the recognize that such victory is but half a victory; and that now, if it please the Powers, we must—have the other half!

Money is miraculous. What miraculous facilities has it yielded, will it yield us; but also what never-imagined confusions, obscurations has it brought in; down almost to total extinction of the moral-sense in large masses of mankind! 'Protection of porpetry,' of what is '*mine*.' means with most men protection of money,—the thing which, had I a thousand padlocks over it, is least of all *mine*; is, in a manner, scarcely worth calling mine! The symbol shall be held sacred, defended everywhere with tipstaves, ropes and gibbets; the thing signified shall be composedly cast to the dogs. A human being who has worked with human being clears all scores with them, cuts himself with triumphant completeness for ever loose from them, by paying down certain shillings and pounds. Was it not the wages I promised you? There they are, to the last sixpence,—according to the Laws of the Bucaniers!—Yes, indeed;—and, at such times, it becomes imperatively necessary to ask all persons, bucaniers and others, Whether these same respectable Laws of Bucaniers are written on God's eternal Heavens at all, on the inner Heart of Man at all; or on the respectable Bucanier Logbook merely, for the convenience of bucaniering merely? What a question:—whereat Westminister Hall shudders to its driest parchment; and on the dead wigs each particular horsehair stands on end!

The Laws of Laissez-faire, O Westminster, the laws of industrial Captain and industrial Soldier, how much more of idle Captain and industrial Soldier, will need to be remodelled, and modified, and rectified in a hundred and a hundred ways,—and *not* in the Sliding-scale direction, but in the totally opposite one! With two million industrial Soldiers-already sitting in Bastilles, and five million pining on potatoes, methinks Westminster cannot begin too soon!—A man has other obligations

laid on him, in God's Universe, than the payment of cash: these also Westminster, if it will continue to exist and have board-wages, must contrive to take some charge of: —by Westminster orby another, they must and will be taken charge of; be, with whatever difficulty, got articulated, got enforced, and to a certain approximate extent put in practice. And, as I say, it cannot be too soon! For Mommonism, left to itself, has become Midas-eared; and with all its gold mountains, sits starving for want of bread: and Dilettantism with its partridge nets, in this extremely earnest Universe of ours, is paying somewhat too high a game. 'A man by the very look of him promises so much', yes; and by the rent-roll of him does he promise nothing?—

Also, what a business will this be, which our Continental friends, groping this long while somewhat absurdly about it and about it, call 'Organization of Labour'; —which must be taken out of the hands of absurd windy persons, and put into the hands of wise, laborious, modest and valiant men, to begin in it straightway: to proceed with it, and succeed in it, more and more, if Europe, at any rate if England, is to continue habitable much longer. Looking at the kind of most noble Corn-Law Dukes or Pratical *Duces* we have, and also of right reverend Soul-Overseers, Christian Spiritual *Duces* 'on a minimum of four thousand five hundred,' one's hopes are a little chilled. Courage, nevertheless: there are many brave men in England! My indomitable Plugson,—nay is there not even in thee some hope? Thou art hitherto a Bucanier, as it was written and prescribed for thee by an evil world: but in that grim brow, in that indomitable heart which *can* conquer Cotton, do there not perhaps lie other ten-times nobler conquests?

CHAPTER XI

LABOUR

For there is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in Work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of

his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works : in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, mean, *is* in communication with Nature ; the real desire to get Work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Natures's appointments and regulations which are truth.

The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. 'Know thyself' : long enough has that poor 'self' of thine tormented thee ; thou wilt never get to 'know' it, I believe ! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself ; thou art an unknowable individual : know what thou canst work at ; and work at it, like a Hercules ! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written, 'an endless significance lies in Work' ; a man perfects himself by working, Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seed-fields rise instead, and stately cities ; and withal the men himself first ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labour, the whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work ! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like helldogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor dayworker, as of every man : but he bends himself with free valour against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labour in him, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame !

Destiny, on the whole, has no other way of cultivating us. A formless Chaos, once set it *revolving*, grows round and ever rounder ; ranges itself, by mere force of gravity, into strata, spherical courses ; is no longer a Chaos, but a round compacted World. What would become of the Earth, did she cease to revolve ? In the poor old Earth, so long as she revolves, all inequalities, irregularities disperse themselves ; all irregularities are incessantly becoming regular. Hast thou looked on the

Potter's wheel,—one of the venerablest objects; old as the Prophet Ezekiel and far older ? Rude lumps of clay, how they spin themselves up, by mere quick whirling, into beautiful circular dishes. And fancy the most assiduous Potter, but without his wheel ; reduced to make dishes, or rather amorphous botches, by mere kneading and baking ! Even such a Potter were Destiny, with a human soul that would rest and lie at ease, that would not work and spin ! Of an idle unrevolving man the kindest Destiny, like the most assiduous Potter without wheel, can bake and knead nothing other than a botch ; let her spend on him what expensive colouring, what gilding and enamelling she will, he is but a botch. Not a dish ; no, a bulging, kneaded, crooked, shambling, squint-cornered, amorphous botch,—a mere enamelled vessel of dishonour ! Let the idle think of this.

Blessed is he who has found his work ; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose ; he has found it, and will follow it ! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows ;—draining off the sour festering water, gradually from the root of the remotest grass—blade ; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small ! Labour is Life : from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his good-given Force, the sacred celestial Life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God ; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness,—to all knowledge, 'self-knowledge' and much else, so soon as Work fitly begins Knowledge ? The knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that ; for Nature herself accredits that, says Yea to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working : the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge ; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic-vortices, till we try it and fix it. 'Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by Action alone'.

And again, hast thou valued Patience, Courage, Perseverance, Openness to light; readiness to own thyself mistaken, to do better next time? All these, all virtues, in wrestling with the dim brute Powers of Fact, in ordering of thy fellows in such wrestle, there and elsewhere not at all, thou wilt continually learn. Set down a brave Sir Christopher in the middle of black ruined Stone-heaps, of foolish unarchitectural Bishops, redtaps Officials, idle Nell-Gwyn Defenders of the Faith; and see whether he will ever raise a Paul's Cathedral out of all that, yea or no! Rough, rude, contradictory are all things and persons, from the mutinous masons and Irish hodmen, up to the idle Nell-Gwyn Defenders, to blustering redtape Officials, foolish unarchitectural Bishops. All these things and persons are there not for Christopher's sake and his Cathedral's; they are there for their own sake mainly! Christopher will have to conquer and constrain all these, —if he be able. All these are against him. Equitable Nature herself, who carries her mathematics and architectonics not on the face of her, but deep in the hidden heart of her,—Nature hereself is but partially for him; will be wholly against him, if he constrain her not! His very money, where is it to come from? The pious munifience of England lies far scattered, distant, unable to speak, and say, 'I am here';—must be spoken to before it can speak. Pious munificence, and all help, is so silent, invisible like the gods; impediment, contradictions manifold are so loud and near! O brave Sir Christopher, trust thou in those, notwithstanding, and front all these; understand all these; by valiant patience, noble effort, insight, by man's-strength, vanquish and compel all these,—and, on the whole, strike down victoriously the last topstone of that Paul's Edifice; thy monument for certain centuries; the stamp 'Great Man' impressed very legibly on Portland stone there!—

Yes, all manner of help, and pious response from Men or Nature, is always what we call silent; cannot speak or come to light, till it be seen, till it be spoken to. Every noble work is at first 'impossible.' In very truth, for every noble work the possibilities will lie diffused

through Immensity; inarticulate, undisconverable except to faith. Like Gideon thou shalt spread out thy fleece at the door of thy tent; see whether under the wide arch of Heaven there be any bounteous moisture, or none. Thy heart and life-purpose shall be as a miraculous Gideon's fleece, spread out in silent appeal to Heaven; and from the kind Immensites, what from the poor unkind Localities and town and country Parishes there never could, blessed dew-moisture to suffice thee shall have fallen!

Work is of a religious nature:—work is of a *brave* nature; which it is the aim of all religion to be. All work of man is as the swimmer's: a waste ocean threatens to devour him; if he front it not bravely, it will keep its word. By incessant wise defiance of it, lusty rebuke and buffet of it, behold how it loyally supports him, bears him as its conqueror along. 'It is so,' says Goethe, 'with all things that man undertakes in this world.'

Brave Sea-captain Norse Sea-king,—Columbus, my hero, royallest Sea-king of all ! it is no friendly environment this of thine, in the waste deep waters ; around thee mutinous discouraged souls, behind thee disgrace and ruin, before thee the unpenetrated veil of Night. Brother, these wild water-mountains, bounding from their deep bases (ten miles deep, I am told), are not entirely there on thy behalf! Meseems *they* have other work than floating thee forward :—and, the huge Winds, that sweep from Ursa Major to the Tropics and Equators, dancing their giant-waltz through the kingdoms of Choas and Immensity, they care little about filling rightly or filling wrongly the small shoulder-of-mution sails in this cockle-skiff of thine ! Thou art not among articulate-speaking friends, my brother; thou art among immeasurable dumb monsters, tumbling, howling wide as the world here. Secret, far off, invisible to all hearts but thine, there lies a help in them: see how thou wilt get at that. Patiently thou wilt wait till the mad South-wester spend itself, saving thyself by dexterous science of defence, the while: valiantly, with swift decision, wilt thou strike in, when

the favouring East, the Possible, springs up. Mutiny of men thou wilt sternly repress: weakness, despondency, thou wilt cheerily encourage: thou wilt swallow down complaint, unreason, weariness, weakness of others and thyself;—how much wilt thou swallow down! There shall be a depth of Silence in thee, deeper than this Sea, which is but ten miles deep; a Silence unsoundable: known to God only. Thou shalt be a Great Man. Yes, my World-Soldier, thou of the World Marine service thou wilt have to be *greater* than this tumultuous unmeasured World here round thee is: thou, in thy strong soul, as with wrestler's arms, shalt embrace,—it, harness it down; and make it bear thee on,—to new Americas, or whither God wills!

CHAPTER XII

REWARD

'RELIGION,' I said: for, property speaking, all true Work is Religion: and whatsoever Religion is not Work may go and dwell among the Brahmins, Antinomians, Spinning Dervishes, or where it will; with me it shall have no harbour. Admirable was that of the old Monks, '*Laborare est Orare*, Work is Worship.'

Older than all preached Gospels was this unpreached, inarticulate, but ineradicable, forever-enduring Gospel: Work, and therein have wellbeing. Man, Son of Earth and of Heaven, lie there not, in the innermost heart of thee, a Spirit of active Method, a Force for Work;—and burns like a painfully smouldering fire, giving thee no rest till thou unfold it, till thou write it down in beneficent Facts around thee! What is immethodic, waste, thou shalt make methodic, regulated, arable; obedient and productive to thee. Wheresoever thou findest Disorder, there is thy eternal enemy; attack him swiftly, subdue him; make Order of him, the subject not of Chaos, but of Intelligence, Divinity and Thee! The thistle that grows in thy path, dig it out, that a blade of useful grass, a drop of nourishing milk, may grow there instead. The waste cotton-shrub, gather its waste white

down, spin it, weave it; that, in place of idle litter, there may be folded webs, and the naked skin of man be covered.

But above all, where thou findest Ignorance, Stupidity, Brute-mindedness,—yes, there, with or without Church-tithes and Shovel-hat, with or without Talfoured-Mahon Copyrights, or were it with mere dungeons and gibbets and crosses, attack it, I say; smite it wisely, unweariedly, and rest not while thou livest and it lives: but smite, in the name of God! The Highest God, as I understand it, does audibly so command thee; still audibly, if thou have ears to hear. He, even He, with his unspoken voice, awfuller than any Sinai thunders or syllabled speech of Whirlwinds; for the SILENCE of deep Eternities, of Worlds from beyond the morning-stars, does it not speak to thee? The unborn Ages: the old Graves, with their long-mouldering dust, the very tears that wetted it now all dry,—do not these speak to thee, what our ear hath not heard? The deep Death-kingdoms, the Stars in their never-resting courses, all Space and all Time, proclaim it to thee in continual silent admonition. Thou too, if ever man should, shalt work while it is called To-day. For the Night cometh, wherein no man can work.

All true Work is sacred; in all true Work, were it but true hand-labour, there is something of divineness. Labour, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven. Sweat of the brow; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart; which includes all Kepler calculations, Newton meditations, all Sciences, all spoken Epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms,—up to that 'Agony of bloody sweat,' which all men have called divine! O brother, if this is not 'worship,' then I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky. Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow Workmen there, in God's Eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving: sacred Band of the Immortals, celestial Bodyguard of the Empire

of Mankind. Even in the weak Human Memory they survive so long, as saints, as heroes; as gods ; they alone surviving ; peopling, they alone, the unmeasured solitudes of Time ! To thee Heaven, thou severe, is *not* unkind ; Heaven is kind,—as a noble Mother ; as that Spartan Mother, saying, while she gave her son his shield, 'With it, my son, or upon it !.' Thou too shalt return *home* in honour ; to thy far-distant Home, in honour ; doubt it not,—if in the battle thou keep thy shield ! Thou, in the Eternities and deepest Death-kingdoms, art not an alien ; thou everywhere art a denizen ! Complain not ; the very Spartans did not *complain*.

And who art thou that braggest of thy life of Idleness ; complacently showest thy bright gilt equipages ; sumptuous cushions ; appliances for folding of the hands to mere sleep ? Looking up, looking down, around, behind or before, discernest thou, if it be not in Mayfair alone, any *idle* hero, saint, god, or even devil ? Not a vestige of one. In the Heavens, in the Earth, in the Waters under the Earth, is none like unto thee. Thou art an original figure in this Creation ; a denizen in Mayfair alone, in this extra-ordinary Century or Half-Century alone ! One monster there is in the world : the idle man. What is his 'Religion' ? That Nature in a Phantasm, where cunning beggary or thievery may sometimes find good victual. That God is a lie ; and that Man and his Life are a lie,—Alas, alas, who of us *is* there that can say, I have worked ? The faithfullest of us are unprofitable servants ; the faithfullest of us know that best. The faithfullest of us may say, with said and true old Samuel, 'Much of my life has been trifled away ! ' But he that has, and except 'on public occasions' professes to have no function but that of going idle in a graceful or graceless manner ; and of begetting sons to go idle ; and to address Chief Spinners and Diggers, who at least *are* spinning and digging, 'Ye scandalous persons who produce too much'— My Corn-Law friends, on what imaginary still richer Eldorados, and true iron-spikes with Law of gravitation, are ye rushing !

As to the Wages of Work there might inumerable things be said ; there will and must yet innumerable things be said and spoken, in St. stephen's and out of St. Stephen's ; and gradually not a few things be ascertained and written, on Law-parchment, concerning this very matter : —'Fair day's-wages for a fair day's-work' is the most unrefusable demand ! Moneywages 'to the extent of keeping your worker alive that he may work more' ; these, unless you mean to dismiss him straightway out of this world, are indispensable alike to the noblest Worker and to the least noble !

One thing only I will say here, in special reference to the former class, the noble and noblest ; but throwing light on all the other classes and their arrangements of this difficult matter : The 'wages' of every noble Work do yet lie in Heaven or else Nowhere. Not in Bank-of-England bills, in Owen's Labour-bank, or any the most improved establishment of banking and money-changing, needest thou, heroic soul, present thy account of earnings. Human banks and labour banks know thee not ; or know thee after generations and centuries have passed away, and thou art clean gone from 'rewarding,—all manner of bank drafts, shop-tills, and Downing-street Exchequers lying very invisible, so far from thee ! Nay, at bottom, dost thou need any reward ? Was it thy aim and life-purpose to be filled with good things for thy heroism : to have a life of pomp and ease, and be what men call 'happy', in this world, or in any other world ? I answer for thee deliberately, No. The whole spiritual sceret of the new epoch lies in this, that thou canst answer for thyself, with thy whole clearness of head and heart, deliberately, No!

My brother, the brave man has to give his Life away. Give it, I advise thee;—thou dost not expect te *sell* thy Life in an adequate manner ? What price, for example, would content thee ? The just price of thy LIFE to thee,—why, God's entire Creation to thyself, the whole Universe of Space, the whole Eternity of Time, and what they hold that is the price which would content thee ;

that, and if thou wilt be candid, nothing short of that! It is thy all; and for it thou wouldest have all. Thou art an unreasonable mortal; —or rather thou art a poor *infinite* mortal, who, in thy narrow clay-prison here, *seemest* so unreasonable! Thou wilt never sell thy Life, or any part of thy Life, in a satisfactory manner. Give it, like a royal heart; let the price be Nothing thou *hast* then, in a certain sense, got All for it! The heroic man, —and is not every man, God be thanked a potential hero? —has to do so, in all times and circumstances. In the most heroic age, as in the most unheroic, he will have to say, as Burns said proudly and humbly of his little Scottish Songs, little dewdrops of Celestial Melody in an age when so much was unmelodious: 'By Heaven, they shall either be invaluable or of no value; I do not need your guineas for them!' It is an element which should, and must, enter deeply into all settlements of wages here below. They never will be 'satisfactory' otherwise; they cannot, O Mammon Gospel, they never can! Monkey for my little piece of work, to the extent that will allow me to keep working; yes, this,—unless you mean that I shall go my ways *before* the work is all taken out of me: but as to 'wages'—!—:

On the whole, we do entirely agree with those old Monks, *Laborare est Orare*. In a thousand senses, from one end of it to the other, true Work *is* Worship. He that works, whatsoever be his work, he bodies forth the form of Things Unseen; a small Poet every Worker is. The idea, were it but of his poor Delf Platter, how much more of his Epic Poem, is as yet 'seen', half-seen, only by himself; to all others it is a thing unseen, impossible; to Nature herself' it is a thing unseen, a thing which never hitherto was; —very 'impossible', for it is as yet a No-thing! The Unseen Powers had need to watch over such a man; he works in and for the Unseen. Alas, if he look to the Seen Powers only, he may as well quit the business; his No-thing will never rightly issue as a Thing, but as a Deceptivity, a Sham-thing,—which it had better not do!

Thy No-thing of an Intended Poem. O Poet who hast looked merely to reviewers, copyrights, booksellers, popularities, behold it has not yet become a Thing ; for the truth is not in it ! Though printed, hotpressed, reviewed, celebrated, sold to the twentieth edition : what is all that ? The Thing, in philosophical uncomercial language, is still a No-thing, mostly semblance, and deception of the sight;—benign Oblivion incessantly gnawing at it, impartient till Chaos, to which it belongs, do reabsorb it !—

He who takes not councel of the Unseen and Silent, from him will never come real visibility and speech. Thou must descend to the *Mothers*, to the *Mones*, and Hercules like long suffer and labour there, wouldst thou emerge with victory into the sunlight. As in battle and the shock of war,—for is not this a battle ?—thou too shalt fear no pain or death, shalt love no ease or life ; the voice of festive Lubberlands, the noise of greedy Acheron shall alike lie silent under thy victorious feet. Thy work, like Dante's, shall 'make thee lean many years'. The world and its wages, its criticisms, counsels, helps, impediments, shall be as a waste ocean-flood; the chaos through which thou art to swim and sail. Not the waste waves and their weedy gulf-streams, shalt thou take for guidance: thy star alone,—'Se *tu segui tua stella*!' Thy star alone, now clear-beaming over Chaos, nay now by fits gone out, disastrously eclipsed: this only shalt thou strive to follow. O, it is a business, as I fancy, that of weltering your way through Chaos and the murk of Hell ! Green-eyed dragons watching you, three-headed Cerberuses,—not without sympathy of *their* sort! '*Eccovi uom ch'e stato all' Inferno*' For in fine, as Poet Dryden says, you do walk hand in hand with sheer Madness, all the way,—who is by no means pleasant company! You look fixedly into Madness, and *her* undiscovered, boundless, bottomless Night-empire; that you may extort new Wisdom out of it, as an Eurydice from Tartarus. The higher the Wisdom, the closer was its neighbourhood and kindred with mere Insanity; literally so;—and thou wilt, with a speechless feeling observe how highest Wisdom, struggling up into this world, has

oftentimes carried such tinctures and adhesions of Insanity still cleaving to it hither!

All Works, each in their degree, are a making of Mandness sane;—truly enough a religious operation; which cannot be carried on without religion. You have not work other wise; you have eye-service, greedy grasping of wages, swift and ever swifter manufacture of semblances to get hold of wages. Instead of better felt-hats to cover your head, you have bigger lath-and-plaster hats set travelling the streets on wheels. Instead of heavenly and earthly Guidance for the souls of men, you have 'Black or White Surplice' Controversies, stuffed hair-and-leather Popes;—terrestrial *Law-wards*, Lords and Law-bringers, 'organizing Labour' in these years by passing Corn-Laws. With all which, alas, this distracted Earth is now full, nigh to bursting. Semblances most smooth to the touch and eye; most accursed nevertheless to body and soul. Semblances, be they of Sham-woven Cloth or of Dilettante Legislation, which are *not* real wool or substance but Devil's-dust, accursed of God and man ! No man has worked, or can work, except religiously ; not even the poor day-labourer, the weaver of your coat, the sewer of your shoes. All men if they work not as in a Great Taskmaster's eye, will work wrong, work unhappily for themselves and you.

Industrial work, still under bondage to Mammon, the rational soul of it not yet awakened, is a tragic spectacle Men in the rapidest motion and self-motion; restless, with convulsive energy, as if drives by Galvanism, as if possessed by a Devil ; tearing asunder mountains,—to no purpose, for Mammonism is always Midas-eared ! This is sad, on the face of it. Yet courage : the beneficent Destinies, kind in their sternness, are apprising us that this cannot continue. Labour is not a devil, even while encased in Mammonism; Labour is ever an imprisoned god, writhing unconsciously or consciously to escape out of Mammonism! Plugson of Undershot, like Taillefer of Normandy, wants victory ; how much happier will even Plugson be to have a Chivalrous victory than a Chactaw one. The unredeemed ugliness is that of a slothful People.

Show me a People energetically busy ; heaving, struggling, all shoulders at the wheel ; their heart pulsing, every muscle swelling, with man's energy and will ;—I show you a People of whom great good is already predicable ; to whom all manner of good is yet certain, if their energy endure. By very working, they will learn ; they have, Antaeus-like, their foot on Mother Fact : how can they but learn ?

The vulgarest Plugson of a Master-Worker, who can command Workers, and get work out of them, is already a considerable man. Blessed and thriceblessed symptoms I discern of Master-Workers who are not vulgar men ; who are Nobles, and begin to feel that they must act as such : all speed to these, they are England's hope at present ! But in this Plugson himself, conscious of almost no nobleness whatever, how much is there ! Not without man's faculty, insight, courage, hard energy, is this rugged figure. His words none of the wisest ; but his actings cannot be altogether foolish. Think, how were it, stoodst thou suddenly in his shoes ! He has to commanding, a thousand men. And not imaginary commanding ; no, it is real, incessantly practical. The evil passions of so many men (with the Devil in them, as in all of us) he has to vanquish ; by manifold force of speech and of silence, to repress or evade. What a force of silence, to say nothing of the others, is in Plugson ! For these his thousand men he has to provide raw-material, machinery, arrangement, houseroom ; and ever at the week's end, wages by due sale. No Civil-List, or Goulburn-Baring Budget has he to fall back upon, for paying of his regiment ; he has to pick his supplies from this confused face of the whole Earth and Contemporaneous History, by his dexterity alone. There will be dry eyes if he fail to do it !—He exclaims, at present, 'black in the face', near strangled with Dilettante Legislation : 'Let me have elbow room, throat-room, and I will not fail ! No, I will spin yet, and conquer like a giant : what "sinews of war" lie in me, untold resources towards the Conquest of this Planet, if instead of hanging me, you husband them, and help

me!—My indomitable friend, it is *true*; and thou shalt and must be helped.

This is not a man I would kill and strangle by Corn-Laws, even if I could! No, I would fling my Corn-Laws and Shotbelts to the Devil; and try to help this man. I would teach him, by noble precept and law precept, by noble example most of all, that Mammonism was not the essence of his or of my station in God's Universe; but the adscititious excrescence of it; the gross, terrene, godless embodiment of it; which would have to become, more or less, a godlike one. By noble *real* legislation, by true *noble's*-work, by unwearied, valiant, and were it wageless effort, in my Parliament and in my Parish, I would aid. constrain, encourage him to effect more or less this blessed change. I should know that it would have to be effected; that unless it were in some measure effected, he and I and all of us, I first and soonest of all, were doomed to perdition!—Effected it will be; unless it were a Demon that made this Universe; which I, for my own part, do at no moment, under no form, in the least believe.

May it please your Serene. Highnesses, your Majesties, Lordships and Law-wardships, the proper Epic of this world is not now 'Arms and the Man'; how much less, 'Shirt-frills and the Man': no, it is now 'Tools and the Man': that, henceforth to all time, is now our Epic;—and you, first of all others, I think, were wise to take note of that!

CHAPTER XIII

DEMOCRACY

If the Serene Highnesses and Majesties do not take note of that, then, as I perceive, *that* will take note of itself! The time for levity, insincerity, and idle babble and play-acting, in all kinds, is gone by; it is a serious, grave time. Old long-vexed questions, not yet solved in logical words or parliamentary laws, are fast solving

themselves in facts, somewhat unblessed to behold! This largest of questions, this question of Work and Wages, which ought, had we heeded Heaven's voice, to have begun two generations ago or more, cannot be delayed longer without hearing Earth's voice. 'Labour' will verily need to be somewhat 'organized,' as they say, God knows with what difficulty. Man will actually need to have his debts and earnings a little better paid by man; which; let Parliaments speak of them, or be silent of them, are eternally his due from man, and cannot, without penalty and at length not without death-penalty, be withheld. How much ought to cease among us straightway; how much ought to begin straightway, while the hours yet are!

Truly they are strange results to which this of leaving all to 'Cash'; of quietly shutting up the God's Temple, and gradually opening wide open the Mammon's Temple, with 'Laissaz-faire, and Every man for himself',—have led us in these days! We have Upper, speaking Classes, who indeed do 'speak' as never man spake before; the withered flimsiness, godless baseness and barrenness of whose. Speech might of itself indicate what kind of Doing and practical Governing went on under it! For Speech is the gaseous element out of which most kinds of Practice and Performance, especially all kinds of moral Performance, condense themselve, and take shape; as the one is, so will the other be. Descending accordingly, into the Dumb Class in its Stockport Cellars and poor-Law Bastilles, have we not to announce that they are hitherto unexampled in the History of Adam's Posterity?

Life was never a May-game for men: in all times the lot of the dumb millions born to toil was defaced with manifold suffering, injustices, heavy burdens, avoidable and unavoidable; not play at all, but hard work that made the sinews sore and the heart sore. As bond slaves, *villani*, *bordorii*, *sochemanni*, nay indeed as dukes, earls and kings, men were oftentimes made weary of their life; and had to say, in the sweat of their brow and of their soul, Behold, it is not sport, it is grim earnest, and our

back can bear no more! Who knows not what massacrings and harryings there have been; grinding, long-continuing, unbearable injustices,—till the heart had to rise in madness and some '*Eu Sacksen nimith euer sachses*, You Saxons, 'out with your gully-knives, then!' You Saxons, some arrestment,' partial 'arrestment of the Knaves and Dastards' has become indispensable!—The page of Dryasdust is heavy with such details.

And yet I will venture to believe that in no time, since the beginnings of Society, was the lot of those same dumb millions of toilers so entirely unbearable as it is even in the days now passing over us. It is not to die, or even to die of hunger, that makes a man wretched; many men have died; all men must die,—the last exit of us all is in a Fire-Chariot of Pain. But it is to live miserable we know not why; to work sore and yet gain nothing; to be heart-worn, weary, yet isolated, unrelated, girt-in with a cold universal Laissez-faire: it is to die slowly all our life long, imprisoned in a deaf, dead, Infinite Injustice, as in the accursed iron belly of a Phalaris' Bull! This is and remains for ever intolerable to all men whom God has made. Do we wonder at French Revolutions, Chartisms. Revolts of Three Days? The times, if we will consider them, are really unexampled.

Never before did I hear of an Irish Widow reduced to 'prove her sisterhood by dying of typhus fever and infecting seventeen persons,'—saying in such undeniable way, 'You *see*, I was your sister!" Sisterhood, brotherhood, was often forgotten: but not till the rise of these ultimate Mammon and Shotbelt Gospels did I ever see it so expressly denied. If no pious Lord or *Law-ward* would remember it, always some pious Lady ('*Hlaf dig*,' Benefactress, '*Loaf-giveress*,' they say she is,—blessings on her beautiful heart!) was there, with mild mother-voice and hand, to remember it; some pious thoughtful *Elder*, what we now call 'Prester,' *Presbyter* or 'Priest', was there to put all men in mind of it, in the name of the God who made all.

Not even in Black Dahomey was it ever, I think, forgotten to the typhus-fever length. Mungo Park, resourceless, had sunk down to die under the Negro Village-Tree, a horrible White object in the eyes of all. But in the door Black Woman, and her daughter who stood aghast at him, whose earthly wealth and funded capital consisted of one small calabash of rice, there lived a heart richer than '*Laisez-faire*' : they, with a royal a munificence, boiled their rice for him ; they sang all night to him, spinning assiduous on their cotton distaffs, as he lay to sleep : 'Let us pity the poor white man ; no mother has he to fetch him milk, no sister to grind him corn ! 'Thou poor black Noble One,—thou *Lady* too : did not a God make thee too ; was there not in thee too something of God !—

Gurth, born thrall of Cedric the Saxon, has been Greatly pitied by Dryasdust and others Gurth, with the brass collar round his neck, tending Cedric's pigs in the glades of the wood, is not what I call an exemplar of human felicity : but Gurth, with the sky above him, with the free air and tinted boscage and umbrage round him, and in him at least the certainty of supper and social lodging when he came home ; Gurth to me seems happy, in comparison with many a Lancashire and Buckinghamshire man, of these days, not born thrall of anybody ! Gurth's brass collar did not gall him : Cedric *deserved* to be his Master. The pigs were Cedric's but Gurth too would get his parings of them. Gurth had the inexpressible satisfaction of feeling himself related indissolubly, though in a rude brasscollar way, to his fellow-mortals in this Earth. He had superiors, inferiors, equals.—Gurth is now 'emancipated' long since ; has what we call 'Liberty'. Liberty, I am told, is a Divine thing. Liberty when it becomes the 'Liberty to die by starvation' is not so divine !

Liberty ? The true liberty of a man, you would say, consisted in his finding out, or being forced to find out, the right path, and to walk thereon. To learn, or to be taught, what work he actually was able for ; and then by

permission, persuasion, and even compulsion, to set about doing of the same ! That is his true blessedness, honour, 'liberty' and maximum of wellbeing : if liberty be not that, I for one have small care about liberty. You do not allow a palpable madman to leap over precipices ; you violate his liberty, you that are wise ; and Keep him, were it in strait-waistcoats, away from the precipices! Every stupid, every cowardly and foolish man is but a less palpable madman : his true liberty were that a wiser man, that any and every wiser man, could, by brass collars, or in whatever milder or sharper way, lay hold of him when he was going wrong, and order and compel him to go a little righter O, if thou really art my *Senior*, Seigneur my *Elder*, Presbyter or Priest,—if thou art in very deed my *Wiser*, may a beneficent instinct lead and impel thee to 'conquer' me, to command me! If thou do know better than I what is good and right, I conjure thee in the name of God, force me to do it ; were it by never such brass collars, whips and handcuffs, leave me not walk over precipices ! That I have been called, by all the Newspapers, a 'free man' will avail me little, if my pilgrimage have ended in death and wreck. O that the Newspapers had called me slave, coward, fool, or what it pleased their sweet voices to name me, and I had attained not death, but life !—Liberty requires now definitions.

A conscious abhorrence and intolerance of Folly, of Baseness, Stupidity, Poltroonery and all that brood of things, dwells deep in some men : still deeper in others an unconscious abhorrence and intolerance, clothed moreover by the beneficent Supreme Powers in what stout appetites. energies, egoisms so-called, are suitable to it:—these latter are your Conquerors. Romans, Normans, Russians, Indo-English ; Founders of what we call Aristocracies. Which indeed have they not the most 'divine right' to found ;—being themselves very truly *Aprorole*,' Bravest, Best ; and conquering generally a confused rtbble of Worst' or at lowest, Clearly enough, of Worse? I think their divine right, tried, with affirmatory, verdict, in the greatest Law-Court known to me, was good ! A class of men who are dreadfully exclaimed against by

Dryasdust ; of whom nevertheless beneficent Nature has oftentimes had need ; and may, alas, again have need.

When, across the hundredfold poor scepticisms, trivialisms, and constitutional cobwebberies of Dryasdust, you catch any glimpse of a William the Conqueror, a Tancred of Hauteville or such like,—do you not discern veritably some rude outline of a true God-made King ; whom not the Champion of England cased in tin, but all Nature and the Universe were calling to the throne ? It is absolutely necessary that he get thither. Nature does not mean her poor Saxon children to perish, of obesity, stupor or other malady, as yet : a stern Ruler and Line of Rulers therefore is called in,—a stern but most beneficient *perpetual House-Surgeon* is by Nature herself called in, and even the apporpriate *fees* are provided for him! Dryasdust talks lamentably about Hereward and the Fen Counties ; fate of Earl Waltheof ; Yorkshire and the North reduced to ashes ; all of which is undoubtedly lamentable. But even Dryasdust apprises me of one fact: 'A child, in this William's reign, might have carried a purse of gold from end to end of England.' My erudite friend, it is a fact which out outweighs a thousand ! Sweep away thy constitutional, sentimental, and other cobwebberies ; look eye to eye, if thou still have any eye, in the face of this big burly William Bastard ; thou wilt see a fellow of most flashing discernment, of most strong lion heart ;—in whom, as it were, within a frame of oak and iron, the gods have planted the soul of 'a man of genius, ! 'Dost thou call that nothing ? I call it an immense thing ! —Rage enough was in this Willelmus Conquester, rage enough for his occasions ;—and yet the essential element of him, as of all such men, is not scorching *fire*, but shining illuminative *light*. Fire and light are strangely interchangeable ; nay, at bottom, I have found them different forms of the same most godlike 'elementary substance' in our world ; a thing worth stating in these days. The essential element of this Conquester is, first of all, the most sun-eyed perception of what *is* really what on this God's-Earth ;—which, thou wilt find, does mean at bottom 'Justice', and 'Virtues' not a few : *Con-*

formity to what the Maker has seen good to make ; that, I suppose, will mean Justice and a Virtue or two ?

Dost thou think Willelmus Conquestor would have tolerated ten years' jargon, one hour's jargen, on the propriety of killing Cotton-manufactures by partridge Corn-Laws? I fancy, this was not the man to knock out of his night's-rest with nothing but a noisy bedlamism in your mouth! 'Assist us still better to bush the Partridges, strangle Plugson who spins the shirrs ?—'*Par la Splendur de Dien!*'—Dost thou think Willelmus Conquestor, in this new time, with Steamengine Captains of Idleness on one hand of him, and Joe-Manton Captains of Industry on the other, would have doubted which *was* really the BEST ; which did deserve strangling and which not ?

I have a certain indestructible regard for Willelmus Conquestor. A resident House-Surgeon, provided by Nature for her beloved English People, and even furnised with the requisite fees, as I said ; for he by no means felt himself doing Nature's work, this Willelmus, but his own work exclusively ! And his own work withal it was ; informed '*par la Splenduer de Dien*,—I say, it is necessary to get the work out of such a man, however harsh that be! When a world, not yet doomed for death, is rushing down to everdeeper Baseness and confusion, it is a dire necessity of Nature's to bring in her ARISTOCRACIES her BEST, even by forcible methods. When their descendants or representatives cease entirely to *be* the Best, Nature's poor world will very soon rush down again to Baseness and it becomes a dire necessity of Nature's to cast them out. Hence French Revolutions, Five-point Charters, Democracies, and a mournful list of *Etceeras*, in these our afflicted times.

To what extent Democracy has now reached, how it advances irresistible with ominous, ever-increasing speed, he that will open his eyes on any province of human affairs may discern. Democracy is everywhere the inexorable demand of these ages, swiftly fulfilling itself.

From the thunder of Napoleon battles, to the jabbering of Open-vestry in St. Mary Axe, all things announce Democracy. A distinguished man, whom some of my readers will hear again with pleasure, thus writes to me what in these days he notes from the Wahngasse of Weissnichtwo, where our London fashions seem to be in full vogue. Let us hear the Herr Teufelsdrockh again, were it but the smallest word!

'Democracy, which means despair of finding any Heroes to govern you, and contented putting up with the want of them,—alas, thou too, *mein Lieber*, seest well how close it is of kin to *Atheism*, and other sad *Isms*: he who discovers no God whatever, how shall he discover Heroes, the visible Temples of God?—Strange enough meanwhile it is, to observe with what thoughtlessness, here in our rigidly Conservative Country, men rush into Democracy with full cry. Beyond doubt, his Excellenz the Titular-Herr Ritter Kauderwalsch von Pferdefuss Quacksalber, he our distinguished Conservative Premier himself, and all but the thicker-headed of his Party, discern Democracy to be inevitable as death, and are even desperate of delaying it much!

'You cannot walk the streets without beholding Democracy announce itself: the very Tailor has become if not properly Sansculottic, which to him would be ruinous, yet a Tailor unconsciously symbolizing, and prophesying with his scissors the reign of Equality. What now is our fashionable coat? A thing of superfinest texture, of deeply meditated cut; with Malines-lace cuffs; quilted with gold; so that a man can carry without difficulty, an estate of land on his back *Keineswegs*, By no manner of means! The Sumptuary Laws fallen into such a state of desuetude as was never before seen. Our fashionable coat is an amphibium between barn-sack and drayman's doublet. The cloth of it is studiously coarse; the colour a speckled soot-black or rust-brown grey;—the nearest approach to a Peasant's. And for shape,—thou shouldst see it! The last consummation of the year now passing over us is definable as Three Bags; a

big bag for the body, two small bags for the arms, and by way of collar a hem! The first Antique Cheruscan who, of felt-cloth or bear's-hide, with bone or metal needle, set about making himself a coat, before Tailors had yet awakened out of Nothing,—did not he make it even so? A loose wide poke for body with two holes to let out the arms; this was his original coat: to which holes it was soon visible that two small loose pokes, or sleeves, easily appended, would be an improvement.

'Thus has the Tailor-art, so to speak, overset itself, like most other things; changed its centre-of-gravity; whirled suddenly over from zenith to nadir. You Stulz, with huge somerset, vaults from his high shopboard down to the depths of primal savagery,—carrying much along with him! For I will invite thee to reflect that the Tailor, as topmost ultimate froth of Human Society, is indeed swift-passing, evanescent, slippery to decipher; yet significant of much, nay of all. Topmost evanescent froth, he is churned up from the very less, and from all intermediate regions of the liquor. The general outcome he, visible to the eye, of what men aimed to do, and were obliged and enabled to do, in this one public department of symbolizing themselves to each other by covering of their skins. A smack of all Human Life lies in the Tailor: its wild struggles towards beauty, dignity, freedom, victory and how, hemmed in by Sedan and Huddersfield by Nescience, Dullness, Pruience, and other sad necessities and laws of Nature, it has attained just to this: Grey savagery of Three Sacks with a hem!

'When the very Tailor verges towards Sansculottism, is it not ominous? The last Divinity of poor mankind dethroning himself: sinking *his* taper too, flame downmost, like the Genius of Sleep or of Death; admonitory that Tailor-time shall be no more! For, little as one could advise Sumptuary Laws at the present epoch, yet nothing is clearer than that where ranks do actually exist, strict division of costumes will also be enforced; that if we ever have a new Hierarchy and Aristocracy, acknowledged veritably as such, for which I daily pray Heaven,

the Tailor will re-awaken ; and be, by volunteering and appointment, consciously and unconsciously, a safe-guard of that same.'—Certain farther observations, from the same invaluable pen, on our never-ending changes of mode, our 'perpetual nomadic and even ape-like appetite for change and more change' in all the equipments of our existence, and the 'fatal revolutionary character' thereby manifested, we suppress for the present. It may be admitted that Democracy, in all meanings of the word, is in full career ; irresistible by any Ritter Kauderwalsch or other Son of Adam, as times go. 'Liberty' is a thing men are determined to have.

But truly, as I had to remark in the meanwhile, 'the liberty of not being oppressed by your fellow man' is an indispensable, yet one of the most insignificant fractional parts of Human Liberty. No man oppresses thee, can bid thee fetch or carry, come or go, without reason shown. True ; from all men thou art emancipated ; but from Thyself and from the Devil—? No man, wiser, unwiser, can make thee come or go : but thy own futilities, bewilderments, thy false appetities for Money, Windsor Georges and such like ? No man oppresses thee, O free and independent Franchiser : but does not this stupid Porter-pot oppress thee ? No Son of Adam can bid thee come or go : but this absurd Pot of Heavy wet, this can and does ! Thou art the thrall not of Cedric the Saxon, but of thy own brutal appetities, and this scured dish of liquor, And thou pratest of thy 'liberty' ? Thou entire blockhead !

Heavy wet and gin : alas, these are not the only kinds of thraldom. Thou who walkest in a vain show, looking out with ornamental dilettante sniff, and serene supremacy, at all Life and Death ; and amblest jauntily ; perking up thy poor talk into crotchets, thy poor conduct into fatuous somnambulisms ;—and *art* as an 'enchanted Ape' under God's sky, where thou mightest have been a man, had proper Schoolmasters and Conquerors, and Constables with cat-o'-nine tails, been vouchsafed thee : dost thou call that 'liberty ? Or your unreposing Mammon-

worshipper, again, driven, as if by Galvanisms, by Devils and Fixed-ideas, who rises early and sits late, chasing the impossible ; straining every faculty to 'fill himself with the east wind',—how merciful were it, could you, by mild persuasion or by the severest tyranny so—called, check him in his mad path, and turn him into a wiser one ! All painful tyranny, in that case again, were but mild 'surgery' ; the pain of it cheap, as health and life, instead if galvanism and fixed-idea, are cheap at any price.

Sure enough, of all paths a man could strike into, there *is*, at any given moment, a *best path* for every man ; a thing which, here and now, it were of all things *wisest* for him to do ;—which could he be but led or driven to do, he were then doing 'like a man', as we phrase it ; all men and gods agreeing with him, the whole Universe virtually exclaiming Well-done to him ! His success in such case, were complete; his felicity a maximum. This path, to find this path and walk in it, is the one thing needful for him. Whatsoever forwards him in that, let it come to him even in the shape of blows and spurnings is liberty : whatsoever hunders him, were it wardmotes, open-vestries, pollbooths, tremendous cheers, river of heavy-wet, is slavery.

The notion that a man's liberty consists in giving his vote at election-hustings, and saying, 'Behold now I too have my twenty-thousandth part of a Talker in our National Palaver ; will not all the gods be good to me?'—is one of the pleasantest ! Nature nevertheless is kind at present ; and puts it into the heads of many, almost of all. The liberty especially which has to purchase itself by social isolation, and each man standing separate from the other, having 'no business with him' but a cash-account : this is such a liberty as the Earth seldom saw ;—as the Earth will not long put up with, recommended it how you may. This liberty turns out, before it have long continued in action, with all men flinging their caps round it, to be, for the Working Millions, a liberty to die by want of food ; for the Idle Thousands and Units, alas, alas, as till more fatal liberty to live in want of work ;

to have no earnest duty to do in this God's-World any more. What becomes of a man in such predicament? Earth's Laws and silent; and Heaven's speak in a voice which is not heard. No work, and the ineradicable need of work, give rise to new very wondrous life philosophies, new very wondrous life-practices! Dilettantism, Poco-curantism, Beau-Brummelism, with perhaps an occasional, half-mad, protesting burst of Byronism, establish themselves: at the end of a certain period,—if you go back to 'the Dead Sea', there is, say our Moslem friends, a very strange 'Sabbath-day' transacting itself there! Brethren, we know but imperfectly yet, after ages of Constitutional Government, what Liberty and Slavery are.

Democracy, the chase of Liberty in that direction, shall go its full course; unrestrained by him of Pferdefuss-Quacksalber or any of *his* household, The Toiling Millions of Mankind, in most vital need and passionate instinctive desire of Guidance, shall cast away False-Guidance; and hope, for an hour, that No-Guidance will suffice them; but it can be for an hour only. The smallest item of human Slavery is the oppression of men by his Mock-Superiors; the palpablest, but I say at bottom the smallest. Let him shake off such oppression, trample it indignantly under his feet: I blame him not, I pity and commend him. But oppression by your Mock-Superior well shaken off, the grand problem yet remains to solve: That of finding government by your Real-Superiors! Alas, how shall we ever learn the solution of that, benighted, bewildered, sniffing, sneering, god-forgetting unfortunates as we are? It is a work for centuries; to be taught us by tribulations, confusions, insurrections, obstructions; who knows if not by conflagration and despair! It is a lesson inclusive of all other lessons; the hardest of all lessons learn.

One thing I do know: Those Apes, chattering on the branches by the Dead Sea, never got it learned; but chatter there to this day. To them no Moses need come a second time; a thousand Moseses would be but so many painted Phantasms, interesting Fellow-Apes of new

strange aspect,—whom they would 'invite to dinner,' be glad to meet with in lion-soiriees. To them the voice of Prophecy, of heavenly monition, is quite ended. They chatter there, all Heaven shut to them, to the end of the world. The unfortunates! Oh, what is dying of hunger, with honest tools in your hand, with a manful purpose in your heart, and much real labour lying round you done, in comparison? You honestly quit your tools; quit a most muddy confused coil of sore work, short rations, of sorrows, dispiritments and contradictions, having now honestly done with it all;—and await, not entirely in a distracted manner, what the Supreme Powers, and the Silences and the Eternities may have to say to you.

A second thing I know: This lesson will have to be learned,—under penalties! England will either learn it, or England also will cease to exist among Nations. England will either learn to reverence its Heroes, and discriminate them from its Sham-Heroes and Valets and gaslighted Histrios; and to prize them as the audible God's-vice, amid all inane jargons and temporary market-cries, and say to them with heart-loyalty, 'Be ye King and Priest, and Gospel and Guidance for us': or else England will continue to worship now and ever-new forms of Quackhood,—and so, with what resiliences and reboundings matters little, go down to the Father of Quacks! Can I dread such things of England? Wretched, thick-eyed, gross-hearted mortals, why will ye worship lies, and 'Stuffed Clothes-suits, created by the ninth-parts of men!' It is not your purses the suffer; your farm-rents, your commerces, your mill-revenues, loud as ye lament over these; no, it is not these alone, but a far deeper than these; it is your souls that lie dead, crushed down under despicable Nightmares, Atheisms, Brain-fumes; and are not souls at all, but mere succedanea for *salt* to keep your bodies and their appetites from putrefying! Your cotton-spinning and thrice-miraculous mechanism, what is this too, by itself, but a larger kind of Animalism? Spiders can spin, Beavers can build and show contrivance; the Ant lays up accumulation of capital, and has, for aught I

know, a Bank of Antland. If there is no soul in man higher than all that, did it reach to sailing on the cloud-rack and spinning sea-sand; then I say, man is but an animal, a more cunning kind of brute: he has no soul, but only a succedaneum for salt. Whereupon, seeing himself to be truly of the beasts that perish, he ought to admit it, I think;—and also straightway universally to kill himself; and so, in a manlike manner, at least, *end*, and wave these brute-worlds *his* dignified farewell!

CHAPTER XIV

SIR JABESH WINDBAG

OLIVER CROMWELL, whose body they hung on their Tyburn Gallows because he had found the Christian Religion inexecutable in this country, remains to me by far the remarkablest Governor we have had here for the last five centuries or so. For the last five centuries, there has been no Governor among us with anything like similar talent; and for the last two centuries, no Governor, we may say, with the possibility of similar talent,—with an idea in the heart of him capable of inspiring similar talent, capable of co-existing therewith. When you consider that Oliver believed in a God, the difference between Oliver's position and that of any subsequent Governor of this Country become, the more you reflect on it, the more immeasurable!

Oliver, no volunteer in Public Life, but plainly a balloted soldier strictly ordered thither, enters upon Public Life; comports himself there like a man who carried his own life in his hand; like a man whose Great Commander's eye's was always on him. Not without results. Oliver, well-advanced in years, finds now, by Destiny and his own Deservings, or as he himself better phrased it, by wondrous successive 'Births of Providence,' the Government of England put into his hands. In senate-house and battle-field, in counsel and in action, in private and in public, this man has proved himself a man: England and the voice of God,

through waste awful whirl winds and environments, speaking to his great heart, summon him to assert formally, in the way of solemn Public Fact and as a new piece of English Law, what informally and by Nature's eternal Law needed no asserting, That he, Oliver, was the Ablest-Man of England, the King of England ; that he, Oliver, would under-take governing England. His way of making this same 'assertion', the one way he had of making it, has given rise to immense criticism : but the assertion itself, what way soever 'made,' is it not somewhat of a solemn one, somewhat of a tremendous one !

And now do but contrast this Oliver with my right honourable friend Sir Jabesh Windbag, Mr. Fancing-both-ways, Viscount Mealymouth, Earl of Windle-straw, or what other Cagliostro, Cagliostrino, Cagliostraccio, the course of Fortune and Parliamentary Majorities has constitutionally guided to that dignity, any time during these last sorrowful hundred—and-fifty years ! Windbag, weak in the faith of a God, which he believes only at Church on Sundays, if even then ; strong only in the faith that Paragraphs and Plausibilities bring votes ; that Force of Public Opinion, as he calls it, is the primal Necessity of Things, and highest God we have :—Windbag, if we will consider him, has a problem set before him which may be ranged in the impossible class. He is a Columbus minded to sail to the indistinct country of NOWHERE, to the indistinct country of WHITHEEWARD, by the *friendship* of those same waste-tumbling Water-Alps and howling waltz of All the Winds ; not by conquest of them and in spite of them, but by friendship of them; when once *they* have made up their mind ! He is the most original Columbus I ever saw. Nay, his problem is not an impossible one: he will infallibly *arrive* at that same country of NOWHERE; his indistinct Whitherward will be a Thither ward ! In the Ocean Abysses and Locker of Davy Jones, there certainly enough do he and *his* ship's company, and all their cargo and navigatings, at last find lodgement.

Oliver knew that his America lay THREE, Westward Ho ;—and it was not entirely by *friendship* of the Water-

Alps, and yeasty insane Froth-Oceans, that he meant to get thither! He sailed accordingly; had compass-card, and Rules of Navigation,—older and greater than these Froth-Oceans, old as the Eternal God! Or again, do but think of this. Windbag in these his probable five years of office has to prosper and get Paragraphs: the Paragraphs of these five years must be his salvation, or he is a lost man; redemption nowhere in the Worlds or in the Times discoverable for him. Oliver too would like his Paragraphs; successes, popularities in these five years are not undesirable to him: but mark, I say, this enormous circumstance: *after* these five years are gone and done, comes an Eternity for Oliver! Oliver has to appear before the Most High Judge: the utmost flow of Paragraphs, the utmost ebb of them, is now, in strictest arithmetic, verily no matter at all; its exact value *zero*; an account altogether erased! Enormous;—which a man, in these days, hardly fancies with an effort! Oliver's Paragraphs are all done, his battles, division-lists, successes all summed: and now in that awful unarring Court of Review, the real question first rises, Whether he has succeeded at all; whether he has not been defeated miserably for evermore? Let him come with world-wide *Io-Paeans*, these avail him not. Let him come covered over with the world's execrations, gashed with ignominious death-wounds, the gallows-rope about his neck: what avails that? The word is, Come thou brave and faithful; the word is, Depart thou quack and accursed!

O Windbag, my right honourable friend, in very truth I pity thee. I say, these Paragraphs, and low or loud votings of thy poor fellow-block heads of mankind, will never guide thee in any enterprise at all. Govern a country on such guidance? Thou canst not make a pair of shoes, sell pennyworth of tape; on such. No, thy shoes are vamped up falsely to meet the market; behold the leather only *seemed* to be tanned; thy shoes melt under me to rubbishy pulp, and are not veritable mud-defying shoes, but plausible vendible similitudes of shoes,—thou unfortunate, and I! O my right honourable friend, when the Paragraphs flowed in, who was like Sir Jabesh? On the

swelling tide he mounted; higher higher, triumphant, heaven-high. But the Paragraphs again ebbed out, as unwise Paragraphs needs must: Sir Jabesh lies stranded, sunk and for aversinking in ignominious ooze; the Mud-nymphs, and ever-deepening bottomless Oblivion, his portion to eternal time. 'Posterity?' Thou appealest to Posterity, thou? My right honourable friend, what will Posterity do for thee! The voting of Posterity, were it continued through centuries in thy favour, will be quite inaudible, extra-forensic, without any effect whatever. Posterity can do simply nothing for a man; nor even seem to do much if the man be not brainsick. Besides, to tell thee truth, the bets are a thousand to one, Posterity will not hear of thee, my right honourable friend! Posterity, I have found, has generally his own Windbags sufficiently trumpeted in all market-places, and no leisure to attend to ours. Posterity, which has made of Norse Odin a similitude, and of Norman William a brute monster, what will or can it make of English Jabesh? O Heavens, 'Posterity'!—

'These poor persecuted Scotch Covenanters' said I to my inquiring Frenchman, in such stinted French as stood at command, *'ils s'en appelaient a'*—*'A la Posterite,'* interrupted he, helping me out.—*'Ah, Monsieur, non, mile fois non!* They appealed to the Eternal God; not to Posterity at all! *C'elait different.*'

CHAPTER XV

MORRISON AGAIN

Nevertheless, O Advanced Liberal, one cannot promise thee any 'New Religion', for some time; to say truth, I do not think we have the smallest chance of any! Will the candid reader,—by way of closing this Book Third, listen to a few transient remarks on that subject?

Candid readers have not lately met with any man who had less notion to interfere with their Thirty-Nine, or

other Church-Articles; wherewith, very helplessly as is like, they may have struggled to from for themselves some not inconceivable hypothesis about this Universe, and their own Existence there, Superstition, my friend, is far from me; Fanaticism, for any *Fanum* likely to arise soon on this Earth, is far A man's Church-Articles are surely articles of price to him; and in these times one has to be tolerant of many strange 'Articles', and of many still stranger 'No-articles', which go about placarding themselves in a very distracted manner,—the numerous long placard-poles, and questionable infirm paste-pots, interfering with one's peaceable thoroughfare sometimes!

Fancy a man, moreover, recommending his fellow men to believe in God, that so Chartism might abate, and the Manchester Operatives be got to spin peaceably! The idea is more distracted than any placardpole seen hitherto in a public thoroughfare of men! My friend, if thou ever do come to believe in God, thou wilt find all Chartism, Manchester riot, Parliamentary incompetence, Ministries of Windbag, and the wildest Social Dissolutions, and the burning up of this entire Planet, a most small matter in comparison. Brother, this Planet, I find, is but an inconsiderable sandgrain in the continents of Being this Planet's poor temporary interests, thy interests and my interests there, when I look fixedly into that enternal Light-Sea and Flame—Sea with *its* enternal interests, dwindle literally into Nothing; my speech of it is—silence for the while. I will as soon think of making Galaxies and Star-Systems to guide little herring-vessels by, as of preaching Religion that the Constable may continue possible. Oh my Advanced-Liberal friend, this new second progress, of proceeding 'to invent God', is a very strange one! Jacobinism unfolded into Saint-Simonism bodes innumerable blessed things; but the thing itself might draw tears from a Stoic!—As for me, some twelve or thirteen New Religions, heavy Packets, most of them unfranked, having arrived here from various parts of the world, in a space of six calender months, I have instructed my invaluable friend the Stamped Postman to introduce no more of them, if the charge exceeded one penny.

Henry of Essex, duelling in that Thames Island, 'near to Reading Abbey.' had a religion. But was it in virtue of his seeing armed Phantasms of St Edmund 'on the rim of the horizon', looking minatory on him ? Had that, intrinsically, anything to do with his religion at all ? Henry of Essex's religion was the Inner Light or Moral Conscience of his own soul ; such as is vouchsafed still to all souls of men;—which Inner Light shone here 'through such intellectual and other media' as there were ; producing 'Phantasms', Kircherean Visual-Spectra, according to circumstances ! It is so with all men. The clearer my Inne Light may shine, through the *less* turbid media ; the *fewer* Phantasms it may produce,—the gladder surely shall I be, and not the sorrier ! Hast thou reflected, O serious reader, Advanced-Liberal or other, that the one end, essence, use of all religion past, present and to come, was this only: To keep that same Moral Conscience or Inner Light of ours alive and shining ; which certainly the 'Phantasms' and the 'turbid media' were not essential for ! All religion was here to remind us, better or worse of what we already know better or worse, of the quite *infinite* difference there is between a Good man and a Bad ; to bid us love infinitely the one, abhor and avoid infinitely the other,—strive infinitely to *be* the one, and not to be the other. 'All religion issues in due Practical Hero-worship.' He that has a soul unasphyxied will never want a religion ; he that has a soul asphyxied, reduced to a succedaneum for salt, will never find any religion, though you rose from the dead to preach him one.

But indeed, when men and reformers ask for 'a religion', it is analogous to their asking, 'What would you have us to do ?' and such like. They fancy that their religion too shall be a kind of Morrison's Pill, which they have only to swallow once, and all will be well Resolutely once gulp down your Religion, your Morrison's Pill, you have it all plain sailing now : you can follow your affairs, your no-affairs, go along money-hunting pleasure-hunting, dilettanteing, dangling, and miming and chattering like a Dead-Sea Ape : you Morrison will do your business for you. Men's notions are very strange !—Brother, I say there

is not, was not, nor will ever be, in the wide circle of Nature, any Pill or Religion of that character. Man cannot afford thee such ; for the very gods it is impossible. I advise thee to renounce Morrison ; once for all, quit hope of the Universal Pill. For body, for soul, for individual or society, there has not any such article been made. *Non extat*. In Created Nature it is not, was not, will not be. In the void imbroglios of Chaos only, and realms of Bedlam, does some shadow of it hover, to bewilder and bemock the poor inhabitants *there*.

Rituals, Liturgies, Creeds, Hierarchies ; all this is not religion ; all this, were it dead as Odinism, as Fetishism, does not kill religion at all ! It is Stupidity alone, with nev r so many rituals, that kills religion. Is not this still a World ? Spinning Cotton under Arkwright and Adam Smith ; founding Cities by the Fountain of Juturna, on the Janiculum Mount ; tilling Canaan under Prophet Samuel and Paslmist David, man is ever man : the missionary of Unseen Powers ; and great and victorious, while he continues true to his mission ; mean, miserable, foiled, and at last annihilated and trodden out of sight and memory, when he proves untrue. Brother thou art a Man, I think ; thou art not a mere building Beaver, or two-legged Cotton-Spider ; thou hast verily a Soul in thee, asphyxied or otherwise ! Sooty Manchester,—it too is built on the infinite Abysses ; ovorspanned by the skyey Firmaments ; and there is birth in it, and death in it ;—and it is every whit as wonderful, as fearful, unimaginable, as the oldest Salem or Prophetic City. Go and stand, in what time, in what place we will, and there not Immensities, Eternities over us, around us, in us :

Solemn before us,
Veiled, the dark Portal,
Goal of all mortal :—
Stars silent rest o' er us,
Graves under us silent !

Between *these* two great Silences, the hum of all our spinning cylinders, Trades-Unions, Anti-Corn Law

Leagues and Carlton Clubs goes on. Stupidity itself ought to pause a little and consider that. I tell thee, through all thy Ledgers, Supply-and demand Philosophies, and daily most modern melancholy Business and Cant, there does shine the presence of a Primaeval Unspeakable; and thou wert wise to recognize, not with lips only, that same!

The Marker's Laws, whether they are promugated in Sinai Thunder, to the ear or imagination or quite otherwise promulgated, are the Laws of God; transcendent, everlasting, imperatively demanding obedience from all men. This, without any thunder, or with never so much thunder, thou, if there be any soul left in thee, canst know of a truth. The Universe, I say, is made by Law: the great Soul of the World is just and not unjust. Look thou, if thou have eyes or soul left, into this great shoreless Incomprehensible: in the heart of its tumultous Appearances, Embroilments, and mad Time-vortexes, is there not, silent, eternal, an All jus', an All-beautiful; sole Reality and ultimate controlling Power of -he whole? This is not a figure of speech; this is a fact. The fact of Gravitation known to all animals, is not surer than this inner Fact, which may be known to all men. He who knows this, it will sink, silent, awful, unspeakable, into his heart. He will say with Faust: 'Who *dare* name HIM?' Most rituals or 'namings' he will fall in with at present, are like to be namings'—which shall be nameless! In silence, in the Eternal Temple, let him worship, if there be no fit word. Such knowledge, the crown of his whole spiritual being, the life of his life, let him keep and sacredly walk by. He has a religion. Hourly and daily, for himself and for the whole world, a faithful, unspoken, but not ineffectual prayer rises, 'Thy will be done.' His whole work on Earth is an emblematic spoken or acted prayer, Be the will of God done on Earth, not the Devil's will or any of the Devil's servants' wills! He has a religion, this man; an everlasting Lodestar that beams the brighter in the H avens, the darker here on Earth grows the night around him. Thou, if thou know not this, what are all rituals, liturgies, mythologies, masschantings, turnings of the rotatory calabash? They are as nothing; in a good

many respects they are as *less*. Divorced from this, getting half-divorced from this, they are a thing to fill one with a kind of horror; with a sacred inexpressible pity and fear. The most tragical thing a human eye can look on. It was said to the Prophet, 'Behold, I will show thee worse things than these: women weeping to Thammuz.' That was the name of the Prophet's vision,—then as now.

Rituals, Liturgies, Credes, Sinai Thunder: I know more or less the history of these; the rise, progress, decline and fall of these. Can thunder from all the thirty two azimuths, repeated daily for centuries of years, make God's Laws more godlike to me? Brother, No. Perhaps I am grown to be a man now; and do not need the thunder and the terror any longer! Perhaps I am above being frightened; perhaps it is not Fear, but Reverence alone, that shall now lead me!—Revelations, Inspiration? Yes: and thy own god-created Soul; dost thou call that a 'revelation'? Who made THEE? Where didst Thou-come from? The Voice of Eternity, if thou be not a blasphemer and poor asphyxied mute, speaks with that tongue of thine! *Thou* art the latest Birth of Nature; it is 'the Inspiration of the Almighty, that giveth *thee* understanding! My brother, my brother!—

Under baleful Atheisms, Mammonisms, Joe-Manton Dilettantisms, with their appropriate Cants and Idolisms, and whatsoever scandalous rubbish obscures and all but extinguishes the soul of man,—religion now is; its Laws, written if not on stone tables, yet on the Azure of Infinitude, in the inner heart of God's Creation, certain as Life, certain as Death! I say the Laws are there, and thou shalt not disobey them. It were better for thee not. Better a hundred deaths than yes. Terrible 'penalties' withal, if thou still need 'penalties', are there for disobeying. Dost thou observe' O redtape Politician, that fiery infernal Phenomenon, which men name French Revolution, sailing, unlooked-for, unbidden: through thy inane Protocal Dominion:—far-seen, with splendour not of Heaven? Ten centuries will see it. There were Tanneries at Meudon for human skins. And Hell, very

truly Hell, had power over God's upper Earth for a season. The cruellest Portent that has risen into created Space these ten centuries : let us hail it, with awestruck repentant hearts, as the voice once more of a God, though of one in wrath. Blessed be the God's-voice ; for *it* is true, and Falsehoods have to cease before it ! But for that same preternatural quasi-infernal Portent, one could not know what to make of this wretched world, in these days, at all. The deplorablest quack-ridden, and now hunger-ridden, down-trodden Despicability and *Flebile Ludibrium*, of redtape Protocols, rotatory Calabashes, Poor-Law Bastilles : who is there that could think of *its* being fated to continue ?—

Penalties enough, my brother ! This penalty inclusive of all : Eternal Death to thy own hapless Self, if thou heed not other. Eternal Death, I say,—with many meanings old and new, of which let this single one suffice us here : The eternal impossibility for thee to be aught but a Chimera, and swiftvanishing deceptive Phantasm, in God's Creation ;—swift-vanishing never to reappear : why should *it* reappear ! Thou hadst one chance, thou wilt never have another. Everlasting ages will roll on, and no other be given thee. The foolishest articulate-speaking soul now extant, may not he say to himself: 'A whole Eternity I waited to born ; and now I have a whole Eternity waiting to see what I will do when born !' This is not Theology, this is Arithmetic. And thou but half-discernest this ; thou but half-believest it ? Alas, on the shores of the Dead Sea, on Sabbath, there goes on a Tragedy !—

But we will leave this of 'Religion' ; of which, to say truth, it is chiefly profitable in these unspeakable days to keep silence. Thou needest no 'New Religion' ; nor art thou like to get any. Thou hast already more 'religion' than thou makest use of. This day, thou knowest ten commanded duties, seest in thy mind ten things which should be done, for one that thou doest ! *Do* one of them ; this of itself will show thee ten other which can and shall be done. 'But my future fate ?' Yes,

thy future fate, indeed? Thy future, while thou makest *it* the chief question, seems to me—extremely questionable! I do not think it can be good. Norse Odin, immemorial centuries ago, did not he, though a poor Heathen, in the dawn of Time, teach us that for the Dastard there was, and could be, no good fate; no harbour anywhere, save down with Hela, in the pool of Night! Dastards, Knaves, are they that lust for Pleasure, that tremble at Pain. For this world and for the next, Dastards are a class of creatures made to be 'arrested'; they are good for nothing else, can look for nothing else. A greater than Odin has been here. A greater than Odin has aught us—not a great Dastardism, I hope! My brother, thou must pray for a *soul*; struggle, as with life-and-death energy, to get back thy soul! Know that 'religion' is no Morrison's Pill from without, but a re-awakening of thy own Self from within:—and, above all, leave me alone of thy 'religions' and 'new religions' here and else where! I am weary of this sick croaking for a Morrison's Pill religion; for any and for every such. I want none such; and discern all such to be impossible. The resuscitation of old liturgies fallen dead; much more, the manufacture of new liturgies that will never be alive: how hopeless! Stylitisms, eremite fanaticisms and fakeerisms; spasmodic agonistic posture makings, and narrow, cramped, morbid, if for ever noble wrestlings: all this is not a thing desirable to me It is a thing the world *has* done once,—when its beard was not grown as now!

And yet there is, at worst, one Liturgy which does remain for ever unexceptionable: that of *Praying* (as the old Monks did withal) *by Working*. And indeed the Prayer which accomplished itself in special chapels at stated hours, and went not with a man, rising up from all his Work and Action, at all moments sanctifying the same,—what was it ever good for? 'Work is Worship': yes, in a highly considerable sense,—which, in the present state of all 'worship', who is there that can un-fold! He that understands it well, understands the Prophecy of the whole Future; the last Evangel, which has in-

cluded all others. *Its* cathedral the Dome of Immensity,—hast thou seen it? coped with the star-galaxies; paved with the green mosic of land and ocean; and for alter, verily, the Star-throne of Eternal! its litany and psalmody the noble acts, the heroic work and suffering, and true heart-utterance of all the Valiant of the Sons of Man. Its choir-music the ancient Winds and Oceans, and deep-toned, inarticulate, but most speaking voices of Destiny and History,—supernal ever as of old. Between two great Silences:

> Stars silent rest o'er us,
> Graves under us silent.

Between which two great Silences, do not, as we said, all human Noises, in the naturallest times, most preternaturally march and roll?—

I will insert this also, in a lower, strain, from Sauerteig's *Aesthetische Springwarzeln*. 'Worship?' says he: 'Before that inane tumult of Hearsay filled men's heads, while the world lay yet silent, and the heart true and open, many things were Worhip! To the primaeval man whatsoever good came, descended on him (as, in mere fact, it ever does) direct from God; whatsoever duty lay visible for him, this a Supreme God had prescribed. To the present hour I ask thee, Who else? For the primaeval man, in whom dwelt Thought, this Universe was all a Temple; Life everywwhere a Worship.

'What Worship, for example, is there not in mere Washing! Perhaps one of the most moral things a man, in common cases, has it in his power to do. Strip thyself, go into the bath, or were it into the limpid pool and running brook, and there wash and be clean: thou will step out again a purer and a better man. This consciousness of perfect outer pureness that to thy skin there now adheres no foreign speck of imperfection, how it radiates in on thee, with cunning symbolic influences, to thy very soul! Thou hast an increase of tendency towards all good things whatsoever. The oldest Eastern Sages, with

joy and holy gratitude, had felt it so,—and that it was the Maker's gift and will. Whese else *is* it ? It remains a religious duty, from oldest times, in the East.—Nor could Herr Professor Strauss, when I put the question, deny that for us at present it is still such here in the West! To that dingy fuliginous Operative, emerging from his soot-mill, what is the first duty I will prescribe, and offer help towards ? That he clean the skin of him *Can* he pray, by any ascertained method ? One knows not entirely :—but with soap and a sufficiency of water, he can wash. Even the dull English feel something of this ; they have a saying, "Cleanliness is near of kin to Godliness':—yet never, in any country, saw I operative men worse washed, and, in a climate drenched with the softest cloud-water, such a scarcity of baths !'—Alas, Sauerteig, our operative men are at present short even of potatoes : what 'duty' can you prescribe to them !

Or let us give a glance at China. Our new friend, the Emperor there, is Pontiff of three hundred million men ; who do all live and work, these many centuries now ; authentically patronized by Heaven so far ; and therefore must have some 'religion' of a kind. This Emperor-Pontiff has, in fact, a religious belief of certain Laws of Heaven ; observes, with a religious rigour, his 'three thousand punctualities', given out by men of insight, some sixty generations since, as a legible transcript of the same,—the Heavens do seem to say, not totally an incorrect one. He has not much of a ritual, this Pontiff Emperor ; believes, it is likest, with the old Monks, that 'Labour is Worship'. His most public Act of Worship, it appears, is the drawing solemnly at a certain day, on the green bosom of our Mother Earth, when the Heavens, after dead black winter, have again with their vernal radiances awakened her, a distinct red Furrow with the Plough,—signal that all the Ploughs of China are to begin ploughing and worshipping ! It is notable enough. He, in sight of the See and Unseen Powers, draws his distinct red Furrow there ; saying, and praying, in mute symbolism, so many most eloquent things !

If you ask this Pontiff, 'Who made him ? What is to became of him and us ?' he maintains a dignified reserve ; waves his hand and pontiff-eyes over the unfathomable deep of Heaven, the 'Tsien', the azure kingdoms of Infinitude ; as if asking. 'Is it doubtful that we are right *well* made ? Can sught that is *wrong* become of us'— He and his three hundred millions (it is their chief 'punctuality') visit yearly the Tombs of their Fathers ; each man the Tomb of his Father and his Mother : alone there, in silence, with what of 'worship' or of other thought may be, pauses solemnly each man ; the divine Skies all silent over him ; the divine Graves, and this divinest Grave, all silent under him ; the pulsings his own soul, if he have any soul, alone audible. Truly it may be a kind of worship ! Truly, if a man cannot get some glimpse into the Eternities, looking through this bortal, —through what other need be try it ?

Our friend the Pointiff-Emperor permits cheerfully, though with contempt, all manner of Buddhists, Bonzes, Talapoins and such like, to build brick Temples, on the voluntary principle ; to worship with what of chantings, paper-lenterns and tumultuous brayings, pleases them ; and make night hideous, since they find some comfort in so doing. Cheerfully, though with contempt. He is a wiser Pontiff than many persons think ! He is as yet the one Chief Potentate or Priest in this Earth who has made a distinct systematic attempt at what we call the ultimate result of all religion, '*Practical* Hero-worship' : he does incessantly- with true anxiety, in such way as he can, search and sift (it would appear) his whole enormous population for the Wisest born among them ; by which Wisest, as by born Kings, these three hundred million men are governed. The Heavens, to a certain extent, do appear to countenance him. These three hundred millions actually make porcelain, souchong tea, with innumerable other things ; and fight, under Heaven's flag, against Necessity ;—and have fewer Seven-Years Wars, Thirty-Years Wars, French Revolution Wars, and infernal fightings with each other, than certain millions elsewhere have !

Nay, in our poor distracted Europe itself, in these newest times. have there not religious voices risen,—with a religion new and yet the oldest ; entirely indisputa le to all hearts of men ? Some I do know ; who did not call or think themselves 'Prophets,' far enough from that; but who were, in very truth, melodious Voices from the eternal Heart to Nature once again ; souls for ever venerable to all that have a soul. A French Revolution is one phenomenon as complement and spiritual exponent thereof, a Poet Goethe and German Literature is to me another. The old Secular or Practical World, so to speak, having gone up in fire, is not here the prophecy and dawn of a new Spiritual World, parent of far nobler, wider, new Practical Worlds ? A Life of Antique devoutness, Antique veracity and heroism, has again become possible, is again *seen* actual there, for the most modern man. A phenomenon, as quiet as it is, comparable for greatness to no other ! 'The great event for the world is, now as always, the arrival in it of a new Wise Man.' Touches there are, be the Heavens ever thanked, of new Sphere-melody , audible once more in the infinite jargoning discords and poor scrannel-pipings of the thing called Literature;—priceless there, as the voice of new Heavenly Psalm ! Literature, like the old Prayer-Collections of the first centuries, were it 'well selected from and burnt', contains precious things. For Literature, with all its printing-presses, puffing-engines and shoreless deafening triviality, *is* yet 'the Thought of Thinking Souls'. A sacred religion,' if you like the name, does live in the heart of that strange froth-ocean, not wholly froth, which we call Literature ; and will more and more disclose itself therefrom ;—not now as scorching Fire : the red smoky scorching Fire has purified itself into white sunny Light. Is not Light grander than Fire ? It is the same element in a state of purity.

My ingenuous readers, we will march out of this Third Book with a rhytomic word of Goethe's on our lips : a word which perhaps has already sung itself, in dark hours and in bright, through many a heart. To me, finding it devout yet wholly credible and veritable, fnll

of piety yet free of cant ; to me, joyfully finding much in it, and joyfully missing so much in it, this little snatch of music, by the greatest Germae Man, sounds like a stanza in the grand *Road-Song* and *Marching-Song* of our great Teutonic Kindred, wending, wending, valiant and victorious, through the undiscovered Deeps of Time ! He calls *it Mason-Lodge,*—not Psalm or Hymn :

The Mason's way are
A type of Existence,
And his persistence
Is as the days are
Of men in this world.

The future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow :
We press still thorow ,
Naught that abides in it
Daunting us,—onward.

And solemn before us,
Veiled, the dark Portal.
Goal of all mortal :—
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent.

While earnest thou gazest,
Comes boding of terror,
Comes phantasm and error,
Perplexes the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the Voices,—
Heard are the sages,
The Worlds and the Ages :
'Choose well, your chorice is
Brief and yet endless :

Here eyes do regard you,
In Eternity's stillness;
Here is all fullness,
Ye brave, to reward you ;
Work, and despair not'.

BOOK IV—HOROSCOPE

CHAPTER I

ARISTOCRACIES

To predict the Future, to manage the Present, would not be so impossible, had not the Past been so sacrilegiously mishandled ; effaced, and what is worse, defaced! The Past cannot be seen ; the Past, looked at through the medium of 'Philosophical History' in these times, cannot even be *not* seen: it is misseen ; affirmed to have existed,—and to have been a godless Impossibility. Your Norman Conquerors, true royal souls, crowned kings as such, were vulturous irrational tyrants: your Becket was a noisy egoist and hypocrite; getting his brains spilt on the floor of Canterbury Cathedral, to secure the main chance,—somewhat uncertain how ! 'Policy, Fanaticism ; or say 'Enthusiasm', even 'honest Enthusiasm',—ah yes, of course :

> The Dog, to gain his private ends,
> *Went* mad, and bit the Man!—

For in truth, the eye sees in all things 'what it brought with it the means of seeing'. A godless century, looking back on centuries that were godly, produces portraitures more miraculous than any other. All was inane discord in the Past ; brute Force bore rule everywhere ; Stupidity, savage Unreason, fitter for Bedlam than for a human World! Whereby indeed it becomes sufficiently natural that the like qualities, in new sleeker habiliments, should continue in our time to rule. Millions enchanted in

Bastille Workhouses; Irish Widows proving their relationship by typhus-fever: what would you have? It was ever so, or worse. Men's History, was it not always even this: The cookery and eating-up of imbecile Dupedom by successful Quackhood; the battle, with various weapons, of vulturous Quack and Tyrant against vulturous Tyrant and Quack? No God was in the Past Time: nothing but Mechanisms and Chaotic Brute-Gods:—how shall the poor 'Philosophic Historian', to whom his on century is all godless, see any God in other centuries?

Men believe in Bibles, and disbelieve in them: but of all Bibles the frightfullest to disbelieve in is this 'Bible of Universal History'. This is the Eternal Bible and God's-Book, 'which every man born' till once the soul and eyesight are extinguished in him, 'can and must, with his own eyes, see the God's-Finger writing!' To discredit this, is an *infidelity* like no other. Such infidelity you would punish, if not by fire and faggot, which are difficult to manage in our times, yet by the most peremptory order, To hold its peace till it got something wiser to say. Why should the blessed Silence be broken into noises, to communicate only the like of this? If the Past have no God's-Reason in it, nothing but Devil's-Unreason, let the Past be eternally forgotten: mention *it* no more:—we whose ancestors were all hanged, why should we talk of ropes!

It is, brief, not true that men ever lived by Delirium, Hypocrisy, Injustice, or any form of Unreason, since they came to inhabit this Planet. It is not true that they ever did, or ever will, live except by the reverse of these. Men will again be taught this. Their acted History will then again be a Heroism; their written History, what it once was, an Epic. Nay, for ever it is either such, or else it virtually is—Nothing. Were it written in a thousand volumes, the Unheroic of such volumes hastens incessantly to be forgotten: the net content of an Alexandrian Library of Unheroics is, and will ultimately show itself to be, zero. What man is interested to remember it; have not all men at all times, the liveliest interest to forget it?—

'Revelations', if not celestial, then infernal, will teach us that God is ; we shall then, if needful, discern without difficulty that He has always been! The Dryasdust Philosophisms and enlightened Scepticisms of the Eighteenth Century, historical and other, will have to survive for a while-with the Physiologists, as a memorable *Nightmare-Dream*. All this haggard epoch, with its ghastly Doctrines, and death's-head Philosophies 'teaching by example' or otherwise, will one day have become, what to our Moslem friends their goodless ages are, 'the Period of Ignorance.'

If the convulsive struggles of the last Half Century have taught poor struggling convulsed Europe any truth ; it may perhaps be this as the essence of innumerable others: That Europe requires a real Aristocracy, a real Priesthood, or it cannot continue to exist. Huge French Revolutions, Napoleonisms, then Bourbonisms with their corollary of Three Days, finishing in very unfinal Louis-Philippisms: all the ought to be didactic! All this may have taught us, That False Aristocracies are insupportable; that No-Aristocracies are insupportable ; that No Aristocracies, Liberty-and-Equalities are impossible ; that True Aristocracies are at once indispensable and not easily attained.

Aristocracy and Priesthood, a Governing Class and a Teaching Class: these two, sometimes separate, and endeavouring to harmonize themselves, sometimes conjoined as one, and the King a Pontiff-King:—there did no Society exist without these two vital elements, there will none exist. It lies in the very nature of man : you will visit no remotest village in the most republican country of the world, where virtually or actually you do not find these two powers at work. Man, little as he may suppose it, is necessitated to obey superiors He is a social being in virtue of this necessity: nay, he could not be gregarious otherwise. He obeys those whom he esteems better than himself, wiser, braver: and will for ever obey such; and even be ready and delighted to do it.

The wiser, Braver: these, a Virtual Aristocracy every where and everywhen, do in all Societies that reach any articulate shape, develop themselves into a ruling class, an Actual Arsitocracy, with settled modes of operating, what are called laws and even *private-laws* or privileges, and so forth; very notable to look upon in this world.—Aristocracy and Priesthood, we say, are sometimes united. For indeed the Wiser and the Braver are property but one class; no wise man but needed first of all to be a brave man, or he never had been wise. The noble Priest was always a noble *Aristos* to begin with, and something more to end with. Your Luther, your knox, your Anselm, Becket, Abbot Samson, Samuel Johnson, if they had not been brave enough, by what possibility could they ever have been wise?—If, from accident or forethought, this your Actual Aristocracy have got discriminated into Two Classes, there can be no doubt but the Priest Class is the more dignified; supreme over the other, as governing head is over active hand. And yet in practice again, it is likeliest the reverse will be found arranged;—a sign that the arrangement is already vitiated; that a split is introduced into it, which will widen and widen till the whole be rent asunder.

In England, in Europe generally, we may say that these two Virtualities have unfolded themselves into Actualities, in by far the noblest and richest manner any region of the world ever saw. A spiritual Guideship, a practical Governorship, fruit of the grand conscious endeavours, say rather of the immeasurable unconscious instincts and necessities of men, have established themselves; very strange to behold. Everywhere, while so much has been forgotten, you find the King's Palace, and the Viceking's Castle, Mansion, Manorhouse; till there is not an inch of ground from sea to sea but has both its King and Viceking, long due series of Vicekings, its Squire, Earl, Duke or whatever the title of him,—to whom you have given the land, that he may govern you in it.

More touching still, there is not a hamlet where poor

peasants congregate, but, by one means and another a Chuch-Apparatus has been got together,—roofed edifice, with revenues and belfries, pulpit, reading-desk, with Books and Methods: possibility in short, and strict prescription, That a man stand there and speak of spiritual things to men. It is beautiful;—even in its great obscuration and decadence, it is among the beautifullest, most touching objects one sees on the Earth. This Speaking Man has indeed, in these times, wandered terribly from the point; has, alas, as it were, totally lost sight of the point: yet, at bottom, whom have we to compare with him? Of all public functionaries boarded and lodged on the Industry of Modern Europe, is there one worthier of the board he has? A man even professing, and never so languidly making still some endeavour, to save the souls of men: contrast him with a man professing to do little but shoot the partridges of men! I wish he could find the point again, this Speaking One; and stick to it with tenacity, with deadly energy; for there is need of him yet! The Speaking Function, this of Truth coming in us with a living voice, nay in a living shape, and as a concrete practical exemplar: this, with all our Writing and Printing Functions, has a perennial place. Could he but find the point again,—take the old spectacles off his nose, and looking up discover, almost in contact with him, what the *real* Satanas, and soul-devouring, world-devouring *Devil*, now is! Original Sin and suchlike are bad enough, I doubt not: but distilled Gin, dark Ignorance, Stupidity, dark Corn-Law, Bastille and Company, what are they! *Will* he discover our new real Satan, whom he has to fight; or go on droning through his old nose-spectacles about old exinct Satans; and never see the real one, till he *feel* him at his own throat and ours? That is a question, for the world! Let us not intermeddle with it here.

Sorrowful, phantasmal as this same Double Aristocracy of Teachers and Governors now looks, it is worth all men's while to know that the purport of it is and remains noble and most real. Dryasdust, looking merely at the suface, is greatly in error as to those ancient Kings.

William Conqueror, William Rufus or Redbeard, Stephen Curthose himself, much more Henry Beauclerc and our brave Plantagenet Henry: the life of these men was not vulturous Fighting; it was a valorous Governing,—to which occasionally Fighting did, and alas must yet, though far seldomer now, superadd itself as an accident, a distressing impedimental adjunct. The fighting too was indispensable, for ascertaining who had the might over whom, the right over whom. By much hard fighting, as we once said, 'the unrealities, beaten into dust, flew gradually off'; and left the plain reality and fact, 'Thou stronger than I; thou wiser than I; thou king, and subject I', in a somewhat clearer condition.

Truly we cannot enough admire, in those Abbot-Samson and William-Conqueror times, the arrangement they had made of their Governing Classes. Highly interesting to observe how the sincere insight, on their part, into what did, of primary necessity, behove to be accomplished, had led them to the way of accomplishing it, and in the course of time to get it accomplished! No imaginary Aristocracy would serve their turn; and accordingly they attained a real one. The Bravest men, who, it is ever to be repeated and remembered, are also on the whole the Wisest, Strongest, everyway Best, had here, with a respectable degree of accuracy, been got selected: seated each on his piece of territory, which was lent him, then gradually given him, that he might govern it. These Vicekings, each on his portion of the common soil of England, with a Head King over all, were a 'Virtuality perfected into an Actuality' really to an astonishing extent.

For those were rugged stalwart ages; full of earnestness, of a rude God's-truth:—nay, at any rate, their *quilting* was so unspeakably *thinner* than ours; Fact came swiftly on them, if at any time they had yielded to Phantasm! 'The Knaves and Dastards' had to be 'arrested' in some measure: or the world, almost within year and day, found that it could not live. The Knaves and Dastards accordingly were got arrested. Dastards upon

the very throne had to be got arrested. and taken off the throne,—by such methods as there weie ; by the roughest method, if there chanced to be no smoother one ! Doubtless there was much hashness of operation, much severity ; as indeed government and surgery are often somewhat severe. Gurth, born thrall of Cedric, it is like, got cuffs as often as pork-parings, if he misdemeaned himself ; but Gurth did belong to Cedric : on human creature then went about connected with nobody ; left to go his way into Bastilles or worse, under *Laissez-faire* ; reduced to prove his retationship by dying of typhus-fever !—Days come when there is no King in Israel, but every man is his own king, doing that which is right in his own eyes ;—and tarbarrels are burnt to 'Liberty,' 'Tenpound Franchise :' and the like, with considerable effect in various ways !—

That Feudal Aristocracy, I say, was on imaginary one. To a respectable degree, its *Jarls* what, we now call Earls, were *Strong-Ones* in fact as well as etymology ; its Dukes *Leaders* ; its Lords *Law-wards*. They did all the Soldiering and Police of the country, all the Judging, Law-making. even the Church-Extension ; whatsoever in the way of Governing, of Guiding and Protecting could be done. It was a Land Aristocracy ; it managed the Governing of this English People and had the reaping of the Soil of England in return. It is, in many senses, the Law of Nature, this same Law of Feudalism ;—no right Aristocracy but a Land one ! The curious are invited to meditate upon it in these days. Soldiering, Police and Judging, Church-Extension, nay real Government and Guidance, all this was actually *done* by the Holders of the Land in return for their Land. How much of it is now done by them ; done by anybody ? Good Heavens, 'Laisseze-faire, Do ye nothing eat your wages and sleep" is every where the passionate halfwise cry of this time ; and they will not so much as do nothing, but must do mere Corn-Laws ! We raise Fifty-two millions, from the general mass of us, to get our Govering done—or, alas, to get ourselves persuaded that it is done: and the 'peculiar burdon of the Land, is to pay, not all this, but to pay, as

I learn, one twenty-fourth part of all this. Our first Chartist Parliament, or Oliver *Redivivus*, you would say, will know where to lay the new taxes of England !—Or, alas, taxes ? If we made the Holders of the Land pay every shilling still of the expense of Governing the Land, what were all that ? The Land, by mere hired Governors, cannot be got governed. You cannot hire men to govern the Land it is by a mission not contracted for in the Stock-Exchange, but felt in their own hearts as coming out of Heaven, that men can govern a Land. The mission of a Land Aristocracy is a *sacred* one, in both the senses of that old word. The footing it stands on, at present, might give rise to thoughts other than of Corn-Laws !—

But truly a 'Splendour of God', as in William Conqueror's rough oath, did dwell in those old rude veracious ages ; did inform, more and more, with a heavenly nobleness, all departments of their work and life. Phantasms could not yet walk abroad in mere Cloth Tailorage, they were at least Phantasms 'on the rim of the horizon,' Pencilled there by an eternal Light-beam from within. A most 'practical' Hero-worship went on, unconsciously or half-consciously. everywhere. A Monk Samson, with a maximum of two shillings in his pocket, could without ballot-box, be made a Viceking of, being seen to be worthy. The difference between a good man and a bad man was as yet felt to be, what it for ever is, an immeasurable one. Who *durst* have elected a Pandarus Dogdraught, those days, in to any officer, Carlton Club, Senatorship, or place whatsoever ? It was felt that the arch Satanas and no other had a clear right of property in Pandarus ; that it were better for you to have no hand in Pandarus, to keep out of Pandarus his neighbourhood ! Which is, to this hour, the mere fact, thought for the present, alas, the forgotten fact. I think they were comparatively blessed times those, in their way ! 'Violence,' war', 'disorder' : well, what is war, and death itself, to such a perpetual life in death, and 'peace. peace where there is no peace !' Unless some Hero-worship, in its new appropriate form, can return, this world does not promise to be very habitable long.

Old Anselm, exiled Archbishop of Canterbury, one of the purest-minded 'men of genius', was travelling to make his appeal to Rome against King Rufus,—a man of rough ways, in whom the 'inner Lightbeam' shone very fitfully. It is beautiful to read, in Monk Eadmer, how the Continental populations welcomed and venerated this Anselm, as no French population now venerates Jean-Jacques or giant killing Voltaire ; as not even an American population now venerates a Schnuspel distinguished Novelist ! They has, by phantasy and true insight, the intensest conviction that a God's-Blessing dwelt in this Anselm,—as is my conviction too. They crowded round, with bent knees and enkindled hearts, to receive his blessing, to hear his voice, to see the light of his face. My blessings on them and on him !—But the notablest was a certain necessitous or covetous Duke of Burgundy, in straitened circumstances we, shall hope,—who reflected that in all likelihood this English Archbishop, going towards Rome to appeal, must have taken store of cash with him to brible the Cordinals. Wherefore he of Burgundy, for his part, decided to lie in wait and rob him. 'In an open space of a wood', some 'wood' then green and growing, eight centuries ago, in Burgundian Land,—this fierce Duke, with fierce steel followers, shaggy, savage, as the Russian bear, dashed out on the weak old Anselm ; who is riding along there, on his small quiet-going pony ; escorted only by Eadmer and another poor Monk on ponies ; and, except small modicum of road-money, not a gold coin in his possession. The steelclad Russian bear emerges, glaring : the old white-bearded man starts not,—paces on unmoved looking into him with those clear old earnest eyes, with that venerable sorrowful time-worn face ; of whom no man or thing need be afraid, and who also is afraid of no created man or thing. The fire-eyes of his Burgundian Grace meet these clear eye-glances, convey them swift to his heart ; he bethinks him that probably this feeble, fearless, hoary Figure has in it something of the Most High God ; that probably he shall be damned if he meddle with it,—that on the whole, he had better not. He plunges, the rough savage, from his war-horse, down to his knees ; embraces the feet of

old Anselm : he too begs his blessing ; orders men to escort him, guard him from being robbed, and under dread penalties see him safe on his way. *Per os Dei*, as his Majesty was went to ejaculate !

Neither is this quarrel of Rifus and Anselm, or Henry and Becket, uninstructive to us. It was, or bottom, a great quarrel. For, admitting that Anselm we full of divine blessing, he by no means included in him all forms of divine blessing :– there were far other forms withal, which he little dreamed of ; and William Redbeard was unconsciously the representative and spokesman of these. In truth ; could your divine Anselm, your divine Pope Gregory have had their way, the results had been very notable. Our Western World had all become a European Thibet, with one Grand Lama sitting at Rome ; our one honourable business that of singing mass, all day and all night. Which would not in the least have suited us ! The Supreme Powers willed it not so.

It was as if King Redbeard unconsciously, addressing Anselm, Becket and the others, had said; 'Right Reverend, your Theory of the Universe is indisputable by man or devil. To the core of our heart we feel that this divine thing, which you call Mother Church, does fill the whole world hitherto known, and is and shall be all our salvation and all our desire. And yet—and yet—Behold, though it is an unspoken secret the world is *wider* than any of us think, Right Reverend ! Behold, there are yet other immeasurable Sacrednesses in this that you call Heathenism. Secularity ! On the whole, I, in an obscure but most rooted manner, feel that I cannot comply with you. Western Thibet and perpetual mass-chanting—No. I am, so to speak, in the family-way ; with child, of I know not what,—certainly of something far different from this ! I have *Per os Dei*, I have Manchester Cotton-trades, Bromwicham Iron-trades, American Commonwealths, Indian Empires, Steam Mechanisms and Shakespeare Dramas, in my belly; and cannot do it, Right Reverend !'—So accordingly it was decided: and Saxon Becket spilt his life in Canterbury Cathedral, as Scottish Wallace

did on Tower-hill, and as generally a noble man and martyr has to do,—not for nothing; no, but for a divine something, other than *he* had altogether calculated. We all now quit this of the hard; organic, but limited Feudal Ages; and glance timidly into the immense Industrial Ages, as yet all inorganic, and in a quite pulpy condition, requiring desperately to harden themselves into some organism!

Our Epic having now become *Tools and the Man*, it is more than usually impossible to prophesy the Future. The boundless Future does lie there, predestined, nay already extant though unseen; hiding, in its Continents of Darkness, 'gladness and sorrow': but the supremest intelligence of man cannot prefigure much of it:—the united intelligence and effort of All Men in all coming generations, this alone will gradually prefigure it, and figure and form it into a seen fact! Straining our eyes hitherto, the utmost effort of intelligence sheds but some most glimmering drawn, a little way into its dark enormous Deeps: only huge outlines loom uncertain on the sight: and the ray of prophecy, at a short distance, expires. But may we not say, here as always, Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof! To shape the whole Future is not our problem; but only to shape faithfully a small part of it, according to rules already known. It is perhaps possible for each of us, who will with due earnestness inquire, to ascertain clearly what he, for his own part, ought to do: this let him, with true heart, do, and continue doing. The general issue will, as it has always done, rest well with a Higher Intelligence than ours.

One grand 'outline', or even two, many earnest readers may perhaps, at this stage of the business, be able to prefigure for themselves,—and draw some guidance from. One prediction, or even two, are already possible. For the Life-tree Ingdrasil, in all its new developments, is the selfsame world-old Life-tree: having found an element or elements there, running from the very roots of it in Hala's Realms, in the Well of Mimer and of the Three Nornas or TIMES, up to this Present hour of it in our own

hearts, we conclude that such will have to continue. A man has, in his own soul, an Eternal ; can read something of the Eternal there, if he will look ! He already knows what will continue ; what cannot, by any means or appliance whatsoever, be made to continue !

One wide and widest 'outline' ought really, in all ways, to be becoming clear to us ; this namely: That a **'Splendour of God', in one from or other, will have to unfold itself from the heart of these our Industrial Ages** too; or they will never get themselves 'organized' ; but continue chaotic, distracted evermore, and have to perish in frantic suicidal dissolution. A sceond 'outline' or prophecy, narrower, but also wide enough, seems not less certain: That there will again *be* a King in Israel ; a system of Order and Government ; and every man shall, in some measure, see himself constrained to do that which is right in the King's eyes. This too we may call sure element of the Future ; for this too is of the Enternal ;—this too is of the Present, though hidden from most ; and without it not fibre of the Past ever was. An actual new Sovereignty, Industrial Aristocracy, real not imaginary Aristocracy, in indispensable and indubitable for us.

But what an Aristocracy ; on what new, far more complex and cunningly devised conditions than that old Feudal fighting one! For we are to bethink us that the Epic verily is not *Arms and the Man*, but *Tools and the Man*,—an infinitely wider kind of Epic. And again we are to bethink us that men cannot now be bound to men by *brass collars*,—not at all; that this brass collar method, in all figures of it, has vanished out of Europe for evermore! Huge Democracy, walking the streets everywhere in its Sack Coat, has asserted so much: irrevocably, brooking no reply! True enough, man *is* for ever the 'born thrall' of certain men, born master of certain other men, born equal of certain others, let him acknowledge the fact or not. It is unblessed for him when he cannot acknowledge this fact; he is in the chaotic state, ready to perish, till he do get the fact acknowledged. But no man is, or can henceforth be, the brass-collar thrall of any man; you will

have to bind him by other, far nobler and cunninger methods. Once for all, he is to be loose of the brass-collar, to have a scope *as* wide as his faculties now are:—will he not be all the usefullar to you, in that new state? Let him go abroad as a trusted one, as a free; and return home to you with rich earnings at night! Gurth could tend pigs; this one will build cities, conquer waste worlds.—How, in conjunction with inevitable Democracy, indispensable Sovereignty is to exist: certainly it is the hugest question ever heretofore propunded to Mankind! The solution of which is work for long years and centuries. Years and centuries, of one knows not what complexion;—blessed or unblessed, according as they shall, with earnest valiant effort, make progress therein, or, in slothful unveracity and dilettantism, only talk of making progress. For either progress therein, or swift and ever swifter progress towards dissolution, is henceforth a necessity.

It is of importance that this grand reformation were begun: that Corn-Law Debatings and other jargon, little less than delirious in such a time, had fled far away, and left us room to begin! For the evil has grown practical, extremely conspicuous; if it be not seen and provided for, the blindest fool will have to feel it ere long. There is much that can wait; but there is something also that cannot wait. With millions of eager Working men imprisoned in 'Impossibility' and Poor-Law Bastilles, it is time that some means of dealing with them were trying to become 'possible'! Of the Government of England, of all articulate-speaking functionaries, real and imaginary Aristocracies, of me and of thee, it is imperatively demanded, 'How do you mean to manage these men? Where are they to find a supportable existence? What is to become of them,—and of you!'

CHAPTER II

BRIBERY COMMITTEE

In the case of the late Bribery Committee, it seemed to be the conclusion of the soundest practical minds that

Bribery could not be put down; that Pure Election was a thing we had seen the last of, and must now go on without, as we best could. A conclusion not a little startling; to which it requires a practical mind of some seasoning to reconcile yourself at once! It seems, then, we are henceforth to get ourselves constituted Legislators not according to what merit we may have, or even what merit we may seem to have, but according to the length of out purse, and our frankness, impudence and dexterity in laying out the contents of the same. Our theory, written down in all books and Law-books, spouted forth from all barrelheads is perfect purity of Tenpound Franchise, absolute sincerity of question put and answer given ;—and our practice is irremediable bribery ; irremediable, unpunishable, which you will do more harm than good by attempting to punish! Once more, a very startling conclusion indeed ; which, whatever the soundest practical minds in Parliament may think of it, invites all British men to meditations of various kinds.

A Parliament, one would say, which proclaims itself elected and eligible by bribery, tells the Nation that is governed by it a piece of singular news. Bribery : have we reflected what bribery is ? Bribery means not only length of purse, which is neither qualification nor the contrary for legislating well ; but it means dishonesty, and even impudent dishonesty ;—brazen insensibility to lying and to making others lie ; total oblivion, and flinging overboard, for the nonce, of any real thing you can call veracity, morality ; with dexterous putting on the cast-clothes of that real thing, and strutting about in them ! What Legislating can you get out of a man in that fatal situation ? None that will profit much one would think ! A Legislator who has left his veracity lying on the door-threshold, he, why verily *he*—ought to be sent out to seek it again !

Heavens, what an improvement, were there once fairly in Downing-street an Election-Office opened, with a Tariff of Boroughs ! Such and such a population, amount of property-tax, ground-rental, extent of trade ; returns

two Members, returns one Member, for so much money down: Ipswich so many thousands, Nottingham so many, —as they happened, one by one, to fall into this new Downing-street Schedule A! An incalculable improvement, in comparison; for now at least you have it fairly by length of purse, and leave the dishonesty, the impudence, the unveracity all, handsomely aside. Length of purse and desire to be a Legislator ought to get a man into Parliament, not *with*, but if possible *without* the unveracity, the impudence and the dishonesty! Length of purse and desire, these are, as intrinsic qualifications, correctly equal to zero; but they are not yet *less* than zero,—as the smallest addition of that latter sort will make them!

And is it come to this? And does our venerable Parliament announce itself elected and eligible in this manner? Surely such a Parliament promulgates strange horoscopes of itself. What is to become of a Parliament elected or eligible in this manner? Unless Belial and Beelzebub have got possession of the throne of this Universe, such Parliament is preparing itself for new Reform-bills. We shall have to try it by Chartism, or any conceivable *ism* rather than put up, with this! There is already in England 'religion' enough to get six hundred and fifty-eight Consulting Men brought together who do *not* begin work with a lie in their mouth. Our poor old Parliament, thousands of years old is still good for something for several things;—though many are beginning to ask, with ominous anxiety, in these days: For what thing? But for whatever thing and things Parliament be good, indisputably it must start with other than a lie in its mouth! On the whole, a Parliament working with a lie in its mouth, will have to take itself away. To no Parliament or thing, that one has heard of, did this Universe ever long yield harbour on that footing. At all hours of the day and night, some Chartism is advancing, some armed Cromwell is advancing, to apprise such Parliament: 'Ye are no Parliament. In the name of God,—go'!

In sad truth, once more, how is our whole existence,

in these present days, built on Cant, Speciosity, Falsehood, Dilettantism ; with this one serious Veracity in it : Mammonism ! Dig down where you will, through the Parliament-floor or elsewhere, how infallibly do you, at spade's depth below the service, come upon this universal *Liars*-rock substratum ! Much else is ornamental ; true on barrel-heads, in pulpits, hustings, Parliamentary benches ; but this is for ever true and truest : 'Mony does bring money's worth ; Put money in your purse.' Here, if nowhere else, is the human soul still in thorough earnest : sincere with a prophet's sincerity : and 'the Hell of the English', as Sauerteig said, 'is the infinite terror of Not getting on, especially of Not making money.' With results !

To many persons the horoscope of Parliament is more interesting than to me : but surely all men with souls must admit that sending members to Parliament by bribery is an infamous solecism ; an act entirely immoral, which no man can have to do with, more or less, but he will soil his fingers more or less. No Carlton Clubs, Reform Clubs, nor any sort of clubs or creatures, or of accredited opinions or practices, can make a Lie Truth, can make Bribery a Propriety. The Parliament should really either punish and put away Bribery, orlegalize it by some Office in Downing-street. As I read the Apocalypses, a Parliament that can do neither of these things is not in a good way.—And yet, alas, what of Parliaments and their Elections ? Parliamentary Elections are but the topmost ultimate outcome of an electioneering which goes on at all hours, in all places, in every meeting of two or more men. It is *we* that vote wrong, and teach the poor ragged Freemen of Boroughs to vote wrong. We pay respect to those worthy of no respect.

Is not Pandarus Dogdraught a member of select clubs, and admitted into the drawing-rooms of men ? Visibly to all persons he is of the offal of Creation ; but he carries money in his purse, due lacquer on his dog-visage, and it is believed will not steal spoons. The human species does not with one voice, like the Hebrew Psalmist, 'shun to sit'

with Dogdraught, refuse totally to dine with Dogdraught: men called of honour are willing enough to dine with him, his talk being lively, and his champagne excellent. We say to ourselves, 'The man is in good society,'—others have already voted for him; why should not I? We *forget* the indefeasible right of property that Satan has in Dogdraught,—we are not afraid to be near Dogdraught! It is we that vote wrong; blindly, nay, with falsity prepense! It is we that no longer know the difference between human Worth and Human Unworth; or feel that the one is admirable and alone admirable, the other detestable, damnable! How shall *we* find out a Hero and Viceking Samson with a maximum of two shillings in his pocket? We have no chance to do such a thing. We have got out of the Ages of Heroism, deep into the Ages of Flunkeyism,—and must return or die. What a noble set of mortals are we, who, because there is no Saint Edmund threatening us at the rim of the horizon, are not afraid to be whatever, for the day and hour, is smoothest for us!

And now, in good sooth, why should an indigent discerning Freeman give his vote his without bribes? Let us rather honour the poor man that he does discern clearly wherein lies, for him, the true kernel of the matter. What is it to the regged grimy Freeman of a Tenpound-Franchise Borough, whether Aristides Rigmarole, Esq. of the Destructive, or the Hon. Alcides Dolittle of the Conservative Party, be sent to Parliament;—much more, whether the two-thousandth part of them be sent, for that is the amount of his faculty in it? Destructive or Conservative, what will either of them destroy of conserve of vital moment to this Freeman? Has he found either of them care, at bottom, a sixpence for him or his interests, or those of his class or of his cause or of any class or cause that is of much value to God or to man? Rigmarole and Dolittle have alike cared for themselves hitherto, and for their own clique, and self-conceited crotchets—their greasy dishonest interests of pudding, or winday dishonest interests of praise; and not very preceptibly for any other interest whatever. Neither Rigmarole nor Dolittle will accomplish any good or any evil for this grimy Freeman,

like giving him a five-pound note, or refusing to give it him. It will be smoothest to vote according to value received. That is the veritable fact ; and he indigent, like others that are not indigent, acts conformably thereto.

Why, reader, truly, if they asked thee or me, Which way we meant to vote?—were it not our likeliest answer: Neither way! I, as a Tenpound Franchiser, will receive no brible ; but also I will not vote for either of these men. Neither Rigmarole nor Dolittle shall, by furtherance of mine, go and make laws for this country. I will have no hand in such a mission. How dare I! If other men cannot be got in England, a totally other sort of men, different as light is from dark, as star-fire is from street-mud, what is the use of votings, or of Parliaments in England ? England ought to resign herself; there is no hope or possibility for England. If England cannot get her Knaves and Destards 'arrested', in some degree, but only get them 'elected', what is to become of England?

I conclude, with all confidence, that England will verily have to put an end to briberies on her Election Husttings and elsewhere, at what cost soever;—and likewise that we, Electors and Eligibles one and all of us, for our own behoof and hers, cannot too soon begin, at what cost soever, to put an end to *bribeabilities* in ourselves. The death-leprosy, attacked in this manner, by purifying lotions from without and by rallying of the vital energies and purities from within, will probably abate somewhat ! It has otherwise no chance to abate.

CHAPTER III

THE ONE INSTITUTION

What our Government can do in this grand Problem of the Working Classes of England? Yes, supposing the insane Corn-Laws totally abolished, all speech of them ended, and 'from ten to twenty years of new possibility to live and find wages' conceded us in consequence: What the English Government might be expected to accomplish

or attempt towards rendering the existence of our Labouring Millions somewhat less anomalous, somewhat less impossible, in the years that are to follow those 'ten or twenty', if either 'ten' or 'twenty' there be?

It is the most momentous question. For all this of the Corn-Law Abrogation, and what can follow therefrom, is but as the shadow on King Hezekiah's Dial, the shadow has gone back twenty years; but will again, in spite of Free-Trades and Abrogations, travel forward its old fated way. With our present system of individual Mammonism, and Government by Laissez faire, this Nation cannot live. And if, in the priceless interim, some new life and healing be not found, there is no second respite to be counted on. The shadow on the Dial advances thenceforth without pausing. What Government can do? This that they call 'Organizing of Labour' is, if well understood, the Problem of the whole Future, for all who will in future pretend to govern men. But our first preliminary stage of it, How to deal with the Actual Labouring Millions of England? this is the imperatively pressing Problem of the Present, pressing with a truly fearful intensity and imminence in these very years and day. No Government can longer neglect it: once more, what can our Government do in it?

Governments are of very various degrees of activity: some, altogather Lazy Governments, in 'free countries' as they are called, seem in these times almost to profess to do, if not nothing, one knows not at first what. To debate in Parliament, and gain majorities; and ascertain who shall be, with a toil hardly second to Ixion's, the Prime Speaker and Spoke-holder, and keep the Ixion's-Wheel going, if not forward, yet round? Not altogether so:—much, to the experienced eye, is not what it seems! Chancery and certain other Law Courts seem nothing: yet in fact they are, the worst of them, something: chimneys for the devilry and contention of men to escape by;—a very considerable something! Parliament too has its tasks, if thou wilt look: fit to wear-out the lives of toughest men. The celebrated Kilkenny Cats, through their,

tumultuous congress, cleaving the ear of Night, could they be said to do nothing? Hadst thou been of them, thou hadst seen! The feline heart laboured, as with steam up—to the burstink point: and death-doing energy nerved every muscle: they had a work there; and did it! On the morrow, two tails were found left, and peaceable annihilation; a neighbourhood *delivered* from despair.

Again, are not Spinning Dervishes an eloquent emblem significant of much? Hast thou noticed him, that solemn-visaged Turk, the eyes shut; dingy wool mantle circularly hiding his figure;—bell-shaped; like a dingy bell set spinning on the *tongue* of it? By centrifugal force the dingy wool mantle heaves itself; spreads more and more, like upturned cup widening into upturned saucer: thus spins he, to the praise or Allah and advantage of mankind, fast and faster, till collapse ensue, and sometimes death!—

A Government such as ours, consisting of from seven to eight hundred Parliamentary Talkers, with their escort of Able Editors and Public Opinion; and for head, certain Lords and Servants of the Treasury, and Chief Secretaries and others, who find themselves at once Chiefs and No-Chiefs, and often commanded rather than commanding,—is doubtless a most complicate-entity, and none of the alertest for getting on with business! Clearly enough, if the Chiefs be not selfmotive and what we call men, but mere patient layfigures without self-motive principle, the Government will not move anywhither; it will tumble disastrously, and jumble, round its own axis, as for many years past we have seen it do.—And yet a self-motive man who is not a lay-figure, place him in the heart of what entity you may, will make it move more or less! The absurdest in nature he will make a little *less* absurd, he. The unwieldiest he will make to move;—that is the use of his existing there. He will at least have the manfulness to depart out of it, if not; to say: 'I cannot move in thee, and be a man; like a wretched driftlog dressed in man's clothes and minister's clothes, doomed to a lot baser than belongs to man, I will not

continue with thee, tumbling aimless on the Mother of Dead Dogs here :—Adieu !

For, on the whole, it is the lot of Chiefs everywhere this some. No Chief in the most despotic country but was a Servant withal; at once an absolute commanding General, and a poor Orderly-Sergeant, ordered by the very men in the ranks,—obliged to collect the vote of the ranks too, in some articulate or inarticulate shape, and weigh well the same. The proper name of all Kings is Minister, Servant. In no conceivable Government can a lay-figure get forward! *This* Worker, surely he above all others has to spread out his Gideon's Fleece', and collect the monitions of immensity; the poor Localities, as we said, and Parishes of Palace-yard or elsewhere, having no due monition in them. A Prime Minister, even here in England, who shall dare believe the heavenly omens, and address himself like a man and hero to the great dumb-struggling heart of England; and speak out for it, and act out for it, the God's Justice it is writhing to get uttered and perishing for want of,—yes, he too will see awaken round him, in passionate burning all-defiant loyalty, the heart of England, and such a support' as no Division-List or Parliamentary Majority was ever yet known to yield a man! Here as there, now as then, he who can and dare trust the heavenly Immensities, all earthly Localities are subject to him. We will pray for such a Man and First-Lord;—yes, and far better, we will strive and incessantly make ready, each of us, to be worthy to serve and second such a First-Lord! We shall then be as good as sure of his arriving; sure of many things, let him arrive or not.

Who can despair of Governments that passes a Soldier's Guardhouse, or meets a redcoated man on the streets! That a body of men could be got together to kill other men when you bade them: this, *a priori* does it not seem one of the impossiblest things? Yet look, behold it: in the stolidest of Donothing Governments, that impossibility is a thing done, See it there, with buff-belts, red coats on its back; walking sentry at guardhouses, brushing white breeches in barracks an indisputable palpable fact. Out

of grey Antiquity, amid all finance-difficulties, *scaccarium*-tallies, shipmoneys, coat-and-conduct moneys, and vicissitudes of Chance and Time, there, down to the present blessed hour, it is.

Often, in these painfully decadent and painfully nascent Times, with their distresses, inarticulate gaspings and 'impossibilities', meeting a tall Lifeguardsman in his snow white trousers, or seeing those two statuesque Lifeguardsmen in their forning bearskings, pipe-clayed buckskins, on their coal-black sleek-fiery quadrupeds, riding sentry at the Horse Guards,—it strikes one with a kind of mournful interest, how, in such universal downrushing and wrecked impotence of almost all old institutions, this oldest Fighting Institution is still so young! Fresh-complexioned, firm-limbed six feet by the standard, this fighting-man has verily been got up, and can fight. While so much has not yet got into being; while so much has gone gradually out of it, and become an empty Semblance or Clothes-suit; and highest king's-cloaks, mere chimeras parading under them so long, are getting unsightly to the earnest eve, unsightly, almost offensive, like a costlier kind of scarecrow's-blanket,—here still is a reality!

The man in horsehair wig advances, promising that he will get me 'justice': he takes me into Chancery Law-Courts, into decades, half-centuries of hubuo, of distracted jargon; and does, *get* me—disappointment, almost desperation; and one refuge: that of dismissing him and his 'justice' altogether out out of my head. For I have work to do; I cannot spend my decades in mere arguing with other men about the exact wages of my work: I will work cheerfully with no wages, sooner than with a ten-years gangrene or Chancery Lawsuit in my heart! He of the horsehair wig is a sort of failure; no substance, but a fond imagination of the mind. He of the shovel-hat, again, who comes forward professing that he will save my soul—O ye Eternities, of him in this place be absolute silence!—But he of the red coat, I say, is a success and no failure! He will veritably, if he get orders, draw out

a long sword and kill me. No mistake there. He is a fact and not a shadow. A live in this Year Fortythree, able and willing to do *his* work. In dim old centuries, with William Rufus, William of Ipres, or far earlier, he bagan; and has come down safe so far. Catapult has given place to cannon, pike has given place to musket, iron mail-shirt to coat of red cloth, saltpetre ropemtach to percussion-cap; equipments circumstances have all changed, and again changed: but the human battle-engine, in the inside of any or of each of these, read still to do battle, stands there, six feet in standard size. There are Pay-Offices, Woolwich arsenals, there is a Horse-Guards, War-Office, Captain-General: persuasive Sergeants, with tap of drum, recruit in market-towns and villages;—and, on the whole, I say, here is your actual drilled fighting-man; here are your actual Ninety-thousand of such, ready to go into any quarter of the world and fight!

Strange, interesting, and yet most mournful to reflect on. Was this, then, of all the things mankind had some talent for, the one thing important to learn well, and bring to perfection; this of successfully killing one another? Truly you have learned it well, and carried the business to a high perfection. It is incalculable what, by arranging, commanding and regimenting, you can make of men. These thousand, straight-standing firmset individuals, who shoulder, arms, who march, wheel, advance, retreat; and are, for your behoof, a magazine charged with fiery death, in the most perfect condition of potential activity: few months ago, till the persuasive sergeant came what were they? Multiform ragged losels, runaway apprentices, stavred weavers, thievish valets: an entirely broken population, fast tending towards the treadmill. But the persuasive sergeant came; by tap of drum enlisted, or formed lists of them, took heartily to drilling them;—and he and you have made them this! Most potent, effectual for all work whatsoever, is wise planning, firm combining and commanding among men. Let no man despair of Governments who looks on these two sentries at the Horse-Guards, and our United-Service Clubs! I could conceive an Emigration Service, a Teaching Service,

considerable varieties of United and Separate Services, of the due thousands of strong, all effective as this Fighting Service is ; all doing *their* work, like it ;—which work, much more than fighting, is henceforth the necessity of these New Ages we are got into ! Much lies among us, convulsively, nigh desperately *struggling to be born.*

But mean Governments, as mean-limited individuals do, have stood by the physically indispensable ; have realized that and nothing more. The Soldier is perhaps one of the most difficult things to realize : but Governments, had they not realized him, could not have existed : accordingly he is here. O Heavens, if we saw an army ninety-thousand strong, maintained and fully equipped, in continual real action and battle against Human Starvation, against Chaos, Necessity, Stupidity and our real 'natural enemies, what a business were it! Fighting and molesting not 'the French', who, poor men, have a hard enough battle of their own in the like kind, and need no additional molesting from us ; but fighting and incessantly spearing down and destroying Falsehood, Nescience, Delusion, Disorder, and the Devil and his Angels! Thou thyself, cultivated reader, hast done something in that alone true warfare ; but, alas, under what circumstances was it ? Thee no beneficent drillsergeant, with any effectiveness, would rank in line beside thy fellows ; train, like a true didactic artist, by the wit of all past experience, to do thy soldiering ; encourage thee when right, punish thee when wrong, and everywhere with wise world-of command say, Forward on this hand, Forward on that! Ah, on: thou hadst to learn thy small-sword and platoon exercise where and how thou couldst ; to all mortals but thyself it was indifferent whether thou shouldst ever learn it and the rations, and shilling a day, were they provided thee,—reduced as I have known brave Jean-Pauls, learning their exercise, to live on 'water *without* the bread,? The rations; or any furtherance of promotion to corporalship, lance-corporalship, or due cat-o'-nine tails, with the slightest reference to thy de erts, were not provided. Forethought, even as of a pipe-clayed drill-sergeant, did not preside over thee To corporalship, lance-corporalship, thou didst

attain; alas, also to the halberts and cat: but thy rewarder and punisher seemed blind as the Deluge: neither lance corporalship, nor even drummer's cat, because both appeared delirious, brought thee due profit.

It was well, all this, we know;—and yet it was not well Forty soldiers, I am told, will disperse, the largest Spitalfields mob: forty to ten-thousand, that is the proportion between drilled and undrilled. Much there is which cannot yet be organized in this world; but somewhat also which can, somewhat also which must. When one thinks, for example, what Books are become and becoming for us, what Operative Lancashires are become; what a Fourth Estate, and innumerable Virtualities not yet got to be Actualities are become and becoming,—one sees Organisms enough in the dim huge Future; and 'United Services' quite other than the redcoat one: and much, even in these years, struggling to be born!

Of Time-Bill Factory-Bill and other such Bills the present Editor has no authority to speak. He knows not, it is for others than he to know, in what specific ways it may be feasible to interfere, with Legislation,—between the Workers and the Master-Workers;—knows only and sees, what all men are beginning to see, that Legislative interferences, and interferences not a few are indispensable; that as a lawless anarchy of supply-and demand, on market-wages alone, this province of things cannot longer be lef. Nay interference has begun: there are already Factory Inspectors,—who seem to have no *Lack* of work. Perhaps there might be Mine-Inspectors too:—might there not be Furrowfield Inspectors withal, and ascertain for us how on seven-and-sixpence a week a human family does live! Interference has begun; it must continue, must extensively enlarge itself, deepen and sharpen itself. Such things cannot longer be idly lapped in darkness, and suffered to go on unseen: the Heavens do see them; the curse, not the blessing of the Heavens is on an Earth that refuses to see them.

Again, are not Sanitary Regulations possible for a

Legislature? The old Romans had their Aediles; who would, I think, in direct contravention to supply-and-demand, have rigorously seen rammed up into total abolition many a foul cellar in our Southwarks, Saint-Gileses, and dark poison-lanes; saying sternly, 'Shall a Roman man dwell there?' The Legislature, at whatever cost of consequences, would have had to answer, 'God forbid!'—The Legislature, even as it now is, could order all dingy Manufacturing Towns to cease from their soot and darkness: to let-in the blessed sunlight, the blue of Heaven, and become clear and clean: to burn their coal-smoke, namely, and make flame of it. Baths, free air, a wholesome temperature, ceilings twenty feet high, might be ordained, by Act of Parliament, in all establishments licensed as Mills. There are such Mills already extant; —honour to the builders of them! The Legislature can say to others: Go ye and do likewise; better if you can.

Every toiling Manchester, its smoke and soot all burnt, ought it not, among so many world-wide conquests, to have a hundred acres or so of free greenfield, with trees on it, conquered, for its little children to disport in: for its all-conquering workers to take a breath of twilight air in? You would say so! A willing Legislature could say so with effect. A willing Legislature could say very many things! And to whatsoever 'vested interest,' or suchlike, stood up, gainsaying merely, 'I shall lose profits.' —the willing Legislature would answer, 'Yes, but my sons and daughters will gain health, and life, and a soul.'— 'What is to become of our Cotton-trade?' cried certain Spinners, when the Factory Bill was proposed; 'What is to become of our invaluable Cotton-trade?' The Humanity of England answered steadfastly: 'Deliver me these rickety perishing souls of infants, and let your Cotton-trade take its chance. God Himself commands the one thing; nod God especially the other. We cannot have prosperous Cotton-trades at the expense of keeping the Devil a partner in them!'—

Bills enough, were the Corn-Law Abrogation Bill once passed, and a Legislature willing! Nay this one Bill,

which lies yet unenacted, a rtght Education Bill, is not this of itself the sure parent of innumerable wise Bills,—wise regulations, practical methods and proposals, gradually ripening towards the state of Bills ? To irradiate with intelligence, that is to say, with order, arrangement and all blessedness, the Chaotic, Unintelligent: how, except by educating, *can* you accomplish this ? That thought, reflection, articulate utterance and understanding be awakened in these individual million deads, which are the atoms of your Chaos : there is no other way of illuminating any Chaos ! The sum-total of intelligence that is found in it, determines the extent of order that is possible for you Chaos,—the feasibility and rationality of what your Chaos will dimly demand from you, and will glady obey when proposed by you ! It is an exact equation ; the one accurately measures the other.—It the whole English People, during these 'twenty year of respite,' be not educated, with at least schoolmaster's educating, a tremendous responsibility, before God and men, will rest somewhere ! How dare any man, especially a man calling himself minister of God, stand up in an Parliament or place under any pretext or delusion, and for a day or an hour forbid God's Light to come into the world, and bid the Devil's Darkness continue in it one hour more! For all light and science, under all shapes, in all degrees of perfection, is of God ; all darkness, nescience, is of the Enemy of God. 'The schoolmaster's creed is somewhat away ?, Yes, I have found few creeds entirely correct ; few light-beams shining *white*, pure of admixtrue : but of all creeds and religions now or ever before known, was not that of thoughtless thriftless Animalism, of Distilled Gin, and Stupor and Despair, unspeakably the least orthodox ? We will exchange *it* even with Paganism, with Fetishism ; and, on the whole, must exchange it with something.

An effective 'Teaching Service' I do consider that there must be ; some Education Secretary, Captain-General of Teachers, who will actually contrive to get us *taught*. Then again, why should there not be an 'Emigration Service', and Secretary, with adjuncts, with funds, forces,

idle Navy-ships, and ever-increasing apparatus ; in fine an *effective system* of Emigration ; so that, at length, before our twenty years of respite ended, every honest willing Workman who found England too strait, and the 'Organization of Labour' not yet sufficiently advanced, might find likewise a bridge built to carry him into new Western Lands, there to 'organize' with more elbow-room some labour for himself ? There to be a real blessing, raising new corn for us, purchasing new webs and hatchets from us ; leaving us at least in peace ;—instead of staying here to be a Physical-Force Chartist, unblessed and no blessing ! Is it not scandalous to consider that a Prime Minister could raise within the year, as I have seen it done, a Hundred and Twenty Millions Sterling to shoot the French ; and we are stopped short for want of the hundredth part of that to keep the English living ? The bodies of the English living, and the souls of English living :—these two 'Services', an Education Service and an Emigration Service, these, with others will actually have to be organized !

A free bridge for Emigrants : why, we should then be on a par with America itself, the most favoured of all lands that have no government ; and we should have, besides, so many traditions and mementoes of priceless things which America has cast away. We could proceed deliberately to 'organize Labour' not doomed to perish unless we effected it within year and day ;—every willing Worker that proved superfluous, finding a bridge ready for him. This verily will have to be done ; the Time is big with this. Our little Isle is grown too narrow for us ; but the world is wide enough yet for another Six Thousand Years. England's sure markets will be among new Colonies of Englishmen in all quarters of the Globe. All men trade with all men, when mutually convenient ; and are even bound to do it by the Maker of men. Our friends of China, who guiltily refused to trade, in these circumstances,—had we not to argue with them, in cannonshot at last, and convince them that they ought to trade ! 'Hostile Tariffs' will arise, to shut us out ; and then again will fall, to let us in : but the Sons of, England, speakers

of the English language were it nothing more, will in all times have the ineradicable predisposition to trade with England Mycale was the *Pan-Ionion*, rendezvous of all the Tribes of Ion, for old Greece: why should not London long continue the *All-Saxon-home*, rendezvous of all the 'Children of the Harz-Rock', arriving, in select samples, from the Antipades and elsewhere, by steam and otherwise, to the 'season' here !—What a Future ; wide as the world, if we have the heart and heroism for it,—which, by Heaven's blessing, we shall :

Deep not standing fixed and rooted,
Briskly venture, briskly roam ;
Head and hand, where'er thou foot it,
And stout heart are still at home.

In what land the sun does visit,
Brisk are we, whate'er betide :
To give space for wandering is it
That the world was made so wide.[1]

[1]Goethe, *Wilhelm Meister*.

Fourteen hundred years ago, it was by a considerable 'Emigration Service', never doubt it, by much enlistment, discussion and apparatus, that we ourselves arrived in this remarkable Island,—and got into our present diffculties among others !

It is true the English Legislature, like the English People, is of slow temper : essentially conservative. In our wildest periods of reform, in the Long Parliament itself, you notice always the invincible instinct to hold fast by the Old ; to admit the *minimum* of New; to expand if it be possible, some old habit or method, already found fruitful, into new growth for the new need. It is an initinct worthy of all honour; akin to all strength and all wisdom. The Future hereby is not dissevered from the Past, but based continuously on it ; grows with all the vitalities of the Past, and is rooted down deep into the beginnings of us. The English Legislature is entirely repugnant to

believe in 'new epochs'. The English Legislature does not occupy itself with epochs : has, indeed, other business to do than looking at the Time Horologe and hearing it tick ! Nevertheless new epochs do actually come ; and with them new imperious peremptory necessities ; so that even an English Legislature has to look up, and admit, though with reluctance, that the hour has struck. The hour having struck, let us not say impossible' :—it will have to be possible ! 'Contrary to the habits of Parliament, the habits of Government' ? Yes : but did any Parliament or Government ever sit in a Year Forty-three before ? One of the most original, unexampled years and epochs ; in several important respects, totally unlike any other ! For Time, all-edacious and all-feracious, does run on : and the Seven Sleepers, awakening hungry after a hundred years, find that it is not their old nurses who can now give them suck !

For the rest, let not any Parliament, Aristocracy, Millocracy, or Member of the Governing Class, condemn with much triumph this small specimen of remedial measures'; or ask again, with the least anger, of this Editor, What is to be done, How that alarming problem of the Working Classes is to be managed? Editors are not here, foremost of all, to say How. A certain Editor thanks the gods that nobody pays him three hundred thousand pounds a year, two hundred thousand, twenty thousand, or any similar sum of cash for saying How;—that his wages are very different, his work somewhat fitter for him. An Editor's stipulated work is to apprise *thee* that it must be done. The 'way to do it',—is to try it, knowing that thou shalt die if it be not done. There is the bare back, there is the web of cloth ; thou shalt cut me a coat to cover the bare back, thou whose trade it is. 'Impossible'? Hapless Fraction, dost thou discern Fate there, half, unveiling herself in the gloom of the future with her gibbet-cords, her steel-whips, and very authentic Tailor's Hell; waiting to see whether it is 'possible'? Out with thy scissors, and out that cloth or thy own windpipe!

CHAPTER IV

CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY

If I believed that Mammonism with its adjuncts was to continue henceforth the one serious principle of our existence, I should reckon it idle to solicit remedial measures from any Government, the disease being insusceptible of remedy. Government can do much, but it can in no wise do all. Government, as the most conspicuous object in Society, is called upon to give signal of what shall be done; and, in many ways, to preside over, further, and command the doing of it. But the Government cannot do, by all its signalling and commanding, what the Society is radically indisposed to do. In the long-run every Government is the exact symbol of its People, with their wisdom and unwisdom; we have to say, Like People like Government—The main substance of this immense Problem of Organizing Labour, and first of all of Managing the Working Classes, will, it is very clear, have to be solved by those who stand practically in the middle of it; by those who themselves work and preside over work. Of all that can be enacted by any Parliament in regard to it, the germs must already lie potentially extant in those two Classes, who are to obey such enactment. A Human Chaos *in* which there is no light, you vainly attempt to irradiate by light shed *on* it : order never can arise there.

But it is my firm conviction that the 'Hell of England' will *cease* to be that of 'not making money, that we shall get a nobler Hell and a nobler Heaven ! I anticipate light *in* the Human Chaos, glimmering, shining more and more ; under manifold true signals from without That light shall shine. Our deity no longer being Mammon,—O Heavens, each man will then say to himself : 'Why such deadly haste to make money I shall not go to Hell, even if I do not make money ? There is another Hell, I am told !' Competition, at railway-speed, in all branches of commerce and work will then abate :—good felt-hats for the head, in every sense, instead of seven-feet

lath-and-plaster hats on wheels, will then be discoverable! Bubble-periods, with their panics and commercial crises, will again become infrequent; study modest industry will take the place of gambling speculation. To be a noble Master, among noble Workers, will again be the first ambition with some few; to be a rich Master only the second. How the Inventive Genius of England, with the whirr of its bobbins and billy-rollers shoved somewhat into the backgrounds of the brain, will contrive and devise, not cheaper produce exclusively, but fairer distribution of the produce at its present cheapness! By degrees, we shall again have a Society with something of Heroism in it, something of Heaven's lessing on it; we shall again have, as my German friend asserts, instead of Mammon-Feudalism with unsold cotton-shirts and Preservation of the Game, noble just Industrialisms and Government by the Wisest!'

It is with the hope of awakening here and there a British man to know himself for a man and divine soul, that a few words of parting admonition, to all persons to whom the Heavenly Powers have lent power of any kind in this land, may now be addressed. And first to those same Master-Workers, Leaders of Industry; who stand nearest, and in fact powerfullest, though not most prominent, being as yet in too many senses a Virtuality rather than an Actuality.

The Leaders of Industry, if Industry is ever to be led, are virtually the Captains of the World; if there be no nobleness in them, there will never be an Aristocracy more. But let the Captains of Industry consider: once again, are they born of other clay than the old Captains of Slaughter; doomed for ever to be not Chivalry, but a mere goldplated *Doggery*,—what the French well name *Canaille*, 'Doggery' with more or less gold carrion at its disposal? Captains of Industry are the true Fighters, henceforth recognizable as the only true ones: Fighters against Chaos, Necessity and the Devils and Jotuns; and lead on Mankind in that great, and alone true, and universal

warfare ; the stars in their courses fighting for them, and all Heaven and all Earth saying audibly. Well done ! Let the Captains of Industry retire into their own hearts, and ask solemnly. If there is nothing but vulturous hunger for fine wines, valet reputation and gilt carriages, discoverable there ? Of hearts made by the Almighty God I will not believe such a thing. Deep-hidden under wretchedest god-forgetting Cants, Epicurisms, Dead-Sea Apsims ; forgotten as under foullest fat Lethe mud and weeds, there is yet, in all hearts born into this God's-World, a spark of the Godlike slumbering Awake, O nightmare sleepers ; awake, arise, or be for ever fallen ! This is not playhouse poetry : it is sober fact. Our England, our world cannot live as it is. It will connect itself with a God again, or go down nameless throes and fire-consummation to the Devils. Thou who feelest aught of such a Godlike stirring in thee, any faintest intimation of it as through heavy-laden dreams, follow *it*, I conjure thee. Arise, save thyself. be one of those that save thy country.

Bucaniers, Chactaw Indians, whose supreme aim in fighting is that they may get the scalps, the money, that they may amass scalps and money ; out of such came no Chivalry, and never will ! Out of such came only gore and wreck, infernal rage and misery ; desperation quenched in annihilation. Behold it, I bid thee, behold there, and consider ! What is it that thou have a hundred thousand-pound bills laid up in thy strong-room, a hundred scalps hung up in thy wigwam ? I value not them or thee. Thy scalps and thy thousand-pound bills are as yet nothing, if no nobleness from within irradiate them: if no Chivalry, in action, or in embryo ever struggling towarde birth and action, be there.

Love of men cannot be bought by cash-payment ; and without love, men cannot endure to be together. You cannot lead a Fighting World without having it regimented, chivalried : the thing, in a day, becomes impossible ; all men in it, the highest at first, the very lowest at last, discern consciously, or by a noble instinct, this necessity.

And can you any more continued to lead a Working World unregimented, anarchic? I answer, and the Heavens and Earth are now answering, No ? The thing becomes not 'in a day' impossible ; but in some two generations it does. Yes, when fathers and mothers, in Stockport hungercellars, begin to eat their children, and Irish widows have to prove their relationship by dying of typhusfever ; and amid Governing 'Corporations of the Best and Bravest', busy to preserve their game by 'bushing', dark millions of God's human creatures start up in mad Chartisms, impracticable Sacred-Months, and Manchester Insurrections ;—and there is a virtual Industrial Aristocracy as yet only half-alive, spellbound amid money-bags and ledgers ; and an actual Idle Aristocracy seemingly near dead in somnolent delusions, in trespasses and double-barrels ; 'sliding,' as on inclined-planes, which every new year they *soap* with new Hansard's-jargon under God's sky and so are 'sliding' ever faster, towards a 'scale' and balance scale whereon is written *Thou art found Wanting* ;—in such days, after a generation or two, I say it does become, even to the low and simple, very palpably impossible ! No Working World, any more than a Fighting World, can be led on without a noble Chivalry of Work, and laws and fixed rules which follow out of that,—far nobler than any Chivalry of Fighting was. As an anarchic multitude on mere Supply-and-demand, it is becoming inevitable that we dwindle in horrid suicidal convulsion, and self-abrasion, frightful to the imagination, into *Chactaw* Workers, With wigwams and scalps,—with palaces and thousand-pound bills; with savagery, depopulation, chaotic desolation : Good Heavens, will not one French Revolution and Reign of Terror suffice us, but must there be two ? There will be two if needed ; there will be twenty if needed : there will be precisely as many as are needed. The Laws of Nature will have themselves fulfilled. That is a thing certain to me.

You gallant battle-hosts and work hosts, as the other did, will need to be made loyally yours : they must and will be regulated, methodically secured in their just share of conquest under you :—joined with you in veritable

brotherhood, sonhood, by quite other and deeper ties than those of temporary day's wages! How would mere redcoated regiments, to say nothing of chivalries, fight for you, if you could discharge them on the evening of the battle, on payment of the stipulated shillings—and they discharge you on the morning of it! Chelsea Hospitals: pensions, promotions, rigorous lasting covenant on the one side and on the other, are indispensable even for a hired fighter. The Feudal Baron, much more,—how could he subsist with mere temporary mercenaries round him, at sixpence a day; ready to go over to the other side, if sevenpence were offered? He could not have subsisted;—and his noble instinct saved him from the necessity of even trying! The Feudal Baron had a Man's Soul in him; to which anarchy, mutiny, and the other fruits of temporary mercenaries, were intolerable; he had never been a Baron otherwise, but had continued a Chactaw and Bucanier, He felt it precious, and at last it became habitual, and his fruitful enlarged existence included it as a necessity, to have men round him who in heart loved him; whose life he watched over with rigour yet with love; who were prepared to give their life for him, if need came. It was beautiful; it was human! Man lives not otherwise, nor can live contented, anywhere or anywhen Isolation is the sum-total of wretchedness to man. To be cut off, to be left solitary: to have a world alien, not your world; all a hostile camp for you: not a home at all, of hearts and faces who are yours, whose you are! It is the frightfullest enchanment; too truly a work of the Evil One. To have neither superior nor inferior nor equal, united manlike to you. Without father, without child, without brother Man knows no sadder destiny. 'How is each of us,' exclaim's Jean Paul, 'so lonely in the wide bosom of the All!' Encased each as in his transparent 'ice-palace'; our brother visible in his, making signals and gesticula ions to us;—visible, but for ever unattainable: on his bosom we shall never rest, nor he on ours. It was not a God that did this: no!

Awake, ye noble Workers, warriors in the one true war: all this must be remedied. It is you who are already half-alive, whom I will welcome into life; whom I will

conjure in God's name to shake off your enchanted sleep, and live wholly! Cease to count scalps, gold-purses; not in these lies your or our salvation. Even these, if you count only these, will not be left. Let bucaniering be put far from you; alter, speedily abrogate all laws of the bucaniers, if you would gain any victory that shall endure. Let God's justice, let pity, nobleness and manly valour, with more gold-purses or with fewer, testify themselves in this your brief Life-transit to all the Eternities, the Gods and Silences. It is to you I call; for ye are not dead, ye are already half-alive: there is in you a sleepless dauntless energy, the prime-matter of all nobleness in man. Honour to you in your kind. It is to you I call: ye know at least this. That the mandate of God to His creature man is: Work! The future Epic of the World rests not with those that are near dead, but with that are alive, and those that are coming into life.

Look around you. Your world-hosts are all in mutiny in confusion, destitution; on the eve of fiery wreck and madness! They will not march farther for you on the sixpence a day and supply-and-demand principle: they will not; nor ought they, nor can they. Ye shall reduce them to order, begin reducing them. To order, to just subordination; noble loyatly in return for noble guidance. Their souls are driven nigh mad; let yours be sane and over saner. Not as a bewildered bewildering mob; but as a firm regimented mass, with real captains over them, will these men match any more. All human interests, combined human endeavours, and social growths in this world, have, at a certain stage of their development, required organizing: and Work, the grandest of human interests, does now require it.

God knows, the task will be hard: but no noble task was ever easy. This task will wear away your lives, and the lives of your sons and grandsons: but for what purpose, if not for tasks like this, were lives given to man? Ye shall cease to count your thousand-pound scalps, the noble of you shall cease! Nay, the very scalps, as I say, will not long be left if you count on

these. Ye seall cease wholly to be barbarous vulturous Chactaws, and become noble European Nineteenth-Centruy Men. Ye shall know that mammon, in never such gigs and flunkey 'respectabilities', is not the alone God; that of himself he is but a Devil, and even a Brute-god.

Difficult? Yes, it will be difficult. The short-fibre cotton; that too was difficult. The waste cotton-shrub, long useless, disobedient, as the thistle by the wayside,—have ye not conquered it; made it into beautiful bandana webs: white woven shirts for men; bright-tinted air-garments wherein flit goddesses? Ye have shivered mountains asunder, made the hard iron pliant to you as soft putty: the Forest-giants, Marsh-jotuns bear-sheaves of golden grain; Aegir the Sea-demon himself stretches his back for a sleek high-way to you, and on Firehorses and Windhorses ye career. Ye are most strong. Thor red-bearded, with his blue sun-eyes, with his cheery heart and strong thunder-hammer, he and you have prevailed. Ye are most strong, ye Sons of the icy North, of the far East, —far maching from your rugged Eastern Wildernesses, hitherward from the grey Dawn of Time! Ye are Sons of the *Jotun*-land; the land of Difficulties Conquered. Difficult? You must try this thing. Once try it with the understanding that it will and shall have to be done. Try it as ye try the paltrier thing, making of money! I will bet on you once more, against all Jotuns, Tailor-gods, Double-barrelled Law-wards, and Denizens of Chaos whatsoever!

CHAPTER V

PERMANENCE

Standing on the threshold, nay as yet outside the threshold, of a 'Chivalry of Labour,' and an immeasurable Future which it is to fill with fruitfulness and verdant shade; where so much has not yet come even to the rudimental state, and all speech of positive enactments were hazardous in those who know this business only by the eye,—let us here hint at simply one widest universal

principle, as the basis from which all organization hitherto has grown up among men, and all henceforth will have to grow: The principle of Permanent Contract instead of Temporary.

Permanent not Temporary—you do not hire the mere red-coated fighter by the day, but by the score of years! Permanence, persistence is the first condition of all fruitfulness in the ways of men. The 'tendency to perservere', to persist in spite of hindrances, discouragements and 'impossibilities': it is this that in all things distinguishes the strong soul from the weak; the civilized burgher from the nomadic savage,—the Species Man from the Genus Ape! The Nomad has his very house set on wheels; the Nomad and in a still higher degree the Ape are all for 'liberty': the privilege to flit continually is indispensable for them. Alas, in how many ways does our humour, in this swift-rolling self-abrading. Time, show itself nomadic, apelike; mournful enough to him that looks on it with eyes! This humour will have to abate; it is the first element of all fertility in human things, that such 'liberty' of apes and nomads do by free-will or constraint abridge itself, give place to a better. The civilized man lives not in wheeled houses. He builds stone castles, plants lands, makes lifelong marriage contracts;—has long-dated hundred-fold possessions, not to be valued in the money-market; has pedigrees; libraries, law-codes; has memories and hopes, even for this Earth, that reach over thousands of years. Lifelong marriage-contracts: how much preferable were year-long or month-long—to the nomad or ape!

Month-long contracts please me little, in any province where there can by possibility be found virtue enough for more. Month-long contracts do not answer well even with your house-servants; the liberty on both sides to change every month is growing very apelike, nomadic;—and I hear philosophers predict that it will alter, or that strange results will follow: that wise men, pestered with nomads, with unattached ever-shifting spies and enemies rather than friends and servants, will

gradually, weighing substanee against semblance, with indignation, dismiss such, down almost to the very shoeblack, and say, 'Begone ; I will serve myself rather, and have peace !' Gurth was hired for life to Cedric, and Cedric to Gurth. O Anti-Slavery Convention, loud-sounding long-eared Exeter-Hall—But in thee too is a kind of instinct towards justice, and I will complain of nothing. Only black Quashee over the seas being once sufficiently attended to, wilt thou not perhaps open thy dull sodden eyes to the 'sixty-thousand valets in London itself who are yearly dismissed to the streets, to be what they can, when the season ends';—or to the hunger-stricken pallid, *yellow*-coloured. 'Free Labourers' in Lancashire, Yorkshire, Buckinghamshire, and all other shires ! These Yellow-coloured, for the present, absorb all my sympathies: if I had a Twenty Millions, with Model-Farms and Niger Expeditions, it is to these that I would give it ! Quashee has already victuals, clothing ; Quashee is not dying of such depair as the yellow-coloured pale man's. Quashee, it must be owned, is hitherto a king of blockhead. The Haiti Duke of Marmalade, educated now for almost half a century, seems to have next to no sense in him. Why, in one of those Lancashire Weavers, dying of hunger, there is more thought and heart, a greater arithmetical amount of misery and desperation, than in whole gangs of Quashees. It must be owned, thy eyes are of the sodden sort ; and with thy emancipations, and thy twenty-millionings and long-eared clamourings, thou, like Robespierre with his pasteboard *Etre Supreme*, threatenest to become a bore to us : *Avec ion Etre Supreme tu commences m'embeter !*—

In a Printed Sheet of the assiduous, much bused, and truly useful Mr. Chadwick's, containing queries and responses from far and near, as to this great question, 'What is the effect of Education on workingmen, in respect of their value as mere workers ?' the present Editor, reading with satisfaction a decisive unanimous verdict as to Education, reads with inexpressible interest this special remark, put in by way of marginal incidental note, from a practical manufacturing Quaker, whom, as he is anonymous, we

will call Friend Prudence. Prudence keeps a thousand workmen; has striven in all ways to attach them to him; has provided conversational soirees; play-grounds, bands of music for the young ones; went even 'the length of buying them a drum': all which has turned out to be an excellent investment. For a certain person, marked here by a black stroke, whom we shall name Blank, living over the way,—he also keeps somewhere about a thousand men; but has done none of these things for them, nor any other thing, except due payment of the wages by supply and-demand. Blank's workers are perpetually getting into Mutiny, into broils and coils: every six months, we suppose, Blank has a strike: every one month, every day and every hour, they are fretting and obstructing the shortsighted Blank; pilfering from him, wasting and idling for him, omitting and committing for him. 'I would not', says Friend Prudence, 'exchange my workers for his *with seven thousand pounds to boot*.'[1]

Right, O honourable Prudence; thou art wholly in the right: Seven thousand pounds even as a matter of profit for this world, nay for the mere cash market of this world! And as a matter of profit not for this world only, but for the other world and all worlds, it out weighs the Bank of England! Can the sagacious reader descry here as it were the outmost inconsiderable rock-ledge of a universal rock-foundation, deep once more as the Centre of the World, emerging so, in the experience of this good Quaker, through the Stygian mud-vortexes and general Mother of Dead Dogs, whereon, for the present, all sways and insecurely hovers, as if ready to be swallowed?

Some Permanence of Contract is already almost possible; the principle of Permanence, year by year, better seen into and elaborated, may enlarge itself, expand gradually on every side into a system. This once secured, the basis of all good results were laid. Once permanent, you do not quarrel with the first difficulty on your path, and quit it in weak disgust: you reflect that it cannot be

1. Report on the training of Pauper Children (1841), p. 18.

quitted, that it must be conquered, a wise arrangement fallen on with regard to it. Ye foolish Wedded Two, who have quarrelled, between whom the Evil Spirit has stirred up transient strife and bitterness, so that 'incompatibility' seems almost nigh, ye are nevertheless the Two who, by long habit, were it not by nothing more, do best of all others suit each other : it is expedient for your own two foolish selves, to say nothing of the infants, pedigrees and public in general, that ye agree again ; that ye put away the Evil Spirit, and wisely on both hands struggle for the guidance of a Good Spirit !

The very horse that is permanent, how much kindlier do his rider and he work, than the temporary one, hired on any hack principle yet known ! I am for permanence in all things, at the earliest possible moment, and to the latest possible. Blessed is he that continueth where he is. Here let us rest, and lay out seedfields ; here let us learn to dwell. Here, even here, the orchards that we plant will yield us fruit ; the acorns will be wood and pleasant umbrage, if we wait. How much grows everywhere, if we do but wait ! Through the swamps we will shape causeways, force purifying drains ; we will learn to thread the rocky inaccessibilities; and beaten tracks, worn smooth by mere travelling of human feet, will form themselves. Not a difficulty but can transfigure itself into a triumph ; not even a deformity but, if our own soul have imprinted worth on it, will grow dear to us. The sunny plains and deep indigo transparent skies of Italy are all indifferent to the great sick heart of a Sir Walter Scott, on the back of the Apennines, in wild spring weather, the sight of bleak Scotch firs, and snow-spotted heath and desolation, brings tears into his eyes.[1]

O unwise mortals that for ever change and shift, and say, Yonder, not Here! Wealth richer than both the Indies lies everywhere for man, if he will endure. Not his oaks only and his fruit-trees, his very heart roots itself wherever he will abide ;—roots itself, draws nourishment from

1. Lockhart's *Life of Scott*.

the deep fountains of Universal Being! Vagrant Sam-Slicks, who rove over the Earth doing 'strokes of trade', what wealth have they ?Horseloads, shiploads of white or yellow metal ; in very sooth, what *are* these ? Slick rests nowhere, he is homeless. He can build stone or marble houses ; but to continue in them is denied him. The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by ! The herdsman in his poor clay shieling, where his very cow and dog and friends to him, and not a cataract but carries memories for him, and not a mountain-top but nods old recognition : his life, all encircled as in blessed mother's arms, is it poorer than Slick's with the ass-loads of yellow metal on his back ? Unhappy Slick ! Alas, there has so much grown nomadic, apelike, with us : so much will have, with whatever pain, repugnance and 'impossibility', to alter itself, to fix itself again,—in some wise way, in any not delirious way !

A question arises here : Whether, in some ulterior, perhaps some not far-distant stage of this 'Chivalry of Labour', your Master-Worker may not find it possible, and needful, to grant his Workers permanent *interest* in his enterprise and theirs ? So that it become, in practical result, what in essential fact and justice it ever is, a joint enterprise ; all men, from the Chief Master down to the lowest Overseer and Operative economically as well as loyally concerned for it ?—Which question I do not answer. The answer, near or else far, is perhaps, Yes ;—and yet one knows the difficulties. Despotism is essential in most enterprises ; I am told, they do not tolerate 'freedom of debate on board a Seventy-four ! Republican senate and *plebiscita* would not answer well in Cotton-Mills. And yet observe there too ; Freedom, not nomad's or ape's Freedom, but man's Freedom ; this is indispensable. We must have it, and will have it ! To reconcile Despotism with Freedom ;—well, is that such a mystery ? Do you not already know the way ? It is to make your Despotism *just*. Rigorous as Destiny; just too, as Destiny and its Laws. The Laws of God : all men obey these, and

have no 'Freedom' at all but in obeying them. The way is already known, part of the way;—and courage and some qualities are needed for walking on it!

CHAPTER VI

THE LANDED

A MAN with fifty, with five hundred, with a thousand pounds a day, given him freely, without condition at all,—on condition, as it now runs, that he will sit with his hands in his pockets and do no mischief, pass no Corn Laws or the like,—he too, you would say, is or might be a rather strong Worker! He is a Worker with such tools as no man in this world ever before had. But in practice, very astonishing, very ominous to look at, he proves not a strong Worker; you are too happy if he will prove but a No-worker, do nothing, and not be a Wrong-worker.

You ask him, at the year's end: 'Where is your three-hundred thousand pound; what have you realized to us with that'? He answers, in indignant surprise: 'Done with it? Who are you that ask? I have eaten it; I and my flunkeys, and parasites, and slaves two-footed and four-footed, in an ornamental manner, and I am here alive by it; I am realized by it to you'—It is, as we have often said, such an answer as was never before given under this Sun. An answer that fills me with boding apprehension, with foreshadows of despair. O stolid Use-and-wont of an atheistic Half-century, O Ignavia, Tailor-godhood, soul killing Cant, to what passes art thou bringing us!—Out of the loud-piping whirlwind, audibly to him that has ears, the Highest God is again announcing in these days: 'Idleness shall not be.' God has said it, man cannot gainsay.

Ah, how happy were it, if he this Aristocrat Worker would, in like manner, see *his* work and do it! It is frightful seeking another to do it for him. Guillotines, Meudon Tanneries, and half-a-million men shot dead, have already been expended in that business: and it is yet far

from done. This man too is something ; nay he is a great thing. Look on him there : a man of manful aspect ; something of the 'cheerfulness of pride' still lingering in him. A free air of graceful stoicism, of easy silent dignity sits well on him ; in his heart, could we reach it, lie elements of generosity, self-sacrificing justice, true human valour. Why should he, with such appliances, stand an encumbrance in the Present ; perish disastrously out of the Future! From no section of the Future would we lose these noble courtesies, impalpable yet all controlling ; these dignified reticences, these kingly simplicities ; lose aught of what the fruitful Past still gives us token of, memento of, in this man. Can we not save him :—can he not help us to save him ! A brave man he too ; had not undivine Ignavia, Hearsay, Speech without meaning,—had not Cant, Thousandfold Cant within him and around him, enveloping him like choke-damp, like thick Egyptian darkness, thrown his soul into asphyxia, as it were extinguished his soul ; so that he sees not, hears not, and Moses and all the Prophets address him in vain.

Will he awaken, be alive again, and have a soul ; or is this death-fit very death ? It is a question of questions for himself and for us all ! Alas, is there no noble work for this man too ? Has he not thick-headed ignorant boors ; lazy, enslaved farmers ; weed lands ? Lands ! Has he not weary heavy laden ploughers of land ; immortal souls of men, ploughing ditching, day-drudging ; bare of back, empty of stomach, nigh desperate of heart ; and none peaceably to help them but he, under Heaven ? Does he find, with his three hundred thousand pounds, no noble thing trodden down in the thoroughfares, which it were godlike to help up ? Can he do nothing for his Burns but make a Gauger of him ; lionize him, be-dinner him, for a foolish while ; then whistle him down the wind, to desperation and bitter death ?—His work too is difficult, in these modern, far-dislocated ages. But it may be done ; it may be tried ;—it must be done.

A modern Duke of Weimar, not a god he either, but a human duke, levied, as I reckon, in rents and taxes and

all incomings whatsoever, less than several of our English Dukes do in rent alone. The Duke of Weimar, with these incomings, had to govern, judge, defend, everyway administer *his* Dukedom. He does all this as few others, did, and he improves lands besides all this, makes river embankments, maintains not soldiers only but Universities and Institutions;—and in his Court were these four men: Wieland, Herder, Schiller, Goethe. Not as parasites, which was impossible: not as table-wits and poetic Katerfeltoes, but as noble Spiritual Men working under a noble Practical Man. Shielded by him from many miseries; perhaps from many shortcomings, destructive aberrations. Heaven had sent, once more, heavenly Light into the world; and this man's honour was that he gave it welcome. A new noble kind of Clergy, under an old but still noble kind of King! I reckon that this one Duke of Weimar did more for the Culture of his Nation than all the English Dukes and *Duces* now extant, or that were extant since Henry the Eighth gave them the Church Lands to eat, have done for theirs!—I am ashamed, I am alarmed for my English Dukes: what word have I to say?

If our Actual Aristocracy, appointed 'Best-and-Bravest', will be wise, how inexpressibly happy for us! If not,—the voice of God from the whirlwind is very audible to me. Nay, I will thank the Great God, that He has said, in whatever fearful ways, and just wrath against us, 'Idleness shall be no more!' Idleness? The awakened soul of man all but the asphyxied soul of man, turns from it as from worse than death. It is the life-in-death of Poet Coleridge. That fable of the Dead-Sea Apes ceases to be fable. The poor Worker starved to death is not the sad-est of sights. He lies there, dead on his shield: fallen own into the bosom of his old Mother; with haggard ale face, sorrow-worn, but stilled now into divine peace, lently appeals to the Eternal God and all the Universe, the most silent, the most eloquent of men.

Exceptions,—ah yes, thank Heaven, we know there exceptions. Our case were too hard, were there not

exceptions, and partial exceptions not a few, whom we know, and whom we do not know Honour to the name of Ashley,—honour to this and the other valiant Abdiel, found faithful still; who would fain, by work and by word, admonish their Order not to rush upon destruction! These are they who will, if not save their Order. postpone the wreck of it;—by whom, under blessing of the Upper Powers, 'a quiet euthanasia spread over generations, instead of a swift torture-death concentrated into years' may be brought about for many things. All honour and success to these. The noble man can still strive nobly to save and serve his Order;—at lowest, he can remember the precept of the Prophet: 'Come out of her, my people: come out of her!'

To sit idle aloft, like living statues, like absurd Epicurus'-gods, in pampered isolation, in exclusion from the glorious fateful battlefield of this God's-World; it is a poor life for a man, when all Upholsterers and French-Cooks have done their utmost for it!—Nay, what shallow delusion is this we have all got into, That any man should or can keep himself apart from men, have 'no business' with them, except a cash-account 'business!' It is the silliest tale a distressed generation of men ever took to telling one another. Men cannot live isolated: we *are* all bound together, from mutual good or else for mutual misery, as living nerves in the same body. No highest man can disunite himself from any lowest. Consider it. Your poor 'Werter blowing out his distracted existence because Charlotte will not have the keeping thereof': this is no peculiar phasis; it is simply the highest expression of a phasis traceable wherever one human creature meets another! Let the meanest crook-backed Theristes teach the supremest Agamemnon that he actually does not reverence him, the supremest Agamemnon's eyes flash fire responsive; a real pain, and partial insanity, has seized Agamemnon. Strange enough: a many-counselled Ulysses is set in motion by a scoundrel-blockhead; plays tunes, like a barrel-organ, at the scoundrel-blockhead's touch,—has to snatch, namely, his sceptre-cudgel, and weal the crooked back with bumps and thumps!

Let a chief of men reflect well on it. Not in having 'no business' with men, but in having no unjust business with them, and in *having* all manner of true and just business, can either his or their blessedness be found possible, and this waste world become, for both parties, a home and peopled garden.

Men do reverence men. Men do worship in that 'one temple of the world', as Novalis calls it, the Presence of a man! Hero-worship, true and blessed, or else mistaken, false and accused, goes on everywhere and everywhen. In this world there is one godlike thing, the essence of all that was or ever will be of goldlike in this world : the veneration done to Human Worth by the hearts of men. Hero-worship, in the souls of the heroic, of the clear and wise,—it is the perpetual presence of Heaven in our poor Earth : when it is not there, Heaven is veiled from us ; and all is under Heaven's ban and interdict, and there is no worship, or worth-ship, or worth or blessedness in the Earth any more !—

Independence, 'lord of the lion-heart and eagle-eye. —alas, yes. he is one we have got acquainted with in these late times : a very indispensable one, for spurning off with due energy innumerable sham-superiors. Tailor made: honour to him, entire success to him ! Entire success is sure to him. But he must not stop there, at that small success, with his eagle-eye. He has now a second far greater success to gain : too seek out his real superiors, whom not the Tailor but the Almighty God has made superior to him, and see a little what he will do these ! Rebel against these also? Pass by with minatory eagle-glance with calm-sniffing mockery, or even without any mockery or sniff, when these present themselves? The lion-hearted will never dream of such a thing. For ever far be it from him ! His minatory eagle-glance, will veil itself in softness of the dove : his lion-heart will become a lamb's ; all its just indignation changed into just reverence, dissolved in blessed floods of noble humble love, how much heavenlier than any pride, nay, if you will how much prouder ! I know him, this lion-hearted eagle-eyed one, have met him,

rushing on, 'with bosom bare,' in a very distracted dishevelled manner, the times being hard ;—and can say, and guarantee on my life. That in him is no rebellion ; that in him is the reverse of rebellion, the needful preparation for obedience. For if you do mean to obey God-made superiors, your first step is to sweep out the Tailor-made ones ; order them, under penalties, to vanish, to make ready for vanishing !

Nay, what is best of all, he cannot rebel, if he would. Superiors whom God has made for us we cannot order to withdraw ! Not in the least No Grand-Turk himself, thickest-quilted tailor-made Brother of the Sun and Moon can do it : but an Arab Man, in cloak of his own clouting ; with black beaming eyes, with flaming sovereign heart direct from the centre of the Universe ; and also, I am told, with terrible 'horse-shoe vein' of swelling wrath in his brow, and lightining (if you will not have it as light) tingling through every vein of him,—he rises ; says authoritatively : 'Thickest-quilted Grand-Turk, tailor-made Brother of the Sun and Moon, No :—I withdraw not ; thou shalt obey me or withdraw !' And so accordingly it is : thickest-quilted Grand-Turks and all their progeny, to this hour, obey that man in the remarkablest manner ; preferring *not* to withdraw.

O brother, it is an endless consolation to me, in this disorganic, as yet so quack-ridden, what you may well call hag-ridden and hell-ridden world, to find that disobedience to the Heavens, when they send any messenger whatever, is and remains impossible. It cannot be done ; no Turk grand or small can do it. 'Show the dullest clodpole' says my invaluable German friend, 'show the haughtiest featherhead, that a soul higher than himself is here; were his knees stiffened into brass, he must down and worship.'

CHAPTER VII

THE GIFTED

Yes, in what tumultuous huge anarchy soever a Noble

human Principle may dwell and strive, such tumult is in the way of being calmed into a fruitful sovereignty. It is inevitable. No Chaos can continue chaotic with a soul in it. Besouled with earnest human Nobleness, did not slaughter, violence and fire-eyed fury, grow into a Chivalry; into a blessed Loyalty of Governor and Governed? And in Work, which is of itself noble, and the only true fighting, there shall be no such possibility? Believe it not; it is incredible; the whole Universe contradicts it. Here too the Chactaw Principle will be subordinated; the Man Principle will, by degrees, become superior, become supreme.

I know Mammon too; Banks-of-England, Credit-Systems, world-wide possibilities of work and traffic; and applaud and admire them. Mammon is like fire; the usefullest of all servants, if the frightfullest of all masters! The Cliffords, Fi zadelms and Chivalry Fighters 'wished to gain victory', never doubt it; but victory, unless gained in a certain spirit, was no victory; defeat sustained in a certain spirit, was itself victory, I say again and again, had they counted the scalps alone, they had continued Chactaws and no Chivalry or lasting victory had been. And in Industrial Fighters and Captains is there no nobleness discoverable? To them, alone of men, there shall for ever be no blessedness but in swollen coffers? To see beauty, order, gratitude; loyal human hearts around them, shall be of no moment; to see fuliginous deformity, mutiny, hatred and despair, with the addition of half-a-million guineas, shall be better? Heaven's blessedness not there; Hell's cursedness, and your half-million bits of metal, a substitute for that! Is there no profit in diffusing Heaven's blessedness, but only in gaining gold?—If so, I apprise the Mill-owner and Millionaire, that he too much prepare for vanishing; that neither is *he* born to be of the sovereigns of this world; that he will have to be trampled and chained down in whatever terrible ways, and brass-collared safe, among the born thralls of this world! We cannot have *Canailles* and Doggeries that will not make some Chivalry of themselves:

our noble Planet is impatient of such ; in the end, totally intolerant of such !

For the Heavens, unwearying in their bounty, do send other souls into this world, to whom yet, as to their forerunners, in Old Roman, in Old Hebrew and all noble times, the omnipotent guinea is on the whole an impotent guinea. Has your half-dead avaricious Corn-Law Lord, your half alive avaricious Cotton-Law Lord never seen one such ? Such are, not one, but several ; are, and will be, unless the gods have doomed this world to swift dire ruin. These are they, the elect of the world ; the born champions strong men, and liberatory Samsons of this poor world ; whom the poor Delish-world will not always shear of their strength and eyesight, and set to grind in darkness at *its* poor gin-wheel ! Such souls are, in these days, getting somewhat out of humour with the world. Your very Byron, in these days, is at least driven mad ; flatly refuses fealty to the world. The world with its injustices, its golden brutalities, and dull yellow guineas, is a disgust to such souls : the ray of Heaven that is in them does at least predoom them to be very miserable here. Yes :—and yet all misery is faculty misdirected, strength that has not yet found its way. The black whirlwind is mother of the lightning. No *smoke*, in any sense, but can become flame and radiance! Such soul, once graduated in Heaven's stern University, steps out superior to your guinea.

Dost thou know, O sumptuous Corn-Lord, Cotton-Lord, O mutinous Trades-Unionist, gin-vanquished, undeliverable ; O much-enslaved World,—this man is not a slave with thee ! None of thy promotions is necessary for him. His place is with the stars of Heaven : to thee it may be momentous, to thee it may be life or death, to him it is indifferent, whether thou place him in the lowest hut, or forty feet higher at the top of thy stupendous high tower, while here on Earth. The joys of Earth that are precious, they depend not on thee and thy promotions. Food and raiment, and, round a social hearth, souls who love him, whom he loves : these are already his. He

wants none of thy rewards ; behold also, he fears none of thy penalties. Thou canst not answer even by killing him : the case of Anaxarchus thou canst kill ; but the self of Anaxarchus, the word or act of Anaxarchus, inno wise whatever. To this man death is not a bugbear : to this man life is already as earnest and awful, and beautiful and terrible, as death.

Not a May-game is this man's life ; but a battle and a march, a warfare with principalities and powers. No idle promenade through fragrant orange-groves and green flowery spaces, waited on by the choral Muses and the rosy Hours : it is a stern pligrimage through burning sandy solitudes, through regions of thick-ribbed ice. He walks among men ; loves men, with inexpressible soft pity,—as they *cannot* love him ; but his soul dwells in solitude in the uttermost parts of Creation. In green oases by the palm-tree wells, he rests space; but anon he has to journey forward, escorted by the Terrors and the Splendours, the Archdemons and Archangles. And Heaven, all Pandemoninm are his escort. The stars keen-glancing, from the Immensities, send tiding to him ; the graves, silent with their dead, from the Eternities. Deep calls for him unto Deep.

Thou, O World, how wilt thou secure thyself against this man ? Thou canst not hire him by thy guineas ; nor by thy gibbets and law-penalties restrains him. He eludes thee like a Spirit. Thou canst not forward him, thou canst not hinder him. Thy penalties, thy proverties, neglects, contumelies : behold, all these are good for him. Come to him as an enemy; turn from him as an unfriend; only do not this one thing,—infect him not with thy own delusion : the benign Genius, were it by very death, shall guard him against this !—What wilt thou do with him ? He is above thee, like a god. Thou, in thy stupendous three-inch pattens, art under him. He is thy born king, thy conqueror and supreme lawgiver : not all the guineas and cannons, and leather and prunella, under the sky can save thee from him. Hardest thick-shinned Mammon-

world, ruggedest Caliban shall obey him, or become not Caliban but a cramp. Oh, if in this man, whose eyes can flash Heaven's lightning, and make all Calibans into a cramp, there dwelt not, as the essence of his very being, a God's justice, human Nobleness, Veracity and Mercy,—I should tremble for the world. But his strength, let us rejoice to understand, is even this: The quantity of Justice of Valour and Pity that is in him. To hypocrites and tailored quacks in high places, his eyes are lightning; but they melt in dewy pity softer than a mother's to the downpressed, maltreated; in his heart, in his great thought, is a sanctuary for all the wretched. This world's improvement is for ever sure.

'Man of Genius'? Thou hast small notion, meseems, O Maecenas Twiddledee, of what a Man of Genius is. Read in thy New Testament and elsewhere,—if, with floods of mealy-mouthed inanity, with miserable forth-vortices of Cant now several centuries old, thy New Testament is not all bedimmed for thee. *Canst* thou read in thy New 'Testament at all? The Highest Man of Genius, knowest thou him; Godlike and a God to this hour? His crown a Crown of Thorns? Thou fool, with *thy* empty Godhoods, Apotheoses *edgeglit*; the Crown of Thorns made into a poor jewel-room crown, fit for the head of blockheads; the bearing of the Cross changed to a riding the Long-Acre Gig! Pause in thy mass-chantings, in thy litanyings, and Calmuck prayings by machinery; and pray, if noisily, at least in a more human manner. How with thy rubrics and dalmatics, and clothwebs and cobwebs, and with thy stupidities and grovelling baseheartedness, hast thou hidden the Holiest into all but invisibility!—

'Man of Genius': O Maecenas Twiddledee, hast thou any notion what a Man of Genius is? Genius is 'the inspired gift of God'. It is the clearer presence of God Most High in a man. Dim, potential in all men; in this man it has become clear, actual. So says John Milton, who ought to be a judge; so answer him the Voices of all Ages and all Worlds. Wouldst thou commune with such

a one? *Be* his real peer then: does that lie in thee? Know thyself and thy real and thy apparent place, and know him and his real and his apparent place, and act in some noble conformity with all that. What! The star-fire of the Empyrean shall eclipse itself, and illuminate magic-lanterns to amuse grown children? He, the god-inspired, is to twang harps for thee, and blow through scrannel pipes, to soothe the sated soul with visions of new, still wider Eldorados, Houri Paradises, richer Lands of Cockaigne? Brother, this is not he; this is a counterfeit, this twangling, jangling, vain, acrid, scrannel-piping man. Thou dost well to say with sick Soul, 'It is naught such harping!'—and in sudden rage, to grasp thy spear, and try if thou canst pin such a one to the wall. King Saul was mistaken in his man, but thou art right in thine. It is the due of such a one nail him to the wall, and leave him there. So ought copper shillings to be nailed on counters; copper geniuses on walls, and left there for a sign!—

I conclude that the Men of Letters too may become a 'Chivalry', an actual instead of a virtual Priesthood, with result immeasurable,—so soon as there is nobleness in themselves for that. And, to a certainty, not sooner! Of intrinsic Valetisms you cannot, with whole Parliaments to help you, make a Heroism. Doggeries never so gold-plated, Doggeries never so escutcheoned, Doggeries never so diplomaed, bepffed, gas-lighted, continue Doggeries, snd must take the fate of such.

CHAPTER VIII

THE DIDACTIC

Certainly it were a fond imagination to expect that any preaching of mine could abate Mammonism; that Bobus of Houndsditch will love his guineas less, or his poor soul more, for any preaching of mine! But there is one Preacher who does preach with effect, and gradually persuade all persons: his name is Destiny, is Divine Providence, and his Sermon the inflexible Course of

Things. Experience does take dreadfully high school-wages; but he teaches like no other !

I revert to Friend Prudence the good Quaker's refusal of 'seven thound pounds to boot'. Friend Prudence's practical conclusion will, by degress, become that of all rational practical men whatsoever. One the present scheme and principle, Work cannot continue. Trades' Strikes, Trades' Unions, Chartisms ; mutiny, squalor, rage and desperate revolt, growing ever more desperate, will go on their way. As dark misery settles down on us, and our refuges of lies fall in pieces one after one, the hearts of men now at last serious will turn to refuges of truth. The eternal stars shine out again, so soon as it is dark *enough*.

Begirt with desperate Trades' Unionism and Anarchic Mutiny, many an Industrial *law-ward*, by and by, who has neglected to make laws and keep them, will be heard saying to himself 'Why have I realized five hundred thousand pounds? I rose early and sat late, I toiled and moiled, and in the sweat of my brow and of my soul I strove to gain this money, that I might become conspicuous, and have some honour among my fellow-creatures. I wanted them to honour me, to love me. The money is here, earned with my best lifeblood : but the honour ? I am encircled with squalor, with hunger, rage, and sooty desperation. Not honoured, hardly even envied ; only fools and the funkey-species so much as envy me. I am conspicuous,—as a mark for curses and brickbats. What good is it ? My five hundred scalps hang here in my wigwam - would to Heaven I had sought something else than the scalps ; would to Heaven I had been a Christian Fighter, not a Chactaw one! To have ruled and fought not in a Mammonish but in a Godlike spirit ; to have had the hearts of the people bless me, as a true ruler and captain of my people ; to have felt my own heart bless me, and that God above instead of Mammon below was blessing me,—this had been something, Out of my sight, ye beggarly five hundred scalps of banker's thousands : I will try something other, or account my life a tragical futility !'

Friend Prudence's rock-ledge', as we called it, will gradually disclose itself to many a man; to all men. Gradually assaulted from beneath and from above, the Stygian mud-deluge of Laissez-faire. Supply-and-demand, Cash-payment the one Duty, will abate on all hands; and the everlarting mountain-tops, and secure rock-foundations that reach to the centre of the world, and rest on Nature's self, will again emerge to found on, and to build on. When Mammon-worshippers here and there begin to be God worshippers, and bipeds-of-prey become men, and there is a soul felt once more in the huge-pulsing elephantine mechanic Animalism of this Earth, it will be again a blessed Earth

'Men cease to regard money?' cries Bobus of Houndsditch: 'What elso do all men strive for? The very Bishop informs me that Christianity cannot get on without a minimum of Four thousand five hundred in its pocket. Cease to regard money? That will be at Doomsday in the afternoon!'—O Bobus, my opinion is somewhat different. My opinion is, that the Upper Powers have not yet determined on distroying this Lower World. A respectable, ever-increasing minority, who do strive for something higher than money, I with confidence anticipate; ever-increasing, till there be a sprinkling of them found in all quarters, as salt of the Earth once more. The Christanity that cannot get on without a minimum of Four thousand five hundred, will give place to something better that can. Thou wilt not join our small minority, thou? Not till Doomsday in the afternoon? Well! *then*, at least, thou wilt join it, thou and the majority in mass!

But truly it is beautiful to see the brutish empire of Mammon cracking everywhere; giving sure promise of dying, or of being changed. A strange, chill, almost ghastly dayspring strikes up in Yankeeland itself: my. Transcendental friend announce there, in a distinct, though somewhat lankhaired ungainly manner, that the Demiurgus Dollar is dethroned; that new unheard-of Demiurgus-ships. Priesthoods, Aristocracies, Growths and

Destructions, are already visible in the grey of coming Time. Chronos is dethroned by Jove ; Odin by St. Olaf : the Dollar cannot rule in Heaven for ever. No ; I reckon, not Socinian Preachers quit their pulpits in Yankeeland, saying, 'Friends, this is all gone to coloured cobweb, we regret to say !'—and retire into the fields to cultivate onionbeds, and live frugally on vegetables. It is very notable. Old godlike Calvinism declares that its old body is now fallen to tatters, and done ; and its mournful ghost, disembodied, seeking new embodiment, pipes again in the winds ;—a ghost and spirit as yet, but hearlding new Spirit-worlds, and better Dynastics than the Doller one.

Yes, here as there, light is coming into the world ; men love not darkness, they do love light. A deep feeling of the eternal nature of Justice looks out among us everywhere,—even though the dull eyes of Exter Hall ; an unspeakable religiousness struggles, in the most helpless manner to speak itself, in Puseyisms and the like. Of our Cant, all condemnable, how much is not condemnable without pity ; we had almost said, without respect ! The *in* articulate worth and truth that is in England goes down yet to the Foundations.

Some 'Chivalry of Labour, some noble Humanity and practical Divineness of Labour, will yet be realized on this Earth. Or why *will* ; why do we pray to Heaven, without setting our own shoulder to the wheel ? The Present, if it will have the Future accomplish, shall itself commence. Thou who prophesiest, who belevest, begin thou to fulfil. Here or nowhere, no equally as at any time ! That outcast help-needing thing or person, trampled down under vulgar feet or hoofs, no help 'possible' for it, no prize offered for the saving of it,—canst not thou save it, then, without prize ? Put forth thy hand, in God's name ; know that 'impossible', where Truth and Mercy and the everlasting. Voice of Nature order, has no place in the brave man's dictionary. That when all men have said 'Impossible', and tumbled noisily elsewhither, and thou alone art left, then first thy time and possibility have

come. It is for thee now; do thou that; and ask no man's counsel, but thy own only and God's. Brother, thou hast possibility in thee for much: the possibility of writing on the eternal skies the record of a heroic life. That noble downfallen or yet unborn 'Impossibility', thou canst lift it up, thou canst, by thy soul's travail, bring it into clear being. That loud inane Actuality, with millions in its pocket; to 'possible' that, which rolls along there, with quilted trumpeters blaring round it and all the world escorting it as mute or vocal flunkey,—escort it not thou; say to it, either nothing, or also deeply in thy heart: 'Loud-blaring Nonentity, no force of trumpets, cash. Long-Acre art, or universal flunkeyhood of men, makes thee an Entity; thou art a Nonentity, and deceptive. Simulacrum, more accursed than thou seemest. Pass on in the Devil's name, unworshipped by at least one man, and leave the thoroughfare clear!'

Not on Ilion's or Latium's plains; on far other plains and places henceforth can noble deeds be now done. Not on Iliou's plain; how much less in May-fair's drawing-room! Not in victory over poor brother French of Phrygians; but in victory over Frost-otuns, Marsh-giants, over demons of Discord, Idleness, Injustice, Unreason, and Bhaos come again. None of the old Epics is longer possible. The Epic of French and Phrygins was comparatively a small Epic: but that of Flirts and Fribbles, what is that? A thing that vanishes at cock-crowing,—that already beggings to scent the morning air! Game-preserving Aristocracies, let 'them' bush never so effectually, cannot escape the Subtle Fowler Game seasons will be excellent, and again will be indifferent, and by and by they will not be at all. The Last Partridge of England, of an England where millions of men can get no corn to eat, will be shot and ended. Aristocracies with beards on their chins will find other work to do than amuse themselves with trundlin-hoops.

But it is to you, ye Workers, who do already work, and are as grown men, noble and honourable in a sort, that the whole word calls for new work and nobleness.

Subdue mutiny, discord, widespread despair by manfulness, justice, mercy and wisdom. Chaos is dark, deep as Hell ; let light be, and there is in instead a green flowery World. O, it is great and there is no other greatness. To make some nook of God's Creation a little fruitfuller, detter, more worthy of God ; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manfuller, happier, more blessed, less accursed ! It is work for a God. Sooty Hell of mutiny and savagery and despair can, by man's energy, be made a kind of heaven ; cleared of its soot, of its mutiny, of its need to mutiny ; the everlasting arch of Heaven's azure overspanning *it* too, and its cunning mechanism and tall chimney-steeples, as a birth of Heaven ; God and all men looking on it well pleased.

Unstained by wasteful deformities, by wasted tears or heart's-blood of men, or any defacement of the Pit, noble fruitful Labour, growing ever nobler, will come forth—the grand sole miracle of Man ; whereby Man has risen from the low places of this Earth, very literally, into divine Heavens, Ploughers, Spinners, Builders ; Prophets, Poets, Kings ; Brindleys and Goethes ; Odins and Arkwrights ; all martyrs, and noble men, and gods are of one grand Host ; immeasurable ; marching ever forward since the Beginnings of the World. The enormous, all-conquering, flame-crowned Host, noble every soldier in it ; sacred, and alone noble, Let him who is not of it hide himself ; let him tremble for himself. Stars at every button cannot make him noble ; sheaves of Bath-garters, nor bushels of Georges ; nor any other contrivance but manfully enlisting in it, valiantly taking place and step in it. O Heavene, will he not bethink himself ; he too is so needed in the Host ! It were so blessed, thrice-blessed, for himself and for us all ! In hope of the Last Partridge, and some Duke of Weimar among our English Dukes ; we will be patient yet a while.

The Future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow :
We press still thorow,
Naught that abides in it
Daunting us,—onward.

PAST AND PRESENT

NOTES

Argument of Book 1.

Book I of *Past and Present* is called "Proem" or Introduction as it contains preliminary observations of the author on the theme he expounds in the succeeding Books. After pointing out the sad condition of England, and exclaiming "We have more riches than any Nation ever had before ; we have less good of them than any Nation ever had before," he exhorts Englishmen to realise the eternal fact that the secret of unhappiness in men as well as Nations is their neglect of the True and the Just and pursuit of shams and iniquities. The English nation had offended the supreme powers in the Universe by parting company with the inner Facts and following the transient outer Appearances, and like Midas it had suffered : the wealth of England had become enchanted wealth a cause of misery unemployment, and crime.

The Manchester insurrection, when thousands of hungry operatives rose in protest, and came out into the streets to make a demonstration, showed all England that there was a terrible crisis before them. If England did not answer the inarticulate cry of the unhappy workers it was sure to perish. These men were justified in their demand for a fair day's wages for a fair day's-work. "There is not a horse in England, able and willing to work, but has due food and lodging and goes about sleek coated, satisfied in heart." Why should men not be able to find suitable work and fair wages ? Never before, in the history of the world, had there been such a bungling in the apportioning of wages to work. Were it not best to destroy a world "in which all working horses could be well fed, and innumerable working men should die starved" ?

Carlyle then observes, with proper emphasis, that no Morrison's Pill, i.e. some ready Act of Parliament or remedial measure, can cure these maledies of society. No Reform Bill, Ballot-Box, or Five-point charter can work this alchemy "Given a world of knaves, to produce an Honesty from their action." The only thing to strive for is, if possible, to "resuscitate some soul and conscience in us, exchange our dilettantisms for sincerities, our dead hearts of stone for living hearts of flesh." Instead of Quacks we must employ true Heroes in the affairs of the country. England has not been wisely guided by its present journalists, economists, and politicians, and hence the present distress in England. We must be governed by the Wisest, we must have an Aristocracy of Talent. But the question is, how to get this Aristocracy? We cannot recruit it by means of the Ballot-box. We can do the requisite sifting process only if we acquire the true eye for talent. As long as we appreciate only vulgar success we cannot obtain an Aristocracy of Talent. The two conditions precedent to an Aristocracy of Talent are, first that there must be Wisdom to be collected, and secondly that it is collected. Really, these two conditions are one. If there is much Wisdom it will be duly collected, "for the wise love Wisdom, and will search for it as for life and salvation." But if there be little wisdom, and the majority of nationals be like Bobus Higgins the sausage maker and worshipper of luicre and vulgar success, even the little wisdom in the nation will be frittered away.

The true cure for the national maladies is only one; *Hero-Worship*. Enlightened Egoism" Laissez Faire and such other shibboleths are of no avail. Hero-*worship* is "the soul of all social business among men," and it is a pity that the British nation should have so little Hero-*worship* in them. Let the common men be of heroic mind so that they become able to recognise and reverence the true Hero. The only reform conceivable in the state is the "arrestment of the knaves and dastards", and the substitution of their rule by the rule of Heroes. Changes in Corn Laws will not do; it is only Hero-*worship* which

can save the situation. Hero-*worship* is the Lodestar, which once seen from afar, will make each true man stand truly to his work in the ship of the state. It is not possible for a single writer to instruct the nation in Hero-*worship*. But an effort will be made in the present book to select a thing or two from the Past and "from the Past, in a circuitous way, illustrate the Present and the Future." "The Present holds in it both the whole Past and the whole Future."

CHAPTER I

Midas

Introductory Remarks.

The title of the opening chapter is *Midas* because the author feels that the condition of England in 1842 resembled that of King Midas as related in the old Greek fables. Midas was "a King of Phrygia, who having hospitably entertained Silenus, the tutor of Bacchus, when he had lost his way, was permitted by the god to choose his recompense. He asked that whatever he touch might be turned to gold. His prayer was granted but when he found that the very meat he attempted to eat became gold in his mouth, he entreated Bacchus to relieve him of the gift. He was ordered to wash himself in the river Pactolus, whose sands were turned into gold by the touch of Midas. On another occasion Midas had the impudence to declare that Pan was a superior flute-player to Apollo, whereupon the offended god changed his ears to those of an ass, to indicate his stupidity. This Midas attempted to conceal; but one of his servants saw the length of his ears, and unable to keep the secret, and afraid to reveal it, whispered the fact to some reeds and these whenever agitated by the wind, repeated to the world that Midas had the ears of an ass." (*Oxford Companion English Literature*).

Like the gold of Midas, the wealth of England was *enchanted* wealth, of no use to the possessor. The richest country in the world had twelve thousand workers sitting unemployed, subsisting on a charity dole, and when not getting even that much reduced to perpetrating horrible crimes like poisoning one's own children in order to get

some burial fees ! Some celestial power had evidently cursed England, even as Midas was accursed. The natural inference was that England had been guilty of some serious offence, like Midas, or of some act of crass stupidity like that stupid king.

Carlyle is too vehement in attacking England and the English nation. Subsequent events proved that the distress existing in 1842 was prelude to a period of unparalleled prosperity. Carlyle's observations apply more fitly to our own times when there is so much to eat and drink, and yet millions are unemployed, and are dying of inanition.

NOTES

Para 1. *The condition of England is very disquieting: in spite of plentiful harvests and flourishing industry, England is dying of inanition, as if all its wealth were enchanted wealth.*

One of the most ominous......world—Reference to the disquieting and strange phenomenon that with the increase of wealth there was an increase of "hunger" in the people, and not a lessening of it.

Inanition—Starvation ; want of life.

With **unabated bounty the land of England blooms**—Reference to the plentiful crops, and the prosperous condition of agriculture.

Thick—studded with workshops—Reference to the flourishing condition of English industry and manufactures.

Exuberant—Over flowing.

Baleful fiat—Dangerous decree.

Master-workers—Capitalists ; manufacturers.

Our present state of commercial stagnation—Reference to 1842 when trade was at a standstill because of falling prices—same as to day.

Not in sharp fever-fits, but......suffering—A metaphorical way of saying that it is not occasionally that Scotland suffers from woe and destitution, but that its mirery is permanent. Alison's reports, written before 1842, proved that Scotland was not distressed because of a temporary lull in trade, but that it malady was of long duration, and a permanent one. "Chronic" diseases are those that are deep-seated or long continued. "Gangrene" is "the loss of vitality in some part of the body", the first stage of mortification.

Anodyne—Something that dulls or relieves pain for the time being.

Scotland too......must have a Poor Law—Though a Poor Law was not a remedy for the disease from which Scotland was suffering, still it was a necessary measure to give relief in cases of *acute* suffering.

Is not to be a byword—A Biblical expression.

O, what a waste is there—Carlyle is sorry that in spite of the courage and other virtues of Scotsmen their country should be so poverty stricken and miserable.

Stoicisms—'acts, of patience'. Stoicism is the philosophy of suffering with resignation.

Potosi—in Bolivia, South America is famous as the region of the most celebrated silver mines in the world.

To which the metal of Potosi......dust—The reference is to the great moral virtues of Scotsmen, especially their fortitude and resignation. All the silver and gold in the world is so much dirt compared with such shining virtues.

Factory Inquiries......Committees—Reference to the

many official and unofficial investigations and commissions which issued reports on the condition of the country. There was a Royal Commission in 1833, a Select Committee of the House of Lords in 1837, a Labour Committee in 1833, and so on.

Working body—The present book of Carlyle is concerned with the workman.

There was literally any parallel – Carlyle's usual exaggeration. What would he have said of conditions in (British) India ?

Assizes—Law Courts arraigned, accused.

And this too has no reference......prior to that—This sentence implies that in 1842, when conditions would be distinctly worse, the scenes of crime and violence would be still more horrid than in years past.

That perhaps the case is not solitary—That perhaps there are many such cases of unnatural murders.

Brutal savages, degraded Irish—The accused in the above case at Stockport were Irishmen, Sandys by name. They lived in cellars in Stockport.

Depravity—Extreme wickedness.

Irishism—The Irish were supposed by Englishmen to be little better than savages. Carlyle says, that it being admitted that the Irish are savages, it is still a sign of great depravity when parents can do away with their own children.

Had been driven to it—by hard necessity.

Such instances – Such crucial instances.

Apex—Summit.

Under which lies a wholeem......erged—Reference to the many deeds of violence and unnatural depravity which

are hidden from view, and have not come to light like the Stockport poisonings.

Ugolino—Dante has referred in his *inferno* to Count Ugolino of Pisa who was captured along with his two sons and two grandsons by his opponents, the Ghibellines, and shut up in a tower. No food was supplied to the captives, and it is said that to satisfy their pangs of hunger they ate one another ! Rats preyed upon their bodies, ultimately. Gaddo was a son of Count Ugolino.

Who cries all day for victuals......out of misery at once—How many children in India must not be in this condition today ? Their lot is to be born and to die in starvation.

In the uttermost doomed ruin......their own children—From *Lamentations* Chapter 4 : "They than be slain with the sword are better than they that be slain with hunger ; for these pine away, stricken through for want of the fruits of the field. The hands of the pitiful women have sodden their own children." *Sodden* means "Boiled".

The stern Hebrew imagination......wretchedness—The utmost degradation that the Hebrew or Jewish imagination could conceive of a country was this that its women should be driven to kill and cook their own children. That state of deepest iniquity has apparently been reached in England already.

Ultimatum—Used in the Latin sense of the "last-point".

God-punished man—Like the men of Jerusalem who were punished by God for their sins.

Exuberant with supply of all kinds—Overflowing with material prosperity.

If it be not by invisible Enchantments—What else could account for such a degradation amidst plenty but some wicked spell of magic ?

Paras 6-9—*Let alone miserable paupers, is there anyone in Britain whom the increase of wealth has made more happy ? It is an enchanted wealth, even as the wealth of Midas. No man of us can get touch of it. Material comforts might have multiplied, but they have not made their possessors better or more beautiful or blessed. The Master Worker, the Master Unworker are, alike, in gloom Corn-Laws or no Corn-Laws, nor can Political Economy help them. It is a wonder that we have more riches than any Nation ever had before ; but we have less good of them than any Nation ever had before. It seems as if some god had cursed us, even as Midas for all his wealth was accursed.*

Plethoric wealth—Abundant, Overflowing wealth.

In Poor and Rich, instead of nobe thrift......inability—Ordinary poverty serves as a noble discipline and inculcates the virtues of economy, industry etc. in the poor, while riches make men generous and useful members of society. But now the poor have become gloomy, and incapable of employment, while the rich have become parasites and addicted to dissipation.

Sumptuous garnitures—Costly embellishments.

Have forgotten to live—Have forgotten how to enjoy life.

(Riches have become so many showy baubles only).

Let them give us their name—Another way of saying that they do not exist.

Many men eat finer cookery—Only to fall ill more frequently, and pay Doctors' bills.

Dyspeptic stomach—Stomach suffering from indigestion. (Dyspeptic people suffer from heart troubles).

Human faces gloom discordantly......another—The increase of riches has made men sulky, distrustful, and unsociable.

Things, if it be not mere cotton......man—What does it matter if man is able to utilise cotton, iron, and such other things for manufacturing purposes? Things which really matter in life, and which bring happiness, are getting beyond his control.

"To buy where he finds it cheapest......dearest"—This was a slogan (of the political economists of the time), taken from Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*. Carlyle did not believe that Free Trade would cure the ills from which the nation was suffering.

Thratening to vanish—because of dull markets.

Master Unworker -The idle aristocrat who has not to work for his living.

Coercing fifty-pound tenants—After the Reform Act of 1832, every tenant who paid an annual rent of at least £ 50 got a vote. The Master Unworker, or the rich landlord, is here represented as threatening or bribing or coaxing his tenants to vote after him and say ditto his unjust demands. Are not the tenants his slaves who are bound to do his bidding?

Too literally dumb—by use of brute force.

We have more riches than any Nation......had before—This line gives, briefly, the theme of this chapter.

Fatal paralysis—State of being crippled or inert, showing that death is near.

Extremities—The poorest classes are the hands and feet of the body politic. (Paralysis generally begins with the loss of motion or sensation in the hands and legs of the victim).

Olympians—Dwellers on mount Olympus, the seat of gods in Greek mythology; the gods.

Which were also a good appendage—Showing that their possessor was stupid (like a donkey) in spite of all his wealth.

CHAPTER 2

The Sphinx

Introductory remarks—In the preceding chapter Carlyle has drawn an analogy between the condition of Midas and the condition of England. In this chapter he alludes to the fable of the Sphinx to drive it home to his readers that unless they answer the question of questions. "What is Justice" they will be destroyed even as those were destroyed who could not answer the riddle propounded by the monster Sphinx. In the old Greek and Egyptian fables the Sphinx was a monster half human and half beast, daughter of Typhon and Chimaera. "She infested Thebes, setting the inhabitants a riddle and devouring all those who could not solve it." Oedipus answered the riddle whereupon the Sphinx slew herself and the world was rid of her.

Life is regarded as a Sphinx by Carlyle. He says that she is a bride and treasure to the wise and the brave who answer her riddle, but that she is an agent of destruction to those who cannot. The great fact of existence is that there is Justice. The unjust thing may seem to triumph for a time but ultimately only the true and the just will succeed. No earthly force or decrees of earthly courts of justice can prop up that which is unjust. "Await the issue. In all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might, at the close of the account were one and the same." If England has enough men who care for divine justice and are able to see it, it will be saved. Otherwise it will surely be destroyed.

In this chapter Carlyle sets forth not only that Might is Right, but that Right is Might. For all his gloominess Carlyle had a touching faith in the ultimate goodness and justice in this world, and in this respect he was like many of his contemporary Victorians. The twentieth century man is not so ready to believe that God is in His Heaven, and that all is right with the world ! Carlyle has often been attacked for identifying brute Might with Right and for preaching that what has succeeded must be the right. He has not erred in this respect, in this place, for while acknowledging the apparent failure of Wallace, he points it out that but for the bravery and patriotism of that Scot hero the Union of England and Scotland would not have been so happy a Union. *So no righteous action is ever lost.*

Para 1-3—*There is truth in the old Fable of the Sphinx. This monster is none other but Life, Destiny itself. Those who can solve the riddle of Destiny escape destruction and win a bride, the others perish. Midas was unhappy because he did not know the solution of this riddle—Natures' right truth. A nation that is too foolish, like Midas, to know Nature's right truth must, also, perish.*

There is in her a celestial beauty.........are infernal—A reference to the dual nature of Life. The good, the brave, and the wise, get the best from life ; the rest are devoured by her.

One still half-imprisoned......chaotic—Reference to the mystery of life :

"The economy of Heaven is dark.

And wisest clerks have miss'd the mark."

This grand unnameable Fact—Carlyle has often dilated on the impossibility of conveying in human language an idea of the Reality, that which is the source of all existence.

Is a thing of teeth and claws—Tennyson too speaks of "Nature, red in tooth and claw."

Scattered on the precipices—An allusion to the monster throwing the unfortunate ones from the rock on which she sat.

Recreant—Cowardly.

Rede—Explain ; interpret.

They have forgotten the right Inner True......Outer Shamtrue—The false outward appearance which is only an imitation of truth.

Transitory semblance—Passing likeness of that which is.

Para 4-8—*Foolish men think there is no justice, and run after seeming success. Great men in all countries and in all religions have recognised that not only there is justice, but that there is nothing else but justice. However long the road be it leads to inexorable justice. Acts of Parliament, decreas of High Court, deserve respect, no doubt, but they can be effective only when they accord with eternal justice. The Supreme Court in the Universe over rides these earthly tribunals. Not all the spacious arguments and pleadings heard in earthly courts can enforce or bring to pass that which is unjust. In this God's world there must be justice, though it may seem to take long to arrive. No amount of brute force or earthly success will prop up on unjust thing. Death and darkness are the finale of human success.*

Red-tape—*i.e.* Convention, Formality ; empty observances.

Strangled the inner life—Red-tape or Custom has been referred to by Carlyle in *Sartor Resartus :* "Custom doth make dotards of us all......Philosophy complains that Custom has hoodwinked us, from the first ; that we do everything by Custom, even Believe by it ; that our very Axioms, let us boast of Freethinking as we may, are oftenest such Beliefs as we have never heard questioned."

Only when we transcend Red-tape or custom, and think for ourselves, we realise what the truth is.

Success will never more attend thee—for only Right is Might.

Tarpeian Rock—'Final destruction'.—A Rock in Rome from which criminals, especially traitors, used to be thrown down and battered to pieces—

Longacre—a district of London, 'Longacre vehicle' symbolises the course of modern civilised English life.

Of polished leather......mind's eye—Carlyle is speaking of the sleek, well-fed, fashionable and rich Englishman of Victorian times who would drive in cosy carriages, and join clubs and Parliaments. Such men would have conventional ideas only, and they would know no spiritual truths. They would not believe in eternal justice.

The Road's end—The final destination (Stern Justice which brings destruction).

Once true and wise—but now useless because life is gone from them. They are now only conventions.

Man's noblest tendency......inertia—Carlyle condemns stagnation or standing still as the most ignoble thing in man, while he praises the quality of continual exertion as the best in him.

Till men's bitter necessities can endure thee no more—Till men will be compelled through desperation to overthrow you and your injustice.

Are venerable to me—I have great respect for them (as institutions of long standing).

Thousand years—Since the days of Edward the Confessor.

Been a road to it—because they dispense Justice (though it be earthly justice).

But if they correspond not......what are they—But if they promulgate something not in accord with the dictates of eternal justice they do not deserve our respect.

Adamant—A hard stone, supposed to be unbreakable. In ancient times laws were inscribed on hard stones. Here the word signifies the quality of *ineffaceableness*.

Adamant Tablet—It is recorded that the Holy word of God was written of tablet of Adamant.

Every hour that they continue otherwise—Every hour that they run counter to the requirements of eternal justice.

Horse-hair wigs—Gowns, worn by lawyers in courts.

Sergeant–Sergeant-at-Law were senior barristers.

The Court of Courts—The highest Court, namely, the Court of God.

With a terrible increase of swiftness—as contrasted with the delay in getting justice in human courts.

Revisal......for confirmation......costs—Carlyle is using legal terms to describe the action taken by a superior court with respect to decisions of a lower court (The lower court is the court set up by man, the superior act is God's tribunal).

Redress, reclaimer disclaimer demurrer—all names of different kinds of laws suits in the English Courts.

Thou knowest not such a court ?......we shall get little benefit—Carlyle emphatically says that a man who has no faith in eternal justice and whose only hope lies in earthly tribunals *i. e.* who believes in worldly success rather than in righteousness and justice, will not be of use to humanity.

Parchment records—"The great majority of the documents at the Record Office—are of parchment.

Terrestrial—Earthly.

Oceans of horse-hair——*i. e.*——Any amount of clever arguments or citations of laws and precedants.

If unjust, it will not......One Unjust – The world was made by a just God, therefore nothing unjust can prevail in the Universe.

Pursuivants—Heralds.

In the rear of them.........hangmen—*i.e.* An unjust law will not stand even though its disobedience be attended with the penalty of death.

The everlasting Laws of Nature incessantly advance towards it—In Book III Carlyle says: "Nature's Laws are eternal: her small still voice, speaking from the inmost heart of us, shall not, under terrible penalties, be disregarded. No man can depart from the truth without damage to himself; no one million of men; no Twenty-seven millions of men."

It is what the fool hath said in his heart—From the Psalms: 'The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.'

Woolwish—The great artillery depot in England.

Trundling—Rolling; Twirling.

Baton—Staff of a marshal.

If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded—Cf. "It would appear that the unjust thing has no friend in the Heaven, and a majority against it on the Earth; nay that *it* has at bottom all men for its enemies; that it may take shelter in this fallacy and then in that, but will be hunted from fallacy to fallacy till it finds no fallacy to shelter in any more" *(Chartism)*.

Page 9—11. *Of course, things cannot be set right, all at once. There must be a slow process towards righteousness and justice. But rest assured that in the end Right will be Might. The apparent success of Unrighteousness will in the end turn out to be a success of the other side. Wallace died without making Scotland free, but it was because of his death that Scotland's union with England turned out to be a blessing. Controversies, fights, have their use in releasing the falsekood that is an execrescence upon true forces. In the end justice or righteousness alone survives.*

Approximation—*i.e.* Approach.

With any not insupportable— —patient—There cannot be perfection in this world, therefore we must put up with that which is a *near approach* to perfection.

There is a noble conservatism as well as ignoble—Carlyle is not a revolutionary, radical though his views be. He appreciates the conservatism that puts up with the existing order of things, and seeks, more and more approximation to truth and perfection, but he condemns the conservatism that is against all reform, and foolishly takes its stand upon "Law and Order".

Fearful imperilment—because the longer the ignoble forces remain, the longer will be the delay in the triumph of Justice.

Deflexions—Deviations.

Resiliences—Acts of springing back or rebounding.

But at all moments it is moving centreward *i. e.*—For all its apparent failures or reverses, the cause of justice steadily moves to the destination of success. The image employed is that of bodies moving in water, and encountering obstructions on the way. By the hydrostatic laws the heaviest body *i. e.* the body having the utmost right on its side – must reach the centre. Other bodies will be left behind.

Wallace—a great Scottish patriot.

Quarted—Reference to the brutal cutting up of Wallace's body into four parts under the command of Edward I.

But he does hinder———Wallace did not succeed in making his country independent of England. But his exertions bore fruit inasmuch as when Scotland did get merged into England it was as an *equal* partner and not as a subordinate province.

Valhalla—The old Norse idea of Heaven, where all brave warriors went after death.

The dust of controversy......force—Carlyle is not against battles and controversies. He feels that they are necessary in removing the chaff of falsehood from the grain of fact.

Heptarchies—The seven old kingdoms into which England was divided in Anglo-Saxon times.

Their fighting is an ascertainment—So Might is Right after all !

Waste-bickering—Useless quarrels.

Owle' eyes—which cannot see in the light of day.

Paras 12—13. *In England, too the semblance is different from the True and Just. It is the duty of Englishmen to penetrate to fact and give up semblance. The question of Sphinx to Englishmen is this. What is justice ? If like jesting Pilate Englishmen ask jeeringly, what is Justice, their eyes will be opened by cruel fact at last. Between a Nation and perdition stand only those who can see Heaven's invisible justice. Are there such men in England ?*

That the temporary, here as elsewhere............Eternel. That it is likely that Englishmen will be deluded into putting faith not in fact and eternal Justice, but in the passing semblance.

Will let you also know it by and by, through the agency of revolution and destruction.

The sooner the better—for otherwise disease will grow, and a severe cut or operation will be required in the long run.

Amaurosis—Total blindness when no change can be seen in the eye sufficient to account for it."

Tipstaves—Constables.

Unembodied Justice—Heaven's justice.

Hansard—(1752 to 1828) Luke Hansard was the name of the publisher who first published the records of parliamentary debates Printer from 1774 to 1828 of the debates in the House of Commons. His descendants continued to print these debates until 1889. Now the word means "printed reports of parliamentary debates".

For properly, as many men......perdition *i. e.* A nation will be safe from destruction only in the measure that it has men who know what Justice is, and have firm faith that Justice must triumph.

Heavy-laden—Carrying heavy load of injustice and unrighteouseness, and therefore of misery.

Will prove didactic—Will teach a moral lesson.

CHAPTER 3

Manchester Insurrection

Introductory Remarks.

Manchester, the centre of the English cotton manufacturing district, was the first place where the substitution of steam for hand power took place (in 1750), and it was consequently the centre of agitation and unrest in the area of industrial troubles in England. The most famous of these insurrections or revolts were the "Peterloo" massacre of 1819, and the "Great Turnout" of August 1842. The name "Peterloo," suggested by Waterloo, was "given to an insurrectionary gathering in 1819 of workers in St. Peter's Field. Manchester, to demand Parliamentary reform, and which was dispersed by the military to the sacrifice of 13 lives and the wounding of 602, a proceeding which excited widespread indignation, and contributed to promote the cause which it was intended to defeat." The Anti-Corn League originated in Manchester. The name Manchester Liberals was applied to a school of politicians who advocated Liberal principles of "peace abroad, free trade, no government interference with industry, and *laissez-faire* principles at home." In 1842 there was a general strike of factory workers in Manchester with processions. They wanted the Corn. Laws to be repealed. The revolt collapsed after a few days, and there was no violence.

Carlyle refers to this peaceful insurrection and compares it to the violent riotings in other European countries. He says that continental writers might mock at an insurrection which took the shape of a mass protest and then collapsed, leaving no violence or serious loss of life and property in its wake. But that is to the credit of the

revolters, that restraint shows the worth of Englishmen. A revolt is necessary to awaken the public conscience to serious grievances and terrible misery, but it is wrong to employ violence in a just cause for "violence does even justice unjustly." Carlyle curiously anticipates, unconsciously though, the gospel of non-violence rendered familiar by Gandhi and Tolstoy, and in his support of the contention that the Manchester operatives did well, in 1842, not to resort to violence, he instances the Peterloo massacre of 1819 when the death of 13 men and women left behind quite a terrible legacy of disproportionate rage and hatred, corrupting the hearts of men. Carlyle's opinion is that "An Insurrection that can announce the disease, and then retire with no such balance-account [of rage and hatred] opened anywhere, has attained the highest success possible for it.

Dealing with the Manchester insurructionaries, Carlyle points out that these people propounded the Sphinx-question to all England, "What do you mean to do with us"? All that these people demanded was "A fair day's—wages for fair day's—work"—quite a just demand. Humanity of course has never been able to apportion wages to work. How, otherwise could it have paid such shabby wages to sublime poets like Milton, and heroes like Oliver Cromwell ? But in olden days there was some approximation to be seen. Even slaves had enough of food, clothing and shelter. It is only in modern times that men able to work, and ready to work, are debarred from obtaining work and wages.

Carlyle finds fault with the times inasmuch as Distribution has not kept face with Production. He condemns the *laissez-faire* doctrines of current Political Economy, and points out the absurdity of a governing system under which horses could be well-fed, and men starved. In spite of five harvests, and tons of manufactured cloth, millions were going hungry and without proper clothes. Such a state must be remedied. And the Manchester Insurrection was an eye-opener. In the end Carlyle exclaims in sheer

desperation, whether it were not best to consign a world to chaos and perdition "in which all working horses could be well-fed, and innumerable working men should die starved".

Paras 1—2. *Continental journalists are amazed that a million hungry operatives should have got up in revolt at Manchester, and, then been dispersed by a few heundres of drilled soldiers. They are mistaken if they think that the Manchester insurrection was not successful.*

Blusterowski—Manufactured names to denote writers of the violent political type who were flourishing on the continent of Europe at that time.

Vilipend—Slander ; abuse.

Nay as betokening.........ages—Continental agitators would think Englishmen as lacking in bravery. They cannot understand that men should rise in an insurrection and still do not violence.

(The Englishmen believe in bloodless revolutions as against the Continentals who believe in methods of extreme violence. Compare the recent "Purge" of Hitler, the Russian massacres and the risings in Spain and other Continental countries, with peaceful methods of political agitation in England).

Paroxysm—Fit of passion or pain.

Hydra—A great serpent with many heads, slain by Hercules. The Insurrection, with its million heads, is compared to the fabulous hydra.

Sufficed to suppress......reconsider itself—*i. e.* Sufficed to put an end to the insurrection, and drive it underground in a state of utter collapse.

Lyons—A place in France notable for the political massacres that took place in it in the days of the French Revolution.

Warsaw—capital of Poland, and noted for the bloody insurrections of Polish people in the 19th century against Russian masters, and for the bloodier reprisals on the part of the Russians.

Paris city—The city of bloody insurrection in the French Revolution as well as after it. There was an insurrection in Paris only five years after these lines were written (1848).

That this was not an unsuccessful Insurrection—That (just because there was no bloodshed) it must not be thought that the purpose for which the men rose in an insurrection was not fulfilled.

(The purpose of the revolters was to make an effective protest and rouse the public conscience about their wretched condition. In this they succeeded very well).

Paras 3—4. *The Manchester Insurrection stood still in the streets, and then vanished, because it did not know what else to do. There was no tangible foe for it to attack. The rebels were wise in attempting no violence.*

Nightmare—"A dreadful dream accompanied with pressure on the breast, and a feeling or powerlessness to move or speak—personified as an incubus or evil-spirit."

Would take a shape—It is easy to kill a tangible foe, a man of flesh and blood, but how to fight an invisible monstrous *System* ?

Hyrcanian tiger—Shakespeare alludes to this supposed terrible beast both in *Hamlet* and in *Macbeth*. Hyrcania was a district in Asia near the Caspian Sea.

Behemoth of Chaos—"The King of all Confusion".

Archfiend—The devil.

He will fly at the throats of such monster—provided that he is certain that by killing that creature he will get rid of the misery he is suffering.

But if your Woolwich grapeshot...... fighting and attacking—But if you find that bullets are being shot in the aid of an unrighteous cause, and that justice is being trampled upon, it is your duty to get up and fight, be the odds ever so heavy (It is the duty of human beings to combat injustice and oppression, even though this resistance might compel you to face bullets).

All artillery—parks have become weak—A time will come when those who shoot bullets in an unjust cause will cease to fight.

Brute one—The Latin sense of "brute" is something "heavy" or "stupid."

Was wisdom for it—*i. e.* Non-violence in an insurrection is not only good in itself, but it is also a good *policy*.

Is a most sad necessity—When wrongs multiply, and the wronged ones have no other course to take, they must rise in revolt.

Nox and Chaos—Night and confusion, the two powers who reigned before the creation of the orderly world shining gods. Carlyle would seem to mean by this term "idiotic beings, without any sense or foresight."

Is that of irritating and exasperating...done—Under all circumstances violence breeds rage and hatred.

Violence does even justice unjustly—Countrymen of Mahatma Gandhi are only too familiar with this argument.

Paras 5—9. *At "Peterloo," in 1819, only thirteen lives were lost. But what a legacy of rage and hatred was left behind! On the other hand this peaceful insurrection of Manchester attained the highest success possible for it. It propounded a question heard by all England. Never mind, if the Manchester operatives are not yet articulate, and they cannot discern hope in any quarter. They have announced their wretchedness to the world, protested against the starvation they are faced with, and demanded their undoubted right of "A fair day's-wages for a fair day's-work." It may look impossible to get justice done to these hungrymen in these times of Dilettantism and Mammonism, but since there is eternal justice, the thing can be done, only it will be difficult.*

Treasury of rage—The vast amount of anger and hatred.

How ye came among us.......... Compare the "lathi" charges with the description given here.

Counry Yeomanry—Local cavalry.

Gives us sabres too - The volunteers' charge makes the rioters angry, and when they see the bodies of poor weavers and women slain in the charge, they are maddened into fury. They want take to up arms and kill the County Yeomanry.

In all hearts that witnessed......interest—*i. e.* Violence breeds violence in return with a compound interest. The instinct of revenge is roused in the heart of the victim, and he wants to do far more violence than that done to him.

Such things—as breed the ideas of revenge and slaughter.

But set with one another—only—Men should be in accord with each other. They should be banded together in a fight against the Devil only, the enemy of all Mankind. (a Miltonic idea).

Awry—Distorted ; twisted to one side.

An Insurrection that can......anywhere—Carlyle compares the Manchester insurrection (which left no "balance-account" of ideas of revenge and hatred behind) to Peterloo, and decides in favour of the former.

Darkness—of ignorance.

What do you mean to do with us—*i. e.* What do you mean to do to improve our condition of starvation ?

No conflagration.........came to cloud that feeling—the feeling of pity and anxiety created by the rising of these operatives was not obscured or deflected by the blaze of some mad feeling of hatred or revenge (as at Peterloo).

One does not yet expect the latter result—On the whole Carlyle is optimistic.

Could yet discern no radiance—*i. e.* could express no hope, nor propose any remedy.

O'Connor—a great popular leader of the time.

Fish-oil transparencies—False lights, like the phosphorescent light seen on the surface of an ocean at night, which are nothing but a glow of fish oil.

Will-O'-wisp—The Ignis-fatuus, a wandering and deceptive light in marshy places.

Dayspring from on high—Divine light of God.

Augur—Foretell

A right noble instinct of what is double......them—Reference to the *practical* bent of mind of the factory worker in England. He knows what can be done, and what cannot be done. He is not a theorist or an extremist.

Unhappier Idlers—The parasite class of rich men.

A fair-day's wages...work—A fine slogan. It is rather difficult to determine what will be "a fair day's-work," and what will be "a fair-day's wages". At the present time, too, this question is not yet settled. How many hours should a factory worker work per day or per week? At what rate is he to be paid his wages? What would be considered "fair" in Pakistan might not be considered "fair" in America. Carlyle is, of course, considering this demand in abstract without seeking to work out the practical details of a scheme that would satisfy the employer of labour as well as labour itself.

The ever-widening world.—Reference to the expansion (in all domains of life). in the victorian era, consequent upon the growth of Industrialism, and Science (and Democracy).

Velocity of impetus.—Reference to the quick pace of progress in things mechanical.

Stillness and paralysis.—Reference to spiritual stagnation (side by side with mechanical progress).

Dilettantism.—Trifling with things.

Mammonism—*i. e.* Worship of gold. Mamon is the god of wealth.

Paras 10—12. *A sarcastic man might say that never was it true that you could get a fair day's wages for a fair day's work. What did Milton get for his immortal poem? What wages did Oliver Cromwell receive for the herculean labour he did in cleansing England from filth? A Society is progressive when it can better and better apportion wages and work. Not till the Day of Judgment can there be perfection in this respect. But if it is not possible for man accurately to apportion wages and work, it does not mean that an approximation cannot be had. As long as there be*

a supportable approximation to perfection, herein, human society will hold together. If these Manchester operatives get only enough of food, drink, clothes, and shelter they will not clamour for a perfect portion.

A rather close death.—After the Restoration of Monarchy in 1660 Milton was imprisoned by his political opponents on charge of treason and it is said that he narrowly escaped hanging.

Emblematical. Symbolical of how the world treats its greatest geniuses and benefactors.

Lifelong wrestle—with the hydra of monarchical misrule.

Crowned, coroneted Shovel-hatted quackheads—Reference to the stupid, oppressive King Charles I, his nobles, and the clergy. "Crown" stands for the King "coronet" for the nobles, and "Shovel-hat" for the Anglican clergy who wear a shovel-hat or a hat with a broad brim, turned up at the sides and projecting in front.

Its hissing is ever since pitiful—After Cromwell's time no king or tnoble has been able to trample upon English liberties. Cromwell put an end to such oppression.

Burial under the gallows . ...tree—In 1661 Oliver Cromwell's body was taken out of its grave, hung on the gallows like the body of any criminal, and buried near. Tyburn Turnpike (where the gallows were erected.)

His memory at bottom, is or yet shall be as that of a god—It was Carlyle's greatest achievement as a historian to vindicate the fame of Cromwell and set him up in the eyes of all men as one of the greatest of English heroes. Since the publication of Carlyle's *Cromwell* no one has assailed the memory of the Lord Protector.

It is the natural course......every time—The fate of all

Godlike men is to be condemned by their contemporaries, and to be treated like criminals. There comes a time when their work is recognised, and they are worshipped by a grateful posterity.

Ten pound franchisers—Ratepayers paying rent on premises of the annual of at least £ 10 value. They were given the right to vote by the Reform Act of 1832.

Open vestry—Congregation of the whole body of a parish, so called because they meet in the vestry of a Church to transact Church business.

Sanhedrim—Council of Jewish elders.

The regular way is to hang—Socrates was given a cup of poison to drink, Jesus was crucified, St. Joan was burned as a witch. Now the world worships their memory.

To that man high gibbets and treadmills—To the malefactors (be given the punishment of) hanging or rigorous imprisonment.

Which we daily pray for—in the Lord's prayer, uttered by all Christians.

In the light or fire of which—Carlyle has previously explained the two-fold character of Justice inasmuch as it is light-element as well as fire element.

All impediments, vested interests, and iron cannon *i. e.* All those things which are obstacles in the way of Justice.

Never to be perfect—In this imperfect world you can never have perfect justice. That can be possible only on the Day of Judgement, when the world will come to an end.

There are supportable approximations—Conditions of imperfect justice with which men can put up. There may

not be perfect justice, but there may be as much of justice as to satisfy men, and prevent discontent.

Insupportable approximations – Reference to conditions with which men cannot put up...(When there is not enough of justice to keep men orderly and contented).

Modicum—Portion ; amount.

The rest—Other things than mere maintenance.

For changing or perishing—To be mended or ended.

Paras 13—15. *The growth of economic ideas of Free Trade and Laissez-faire in modern times has created difficulties in the way of apportioning wages to work. Our whole attention is given to Production, and we do not attend to Distribution. How will mere Production of corn or clothes satisfy the hungry and naked workmen? In olden times even salves were care of, and given bare subsistence at least. Just now working horses are well fed and men left to starve. Would it not be well to end such a world and give up the universe to the rute of the dark spirits?*

Retrograded – Gone backwards.

Needed not announce—because he got enough for his livelihood.

Wealth of Nations—Adam Smith's book (published in 1776), which started the science of Political Economy.

Supply and demand – A formula preached by Adam Smith and his successors to state that the "price of labour, as of other commodities was fixed by the proportion of the supply to the demand.

Carlyle did not believe in this new economic gospel.

Has been rushing on with fiery animation—Has taken eagerly of Production.

Laissez-faire—literally, let things alone and take their course. "It is the name given to the let-alone system of political economy, in opposition to State interference of State regulation, in private industrial enterprise."

What is the use of your spun shirts—if you cannot distribute them among those who need them.

Which to this hour nowhere refuses—Carlyle impresses it upon his readers that if there is starvation or misery in England it is not the fault of the Earth (which is as fruitful as ever), but of the perverse mentality of man.

The Godlike could not and cannot be paid—The service of Saints. Heroes and Spiritual guides cannot be paid.

But the Earthly always could.—But material services can be paid for always.

Gurth, a mere Swineherd—a reference to the character of Gurth in Scott's Ivanhoe, the born slave of Cedric.

Four footed worker—The quadruped (*e. g.* the horse) that works for men.

Lest worse befal—Lest utter destruction come.

Platitude—"That which exhibits dullness of thought" ; here, absurdity.

Jotuns—The dark spirits or giants in Scandinavian mythology.

Mud-giants...——The evil demons in Scandinavian mythology.

CHAPTER 4

Morrison's Pill

Introductory remarks.

James Morrison was a famous druggist of the nineteenth century. His vegetable pills became very famous and were sold in large numbers to people suffering from debility and other diseases. In this chapter Carlyle asks the question whether it is possible to prescribe any specific or remedy, like Morrison's Pills, to cure the disease from which England is suffering,—the disease which he has diagnosed in the previous chapters. The answer is an emphatic "No." There cannot be a remedial measure in the shape of an Act of Parliament or some "pill" to cure the social malady spoken of. The patient (England) will get allright only if there is a radical alteration of his regimen and way of life.

What is wanted is that the Life fountain within the nation be again set flowing. A little tinkering with laws and regulations will not do. A light in the inner heart alone can put an end to the vain jargon which is now heard in the precincts of the Parliament and in other places. How will the true and the good and the beautiful stand revealed ? Not through the agency of a Morrison's Pill. The knavery and quackery from which we suffer must go and Justice and truth step in.

The only means Carlyle can suggest are that men must abandon hearsays and have a faithful discerning soul ; they must send away quacks and sham heroes and get rid of dilettantism and cant Here Carlyle starts that theory of "Heroes and Hero Worship" which he develops in the next

two chapters, and which he elaborated in the separate series of lectures he delivered on that subject.

Paras 1—3. *Now that the disease is diagnosed the next thing is to know the remedy. It is taken for granted that this remedy can be found in some Act of Parliament or a similar remedial measure. But it is not really possible to discover any remedy or specific. like Morrison's Pill, to cure the social maladies. The whole mode of life of the patient, his whole outlook, must change if he is to be saved from imminent death. What can any Morrison's Pill do under these circumstances?*

Tehee—A laugh a titter

You tell us the evil............cured—This is one of the charges levelled against Carlyle. He could point out the social wrongs and maladies, but he could not suggest remedies. For instance, he talkes of Hero-Worship, but he is not able to tell us how to *find out* the hero ?

Pharmacopoeia—Stove of Chemicals.

Regimen—time table ; routine.

Chimeras—delusions ; false appearances.

Paras 4—5. *Once the Life-Fountasn is set flowing a lot may be done. But mere laws and regulations are of no use. Vain talk or jargon, inside or outside the Parliament, is no good at all. When snch jargon has abated, genuine speech will have a chance to begin, to explain the difference between the noble and the ignoble, the just and the unjust. A Morrison's Pill will not bring about such a consummation.*

Not Emigration, Education......Land Property-Tax—These were all suggested in turn of remedies for the bad social conditions and economic depression of the time.

Jargon—Confused or empty talk.

Will then abridge itself—Will be cut short.

Hustings—Electioneering platforms.

The silence of here and there such a man—The silence of a sincere soul.

Will unspeackably abate—Once empty talkers realise that their insincere and quack talk does not appeal to discerning men they will stop their jabbar.

Shall a Corn-Law argue ten years for itself—The Reform Act was passed in 1832, and still by 1842 the Corn Laws had not been repealed, though it was patent that these laws were most unjust.

They have heard no "argument"......weep—An emphatic way of saying that the arguments in favour of the retention of Corn Laws were most stupid and vaicious (Carlyle believes that once the *heart* of Englishmen is changed for the better, unjust laws, like Corn Laws, will be given a short shrift. But in the absence of that life-fountain not even the most beneficent measures will do any permanent good).

Noble opened heart—The life of a nation or an individual depends upon the quality of the heart.

Paras 6—7. *If there is to be a cure, there must be, somehow, this change of heart. We must cast out Semblance and Knavery. and refuse to be governed by the Quack or Sham-here. Nature's Laws demand it. But what is to be bone for the present ? Almost nothing. At least, cast out hearsays and formulas and try to become a discerning soul. Then by and by other things will become clearer.*

If he brought about—The flowing of the Life-fountain, or the opening of the heart.

Downing Street—Used for 'Government' since the Prime Minister's house is there.

Accredited semblance—The outer appearances of things to which men give belief.

Given a world of knaves......action—If the men governing a nation be knaves, it is not possible that they follow an honest and just policy in the government of the state.

Alembics—Chemical stage ; retort.

Valets—Menials.

Quack—Literally, a boastful pretender to a skill he does not possess, specially medical skill.

Plausibility—An appearance of being right.

Hearsays, egoisms—*i. e.* Catchwords and selfishness.

Purblind—Nearly blind.

A faithful discerning Soul—Carlyle wants men to think for themselves, and open their hearts to nobility and justice.

Resuscitate—Revive ; Bring back to life.

Exchange our dilettantisms......flesh—This gospel is preached in all the books of Carlyle.

Sequence—Order of succession ; a series of things following one other.

Paras 8—9. *Once clear the world of quacks or Sham-heros, it will cease to be a Devil's-world, and begin to be a God's-world. As long as there are quacks there will be dupes. If we constitute ourselves into a valvet world we must necessarily ask thh sham hero to rule over us.*

Sham-heroes—Pretenders who make an appearance of being heroes, but whose hearts are filled with insincerities, and dilettantisms.

Once clear the world of them—The one panacea for the reformation of society is Hero-Worship. But how to find out the hero? Carlyle would say that if you make your soul heroic you will be able to discern who is a hero, and who is not a hero.

Devil's-world and God's-world—are explained very well in *Sartor Resartus*. See the chapters on "Everlasting No" and "Everlasting Yea",

Blessedncess—Carlyle set Blessedness above mere happenings. He says in *Sartor* : "There is in man a Higher than Love of Happiness : he can do without Happiness, and instead thereof find Blessedness ! Was it not to preach forth this same Higher that Sages and Martyrs, the Poet and the Priest, in all times have spoken and suffered : bearing testimony, through life and through Death, of the Godlike that is in Man, and how in the Godlike only has he Strength and Freedom ?"

Edge-gild vacuity Gilded emptiness.

Cant—Another favourite term of Carlyle. He uses it in the sense of empty affected speech which has no sincerity or thoughtfulness in it.

Opened Litany of Sorcereres' Sabbath—The litany is the prayer service of the Anglican Church. But Sorcerers or witches were supposed to have their own evil litany, and their own Sabbath or day of worship.

Prurient—Given to unclean thoughts.

Voracity—Greediness.

CHAPTER 5

Aristocracy of Talent

Introductory Remarks.

The theme of the previous Chapter is continued. Carlyle reiterates the truth preached by prophets of old : A nation becomes unhappy only when it has forgotten God, or quitted the ways of God. The fault of Englishmen was that they had broken the eternal laws of God, and taken to Semblance in preference to Fact. That is why not even the best Acts or remedial measures could cure their malady. The dire need of the Nation was more *Wisdom in the governing body*. Instead of quacks and knaves, the wise must be put in the place of authority. There must be an "Aristocracy of Talent".

Carlyle says that many cry for an Aristocracy of Talent, but the difficulty is how to separate the chaff from the grain, how to distinguish Talent from quackery ? The ballot system will not be effective : it is as likely that the foolish the incapable, will be elected by popular vote as the really wise gifted ones. The chief thing is that "many of us should acquire the true eye for talent" With all possible, and even frantic desire to have an Aristocracy of Talent, a man like Bobus Higgins the sausage maker, whose eye is turned only to money-making, will elect, not the man of *intrinsic* worth, but one who appears rich and respectable.

The chief need of the nation is Wisdom, and more wisdom. If there be much Unwisdom, and little Wisdom,

even that little Wisdom will be put out of action and will not be given a chance in the administration of the kingdom. So two conditions are indispensable, *viz*. that there must be wisdom, and secondly that the wisdom be collected and not frittered away. Then Unwisdom will make room for an Aristocracy of Talent. But that state is yet far off if the nation be composed of Bobuses.

This chapter is remarkable for one of Carlyle's notable coinages—"Bobus Higgins sausage maker", and his use of a familiar catchword "the Aristocracy of Talent." We shall see in the next chapter that Carlyle would discard "Aristocracy of Talent" as an impossible proposition in favour of "Hero Worship," his favourite doctrine.

Paras 1–4. *When an individual is miserable, it must be due to some fault or shortcoming in him. He has no right to foist the blame upon an external egency. The same is true of a Nation. Whenever a nation is miserable it must heve come io that pass because it has broken the laws of God. The suffering Nation must have been misguided into taking Semblance for Substance. The English nation is in a wretched condition because wisdom has not been at the helm of government. Because of this lack of Wisdom one Act after another, one measure after another, has proved infructuous. The English shall grow wiser or die !*

Objurgation—Blaming ; Reproach.

He is to know of a truth......he—If he reflects he will find that it is not others who are the cause of his misery. His own mistakes are responsible for his misery.

The modern guides—Carlyle points out in another work of his that in these days a Hero often appears as a Man of Letters. In the modern times it is the writer, especially the journalist, whose opinions are accepted and acted upon by the people at large. He is their guide and prophet.

We shall be striped and scourged—*i. e.* we shall be forced to learn that lesson by bitter facts.

The old prophet was right *of, Jeremiah*—Chapter 13. "Thus saith the Lord. After this manner will I mar the pride of Judah, and the great pride of Jerusalem......Therefore will I scatter them as the stubble that passeth away by the wind of the wilderness. This is thy lot, the portion of thy measures from me, saith the Lord ; because thou hast for gotten me, and trusted in falsehood.

Unveracity—That which is not the truth.

Two-legged animal without feathers—Plato's description of man. The rediculous term which Carlyle applies to man.

We took transient superficial Semblance......Substance—We took that to be Reality and Permanent which was only a passing shadow.

Sauerteig—An imaginary philosopher invented by Carlyle to mouth his opinions. In German the word means "Leaven".

Celestial-inferenal—Carlyle has often insisted upon the dual nature of Nature She can be heavenly sweet as well as devilishly destructive.

To this length of insight all England has now advanced—All England has realised this much at least, that they are not being governed by wise administrators.

Reform Bill of 1832—Substituted Democracy for the old oligarchy by enfranchising the middle class (and to some extent the lower classes also).

Benthamee Radicalism—the extreme Liberatism of Bentham, a political and economic reformer of the time.

Five-point Chartism—This has been already explained.

Church-extension—Another effort which was made to improve the condition of church.

Sliding scale—A graduated system of taxation of imported corn.

Integument—External protective covering of a plant or an animal.

Speaking once more, in miraculous thunder-voice—As God delivered the Law to Moses on Mount Sinai.

Double bralled—"With double surnames".

Paras 5—7. *Everywhere there is a cry for an Aristocracy of talent to govern us. But how to enlist this Aristocracy? By the Ballot box. That cannot be for, popular vote will not be cast for the talented ones. Yet some sifting process there must be to get together such an aristocracy. We can only pray that many of us should acquire the true eye for talent. Bobus Higgins, sausage maker, might be very sincere in his desire to have this Aristocracy. But Bobus has an eye trained to pick out only that talent which is expressed in rich men. How can he pick out the intrinsic worth concealed under rags?*

Houndsditch Indicator—The name of a newspaper ascribed to Houndsditch, a poor working class quarter of London.

Not merely which took the wages of......deuce with us—A severe condemnation of the unfit men who governed England. The men of England were allright, they were industrious but the governing class did not know how to guide them.

Greener headed sort—The simpletons.

To be enlisted straightwary—To be recruited at once.

Ballot-box—Carlyle had no faith in the ballot-box as an agency for the selection of the best and the fittest.

Ne-plus ultra—The highest possible form ; supreme achievement.

Doing of it—Having an Aristocracy of Talent

Should acquire the true eye for talent—*i. e.* Should be able to perceive or recognise talent, when he sees it.

The true eye for talent......for it—In order that a man should have the gift of recognising talent he must first have a profound respect for talent.

Bobus Higgins—An imaginary individual, taken as the type of humble democrat.

Till his coat grew better—Until he had acquired fine clothes.

Able to worship—Worldly success only.

What is it in yourself that you are proudest of—The answer is, "The money I have made in business." *i. e.* his "ten thousand a year".

You are in a vicious circle—You are surrounded by your mean surroundings of lucre (and you cannot get out of them).

Will never vote......Has already got itself voted for.—Bobus will vote for the man who has amassed money and has already captured vote of other men by his position and riches.

Paras 8—11. *More wisdom is badly wanted, but where to find more wisdom ? The collective wisdom we have is not adquate, and because of its inadequacy we cannot*

make full use of the wisdom we have in our midst. Two things are wanted in the national economy : Wisdom, and the use of wisdom. It is really one condition, gor if there be much wisdom, it wilI be collected and utilised, while if there be little wisdom, even that little wisdom will be trampled underground: Things look dark for the England of Bobuses.

Though "class-legislation"......somewhat.—Though its working is affected (for the worse) by legislation made in favour of some particular class (*e. g.* of the nobles and landowners).

Like people Like priest.—From Hosea, 4 : "And there shall be, like people, like priest : and I will punish them for their ways."

Like people Like king.—A nation gets the ruler it deserves.

Bobissimus.—Superlative form of Bobus *i. e.* the greatest Bobus.

This is the infalliblest result...tree. *i. e.* The worst thing in unwisdom is that it acts as a barrier to the working of wisdom, and deals paralysis and death to the individual or to a nation by cutting at their root.

Upas tree. "A tree of poisonous effect, found in South America. It is said that nothing else can grow in its shadow.

Rhadamanthus, Aeacus and Minos. Classical deities and rulers, renowned for wisdom.

Drunken Tenpound Franchisers. A jeering description of the ordinary English voter in Parliamentary elections.

To find more gold in it—There is no gold in Thames mud how can you collect it, even if you bring the most scientific machinery to work upon it ?

The second. That you will collect it.

But have led their own......heavy wet. Reference to the pursuits of the rich which are eating, drinking, driving in fire coaches, dissipation, and greed for money and office.

Tankards of heavy wet. Huge vessels containing liquor.

CHAPTER 6

Hero-Worship

Introductory Remarks—In this Chapter Carlyle waxes eloquent over a subject very dear to his heart Starting with the need of resuscitating the soul, he passes on to the subject of Hero-Worship, and signifying by it some thing more than an Aristocracy of Talent makes an assertion that the well-being of the world is determined by the degree of Hero-Worship present in it.

In order that Hero-Worship grow in us we must be of heroic mind ourselves, and cast out the flunkeyism in us. Let us first arrest ourselves out of the fraternity of knaves and cowards, and we shall then be able to eliminate from society other knaves and cowards. Thus only will the ship of the state reach a happy haven.

Carlyle is not sanguine that many are going to listen to him and follow his advice : it is not easy to undergo travail-throes and give birth to a new and clean soul. But he does not grow pessimistic : he has a firm belief that Hero-Worship will be that beacon-star to which we shall steer incessantly for life. He does not lay claim to magic or extraordinary gists so as to be able to instruct men how to know Wisdom or Heroism when they see it.

In the end he says that he is going to shift the mass of papers before him, and from the past in a circuitous way will he try to illustrate the Present and the Future.

The noteworthy feature of this chapter is the poetic passage in it where Carlyle talks of the Heroic Promised

Land and express his faith that to that land we are bound. This note of optimism is specially greatful after the many painful diatribes and warnings he has been giving us.

Para 1. *Bobus may be sanguine about an Aristocracy of Talent, but in fact it is impossible to realise this wish. Men have forgotten the inner Eternal Laws, and their Soul is in a state of asphyxiation. The first thing is to resuscitate this asphyxied soul by a long and terrible process.*

Not so sanguine...No. so hopeful.

He thinks that we have at once......pressingly—He thinks that we are doubly sufferers : one, that we have as our governors men who are *not* wise, two, that (by disobeying the eternal laws) we have come to a sorry pass when nothing can help us save wisdom in governors.

Enlightened egoism—These phrases have been already explained. They were the favourite catch-words of the 19th century, but Carlyle did not believe in them.

Asphyxied—Suffocated.

But over steep untrodden places......Abyss. *i. e.* But through painful and tortuous processes. It is no easy affair to revive a soul almost smothered or choked (by the neglect of spiritual truths).

Carlyle believes that man does not live by bread alone. He has a soul, too, over and above the stomach.

Paras. 2–5. *Hero-worship, upon which the well-being or the ill-being of the world depends, is something more than an Aristocracy of the Wisest. Englishmen have neglected the art of hero-worship and they are suffering for that. As a preliminary to Hero-worship we must ourselves be of heroic mind, Reform must begin with us. The knaves and dastards are to be cast out, but the first requisite is to cast out the knavern and cowardice out of our own*

heart. Heroes and Hero-Worship is the happy haven to which we are being driven by the supreme powers.

Blessed Aristocracy. Hero-Worship is a perfected form of the Aristocracy of Talent.

Is the soul of all social business. Is the active principle that holds human society together.

Burns an Excisemen...Carlyle classes, the poet as a hero or great man and thinks it shameful that a soul like Burns should have had to work at the mean work of an assistant in excise. The philosophy of Byron was detested by Carlyle, and so he thinks it wrong to make of him a literary lion or celebrity. Elsewhere he says' Burn thy Byron ; open thy Goethe (sartor).

This Editor. Carlyle.

Moribund. In a dying state.

A whole world of Heroes. By being heroic, ourselves, we shall have a whole world of Heroes.

Reform, like Charity, o Bobus, must begin at home.

This is a noble piece of advice. Instead of blaming others for our misery let us reform ourselves.

We will demand of our governors. Only when we have reformed ourselves.

For we shall now know quacks......Formerly when we had not become heroic we could not distinguish quacks from heroes.

The poor Frenchman The typical Frenchman of the Revolution who tried to clear his country of rogues.

But here is one *himself*. (Let every man arrest *himself* first, for knavery and dowarcice. Then he may set forth to arrest other knaves and cowards). By "arresting" his

Makes each of us, one non-flunkey—Make of ourselves a hero each.

Paras 5—10. *Of course this answer will not satisfy the readers. They were looking for something more handy, more easy, and more sure. The editor does not expect them to listen to him or delieve in him. But he is not rejected, he is hopeful that we shall reach one day the Heroic Promised Land. He cannot claim wisdom or magic enough to instruct men how to know Wisdom or Heroism. He will, however, labour upon certain papers giving a peep into the past, and try to give them a shape so as to illustrate the present and the future, through that past. All life is one piece, interconnected.*

Travail-Throese. Agonies of child birth.

As all birth.........travail. Carlyle reminds his readers that nothing new can be born without excessive pain.

St. John's mixture. A mixture prepared out of St. John's wort, a perennial herb.

And perhaps a little blistery friction. Carlyle says that a little hot or painful application of a her because preparation or blister will not cure the patient.

Corn-Law—is compared to a pill or a mixture or a blister.

Imminent. Near at hand.

Importunate. Troublesomely urgent.

Loadster—The star that guides, the pole-star

There dwells the great Achilles—From Tennyson's poem *Ulysses*

Prow—The forepart of a ship.

Sick wasting—misery of the nation.

The cocking Nightmare—quoted from Jean Paul Sichter.

Epitome—An abridgment or short summary.

He were an Apollo-Morrison.......Cassandra—He would become, so to say, a combination in brief of God

Apollo, the physician Morrison, the miracle-worker Trismegistus, and prophetess Cassandra, without the disqualifications attending them. (*Trisn egistus* a name given to Harmes, "the Egyptian philosopher, or Thoth. councillor of Osiris, to whom is attributed a host of inventions—amongst others the art of writing in hieroglyphics, the first code of Egyptian laws, harmony, astrology, the lute and lyre, magic, and all mysterious Sciences.")

It is to be expected......... By the law of copyright an editor's writing were protected from literary piracy for a stated number of years only. Then again he had to write from a commercial point of view, and earn so much money per sheet. All these things would be barriers in his way if he set up as a God or a prophet who was to instruct men in the art of discerning Wisdom.

One knows not what the meaning............not it— (Although no editor can become an effective prophet or guide) the aim of all the editors and writers must be to instil spiritual truths in men.

Paper-Masses—Reference to Jocelin's *Chronicle* which Carlyle edits in the following Book.

Not of yesterday—but of the twelfth century.

In a circuitous way—In a round about manner.

The life-Tree Igdrasil.

The allegory of the tree of life is found; symbolically depicted, in old Scandanavian as well as oriental philosophy. Igdrasil was the name given to the tree, which is always credited with divine personality.

BOOK II

Argument of Book II.

This Book describes in a vivid manner the life and career of Samson, a monk of the twelfth century, who from humble beginnings rose to be Abbot of the Shrine of St. Edmunds. Even as Boswell has left a record of

the sayings and doings of Dr. Johnson, so a monk of the above Abbey, Jocelin by name, wrote down—in a confused way, no doubt—his own impressions of the great Abbot Samson, and these were deciphered and edited in the 19th century. Carlyle pounced upon this chronicle and drew from it material for his picture of the noble Past. He relates for us the condition of St. Edmundsbury before Samson became its Abbot, the election of Samson as Abbot and the wonderful rule of Samson as Abbot. St. Edmundsbury took its name from the martyred St. Edmund who was killed by heathen Danes in the 9th century. In the reign of King Henry II it was ruled by a weak doddering Abbot, Hugo by name, who allowed debts to accumulate until the Abbey was reduced to a condition of bankruptcy and dilapidation. At this junture Hugo died, and an election was held, under royal command, to elect a new Abbot. It was characteristic of the noble spirit of hero-worship that animated the people of those times that in this election ultimately the choice fell, not upon the Prior and other high dignitaries of the Abbey, but upon poor Samson, the lowest of all, the servant of the Abbey, because it was generally realised that he was the most capable man. Somon's life had not been a bed of roses. His brave performance of duty in a journey to Rome had been rewarded with stocks and fetters. Thereafter he had received a promotion. But neither frowns nor favours disturbed his equanimity, and his silent strict obedience of superior authority.

Samson's election as Abbot did not elate him. He rapidly go to know his business, and by strict yet beneficent administration liquidated the debts of the Abbey, compelled his lazy monks to work and give up evil habits, and made the Shrine of St. Edmund an object of veneration. The new Abbot did not mind opposing Earls and Bishops, and even the King himself, when his conscience or regard for the honour of the Abbey bade him do it. There were times when the Abbot found himself in a dangerous situation, but his presence of mind, bravery, and devout faith stood him in good stead. In the government of the Abbey he showed himself a true heroical soul,

a man of noble ideals and great practical ability. When he died the reputation of his Shrine was at its highest. He had the satisfaction of removing the remains of St. Edmund from its old shabby habitation and housing them in a splendid edifice.

This history by an Ancient Monk makes it clear that the England of the 19th century owes its prosperity or greatness to the beginnings made by heroes like Samson. If the men of the 19th century have to extricate themselve from their awful position they should take a leaf out of the book of 12th century England, elect heroes like Samson to responsible offices of Governors, and obey their orders ungrudgingly.

CHAPTER I.

JOCELIN OF BRAKELOND

Introductory Remarks

Carlyle makes a mention here of Jocelin of Brakelond, a monk of the Abbey of St. Edmunds, who lived in the twelfth century. This Jocelin has left behind a Chronicl written in "Dog Latin" which is an exceedingly valuable document. Even as Boswell kept a diary of the sayings and doings of Johnson, so Jocelin seems to have kept a diary of the Abbot (Samson) who presided over the Abbey of St. Edmunds.

Jacelin cannot be compared to Boswell as a biographer, but imperfect as he is, he is still a quickwitted, cheery-hearted, and observant writer. He talks of men and things he saw with his own eyes, and sometimes he gives a very clear account of certain personages e. g. of King John and his mean conduct in the shrine of St. Edmunds. From Jocelin's chronicle we can gather several useful details not only of St. Edmundsbury Monastery but of twelfth century England also.

By devoting a whole chapter to Jocelin and his shadowy figure Carlyle impresses upon the reader the worth

of biographers and biographies and awakens in him a perception of two great truths he believed in : namely that the history of the world is but a biography of Great Men, and secondly that only a heroic biographer can appreciate a hero and narrate an account of his life.

Jocelin's Chronicle, says Hughes, was "first printed for the Camden Society in 1840, the editor being John Gage Rokewode, F. R. S. (1786–1842) a learned Genealogist and Director of the Society of Antiquaries." He quotes from the Preface to the Camden Society's edition the following lines regarding the writer of the Chronicle : "Jocelin de Brakelond, the writer, a native of St. Edmundsbury, dates his chronicle from the year when the Flemings were taken prisoner without the town (alludings to the battle of Fornham in 1173), in which year, he tells us, that he took the habit at St. Edmund's having made his noviciate under Samson, then Master of the Nov ces to whose charge he had been specially committed. According to Bale he studied at Cambridge ; but for this we have seen any authority. At the time of the election of Abbot Samson Jocelin was the Prior's chaplain : and within four months was promoted to be chaplain to the Abbot, with whom he lived, to use his own language, day and night for six years. In 1198 and 1200 he did the honours of the Abbey as guest-master, perhaps still continuing o e of the Abbot's chaplains and was afterwards almoner, an office which he filled at the death of Samson in 1214——— Jocelin de Brakelond wrote on the miracles of St. Robert, the boy martyred by the Jews at St. Edmundsbury in 1181. Bale, and later bibliographers, also ascribe to him the *Chronica Super Electione Hugonis Abbatis* [Chronicle relating to the election of Hugo, as Abbot in succession to Samson] : but the part which our author took on the occasion of that election is spoken of in the same Chronicle in such a manner as to leave no doubt that it was the work of another."

Paras 1–2. *By trying to peep into a remote century with the help of some confused papers, we shall illustrate our own century. An Editor is permitted much latitude, on one condition, namely, that he says something. The book that*

has nothing in it will not be permitted to appear.

Remote Century—The twelfth century.

For man has ever been...........veracious creature—Carlyle's optimism. At bottom man loves nothing but Truth.

Lineal children—Direct descendents.

Tight lacing—Salvation will not come through repression and restrictions (but only from freedom of movement). As tight-lacing is bad for the health of the wearer, so severe restrictions are bad for the growth of Society.

Black triangle—Reference to the coat and gown of a judge which spread at the skirts and taper upwards.

Le genre ennuyeux—The empty kind. (Taken from a saying of voltaire's).

Paras 3—7. *A certain Jocelin of St. Edmundsbury Abbey has left a chronicle written seven centuries ago which has been published now by Camden Society. Jocelin is not a conspicuous literary character, he is rather an obscure writer and has written in his dialect of Monk-Latin. We learn that he was chaplain to the Abbot whose life he has recorded in a Boswellian manner, and from his writings we make him out to be veracious, simple man, though no genius of a biographer. His chronicle has a childlike transparency. Mr. Rokewood, the 19th century editor, has done commandable labour upon this Chronicle. His notes are to the point and very useful.*

Camden Society—The society which conducts research into old English texts.

Boswellean notebook—Boswell wrote a life of Dr. Johnson which is the best biographical work in the English language. "The adjective [Boswellian], cannotes the intimate details which Boswell told both about Dr. Johnson and himself" (Cavenagh).

Exotic extraneous—Foreign and external.

Monk Latin—as distinguished from classical Roman

Latin. (The dialect used by the churchmen).

Ninefold Stygian marshes—"The Styx was one of the four rivers of Hades, *Lethe* being another, a draught of the waters of Lethe caused forgetfulness - hence the souls of the dead drank of them on their entrance to the lower world."

Elysian—Elysium was the abode of the blessed in Greek mythology.

Pompeii—A city in Itlay, burried in 79 A. D. under the lava and ashes thrown out by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, and excavated again after centuries.

One another of those vanished—Carlyle points out that Jocelin is one of the many men whose works have survived them, but about whom we do not know anything authentic, or clear.

Stonehenge—The ancient stone remains on Salisbury Plain in England showing the work of the prehistoric Druid priests.

Universal Review—A London monthly which lasted only a year (1824—1825).

Paviers—Those who paved the streets.

Sooner or Later—Everyone will vanish.

Obedientia—Minor, subordinate.

Subaltern—A subordinate.

A kind of born Boswell—*i. e.* A kind of born hero worshipper who reverently notes down every bit he can gather about his hero.

Cowl—A monks's hood.

Simial—Ape like,—(*Canine* is dog-like and *ovine*, sheep-like).

Virgilius, his Flaccus. Ovidius—Virgil, Horace. and Ovid, three of the Latin classics.

Homilies and Breviaries—Church Sermons and prayer books.

Eximioe religionis—Devoted to religion, powerful in sermons and works.

Dog-Latin—Bad Latin.

Henry the Eighth—Destroyed the monasteries.

Putney Cromwell—Thomas Cromwell, son of an inn-keeper at Putney, was the lieutenant of Henry VIII in carrying out the dissolution and apoliation of the monasteries in 1539 and 1540. The estates of the monasteries were given away by the king to his favourites.

Harleian collection—A collection of valuable manuscripts and texts founded by Robert Harley, Lord High Treasurer in the reign of Queen Anne.

Ought to have a meaning—should be made clear.

Compendious—comprehensive, though short.

Spelman and Ducange—Two great scholars of the 17th century. They were authors of Glossaries of Mediaeval Latin.

Cerements—Cloth dipped in melted wax in which to wrap a dead body.

Muratori Annals—Muratori was an Italian compiler and librarian.

Radcliffe—Ann Radeliffe (1764—1823) wrote sensational and blood-curdling romances of a mediaeval kind.

These singular two-legged animals—A good penportriat of a mediaeval monk.

Hair cilices—cloth made from the hair of goats.

An extinct species—In India the mediaeval monk is still visible.

He—Jocelin, the monk.

Speculum—mirror.

Camera lucinda—clear vision.

Live specimens—The monks of the 19th century.

The Gospel of Richard...... in this world—Carlyle says that in the modern area of industrialism (or in the age of Machines) it will not be possible to have a mediaeval Monk. (Arkwright, the inventor of *Spinning frome*, the first machine in cotton industry, stands as a type of the leaders of the age of industrialism).

Mastodon. Magatherian—These are all names of pre-historic monsters which existed in the world before civilisation. Their bones or fossils are to be found in various places. Nastodon was like an elephant. Megatherian was a huge herbivorous sloth-like animal, Icthyosaurus was a marine animal.

Does this miracle—of speaking (through books) although dead and fossilized long long ago.

He is none of the largest—He is not gifted like Boswell with literary powers. (And with the lapse of centuries his writings became more and more indistinct).

Paras 10—13—*Still Jocelin takes us to the England of 1200 and we find that the twelfth century England was not a dreamland, but a green solid place, full of men, cattle, courts, and kings, Jocelin gives us an account of King Richard as well as King John. He specially tells us of John's stay for a fortnight at the Abbey and his mean conduct in giving the monks only thirteen pence as a parting gift. With all his defects Jocelin gives us historical facts, and not fiction. Let us go with Joclin to St. Edmundsbury, and traverse seven centuries.*

Rymer's Foedera—Collection of treaties and convention (in 20 volumes) by Thomas Rymer (1641—1713).

Dualism—Unity.

Coeurde-Lion—the Lion-hearted, the title given to King Richard. the warrior King of England.

Popinjay—Stuffed figure effigy.

Greaves—Ancient armour for legs.

But a man living—*i. e.* A man of flesh and blood.

Peel's tariff—Sir Robert Peel was the greatest statesman of the time, a prominent figure in all the discussions concerning tariffs, the Corn Law, etc.

And had almost peeled..... Danube Jail—Richard I, while returning from the crusades, was captured by the Archduke of Austria, and handed over to the Emperor Henry VI (1193). His subjects in England had to raise a heavy sum to ransom him.

Feretrum—alter : alter covering.

King John—visited the shrine immediately after his coronation. He was king of England from 1199 to 1216. In 1215 he was forced to sign Magna Charta at Runnymede.

Jocelin is obstinately silent—Jocelin gives us no details about the king and his courtiers.

A blustering, dissipated ....fringing—John has been pronounced to be "clever and vivacious, but the most vicious, profane, false, short-sighted, tyrannical and unscrupulous of English monarchs."

Cramoisy—Crimson.

At rack and manger—the term is usually applied to the feeding of a horse.

Subacidity—moderate acidity or slight bitterness.

For one of his retinue borrowed ..."The *chronicle* says that the king's servants borrowed the cloth from the sacrist without paying for it, and the king then offered it to the saint." (Hughes).

Sterling—originally a penny ; from Anglo-Saxon *steorling*, coin with a star.

Egyptian darkness—Reference to the darkness of the pillar of the cloud that hid the fleeing Israelites from the persuing Egyptians. "And it came between the camp of

the Egyptians and the camp of Israel : and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light to these : so that the one came not near the other all the night." (*Exodus* 14)

Minerva and other Presses—the printing presses of England.

CHAPTER 2

ST. EDMUNDSBURY

Introductory Remarks

This Chapter tells us that in Bury St. Edmunds, a town which still stands, there was a famous Abbey in the twelfth century whose ruins and fragments are still visible. Carlyle says that much rubbish might be written about this Abbey and its history and architecture. But what we should note is that within the walls of this Abbey once lived monks who were men of flesh and blood, and not phantoms. With the help of this small Boswell of Jocelin we get some glimpses into that bygone world.

The *Oxford Companion to English Literature* gives this note on St. Edmund : "Edmund (841-70) King of the East Angles, martyr and saint, was born at Nuremberg, the son of King Alkmund, and adopted by Offa, King of the East Angles, about 854. He succeeded to Offa's throne in 855. He was defeated by the Danes at Hoxne, bound to a tree, scourged, shot at with arrows, and beheaded on refusing to renounce Christianity. He was interred at Hoxne, and subsequently enshrined at Bury St. Edmunds. He is commemorated on 20 November."

The Shrine of St. Edmunds had been a century in existence when Canute established a Benedictine monastery there and gave it a charter. Edward the Confessor extended the estates and privileges of the Abbey. "The wisdom and energy of Abbot Baldwin (Abbot) from 1065 to 1097, raised it to that degree of honour and power in which it continued down to its dissolution in 1539, when

it was second only to Glastonbury among English abbeys." Hugo, in whose days the Abbey was in a state of decline, was the ninth Abbot (1156-1180). Samson, the tenth Abbot, ruled the Abbey from 1182 to 1211, and raised it to a high pitch of prosperity and veneration. By a curious fate Samson died in 1211 when England was under an Interdict of the Pope, and so he was buried in unconsecrated ground. The body was exhumed in 1214 and reburied in the chapter house ; "In 1903 his coffin was discovered on this actual site "

Mr. Cavenagh quotes the account given by the antiquary John Leland who visited this Abbey in the sixteenth century, shortly before its dissolution (its annual income then was about Two Hundred Thousand pounds of modern money !) : "The sun hath not shone on a town more delightfully situated on a gradual and easy descent, with a small river flowing on the eastern part, or a monastery more illustrious, whether we consider its wealth, its extent, or its incomparable magnificence : You might indeed say that the monastery itself is a town, so many gates are there some of them of brass: so many towers and a church, than which none can be more magnificent, and sub-servient to which are three others also splendidly adorned with admirable workmanship, and standing in one and the same churchyard. The rivulet mentioned above, with an arched bridge thrown over it, glides through the bounds of the monastery."

Paras 1—2 *Bury St. Edmunds is still a prosperous town. On the eastern ridge of it will be found the ruins of an Abbey. If you consult books you will get a lot of information about the Abbey and its history, how its was endowed by King Canute, how many monks lived there, and so on. Much dry rubbish passes off a History and Philosophy of History. You might almost come to disbelieve that there was an abbey when you go through this rubbish.*

Brug—Originally a fortress, now a municipal town.

Monastic ruins—Ruins of a monastery.

Cramp—Supported by fresh building.

Dugdale and other Monasticons—Writers on the subject of monasteries in England.

Carucates—An old Latin measure of area.

Hundred—A district or taluka in England, originally supposed to contain a hundred families.

Titans—An old race of Ciants.

Dry Rubbish shot here—Notice put up to indicate places where dry rubbish might be thrown.

Paras 3—5. *But the Abbey did exist. Architecture and external details do not matter. What is noteworthy is this that men who lived there had a soul. It was a world, and not a void infinite. It is dead now and dumb: but was alive once and spake. Twenty generations went to prayers in these walls.*

Most real and serious purpose—Reference to the salvation of the souls of men.

Gauge not Compasses—Do not measure by your cheap art standard.

Simper—Smile in a silly, affected manner.

Golgotha of true Souls—*i.e.* a place, where the dead are stored. Christ was crucified at Golgotha.

Not by hearsay alone—as in the 19th century.

Missals—Illustrated prayer book.

But yet it is pity—Carlyle says that idolatry is better than un-belief or scepticism and dilettantism.

Is indispensable—If the body is not to get putrid. (The soul works like salt ; it saves the body from putrefaction).

Either soul or else salt is not somewhat wanted—Carlyle's humour. The condition of England is that of a dying man who will presently be a corpse. If the corpse is not to decay there must be either *Salt* or *Soul* to preserve it.

Fantasms—Spectres.

Who knows but we might have sought refuge in the Abbey and become devotional.

Osseous—Bony.

Worked out their life-wrestle—*i. e.* Worked out the salvation of their soul by spiritual struggle.

Vespers, matins—Evening and morning prayers.

The illimitable Ocean of Eternity—Our present life is a tiny island in the Ocean of Enternity.

Dramaturgist—Dramatist (Reference to God).

Exeunt—They have gone.

Paras 6—7. *It is not easy to cross the gulf of seven centuries. Hence we welcome the aid of a Boswell, even if he be a small Boswell. He will be veracious, and simple at least Jocelin is weak and garrulous, but he is human. He will give facts though in a fitful intermittent manner, and behind his words some real human figure will be seen moving.*

Much preferable to pedantry and inane gray haze— Carlyle prefers simple and true narrative, (such as that of Jocelin) with all its garrulity and lack of artistry to pretentious tomes and cleverly garbled and varnished accounts through which nothing real can be seen.

Antique figures—of mediaeval monks.

Opaque—is the opposite of transparent and means that which cannot be seen through, while *translucent* is that which allows light to pass but is not transparent.

Black Night—of the Past.

Chartularies—Collection of records.

Dryasdust—a stock name for the scholar of the bookworm type.

Readers of Jocelin will be able to eastablish contact here and there with real human beings of a past age.

CHAPTER 3.

LANDLORD EDMUND

Introductory Remarks

This chapter contains an account of the saintly king who gave his name to what was previously known as

Beodric's-worth. Carlyle compares Edmund to modern landlords and finds that the reason why Edmund the landlord was beloved by the farmers, (unlike his modern comp ers who are simply execrated), was that he dealt mercy and justice to every one under him Edmund died the death of a hero and a martyr, and refused till the last to permit the Danish invaders to act savagely to his people. He was cononised after his death and a splendid shrine was erected over his remains. Every great man leaves behind ; a monument. Some cf them like Edmund have a Monastery raised round them, while others like Arkwright have whole shires and countries of factories to blaze forth their glory.

Paras 1—3. *Jocelin entered the monastery of St. Edmund's three centuries after Beodric's-worth became St. Edmund's Town. He came to the Abbey one year after the memorable battle of Fornham (1173) where the Flemings were defeated by the troops of Henry II.*

Novice—Newly joined monk.

Posse Comitatus—Accompanying forces.

Who had not had time .. then—Carlyle's humour. Soldiers generally spend their money in public houses.

Fond Dilettantism—A hit at fashionable historians.

Superannuated—too aged and infirm to be of use.

Nether Darkness—The region where men go after death. Carlyle is making puns.

Paras 4—8. *There used to be a monastery here, once, named after St. Edmund. This king seems to have been honoured and loved by his tenants. How he came to be so beloved is not known, for his life has become a legend. But he could not have been a rack-renting landlord. He must have been just and merciful to his tenants.*

Like the St. Edmund's Monastery—which too has vanished like the battle of Fornham.

His labourers did not think...wheatstacks—Carlyle is

comparing Edmund to the landlords of the 19th century. The cruel conduct of the 19th century landlords so exasperated their tenants and other poor folk that it was a common thing for the latter to organise a riot and burn the wheatstacks of the landlord and break into his game preserves. An account of these riots will be found in Kingsley's *Alton Locke* and other contemporary novels.

Mythus—lenged ; fable.

Femoralia—Thigh protectors.

No man becomes a Saint in his sleep—Carlyle stresses the fact that Saints are not *passive* or lazy creatures : they do not yield to other's opinions : saints have got to face the realities of life and conquer the opposing forces they encounter at every step.

Wholesome rigour—A reference to the exacting manner in which the 19th century landlords realised their rents.

Bushing—setting " ground with bushes to frustrate net-poaching."

Was not yet so glaring a one—because the era of industrialism had not yet dawned.

Walked...... ...humbly with God—from Micah 6. " He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good : and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God ?"

How then could he " encourage trade"?—Carlyle's hit at the commercial spirit of the 19th century.

Howel and James—Fashionable shop-keepers for the rich.

Paras 9—12. *This Edmund behaved nobly when the Danes proposed terms of savagery to him. He refused to let his people down, and preferred to die. He did a beautiful and triumphant death, the death of a martyr. So men worshipped his memory, and laid his body and severed head together reverently, and to him entered in the Calender of Saints.*

Do what he liked with his own—Carlyle has already used this phrase in the first chapter of *Past and Present*. He got the phrase from the Duke of Newcastle who evicted the tenants who would not vote as he liked, saying in defence of his con duct, "Have I not the right to do what I like with my own ?"

Ultra-chartists—Super-Socialists. It was in a raid by Danish pirates that-Edmund was killed.

Edmund again refused—to give up his men to be robbed and maltreated.

Were not Ultra-chartists, but Ultra-Tories—Carlyle compares the heathen invading Danes to the Tory landowners and noblemen in England in as much as both of them wanted to live on the earnings of poor folk (farmers and workmen).

They went...... to the Devil—The inference, therefore is, that the 19th century landowners too will go to the Devil like those Danes !

Belial—The devil.

Yankee-land—America.

Follow a small good........son of Heaven—Carlyle says that if in the scientific (19th) century Americans can lionize a novelist and worship him enthusiastically, why could not Englishmen worship a great hero like St. Edmund one thousand years earlier ? (It is surmised that "Schnuspel" Carlyle means Charles Dickens who was given a warm reception in America in 1842).

It is the very joy of main' heart to admire—The instinct of (Hero) worship is inbron in mankind.

What sight is more pathetic...... Carlyle feels sorry that men should worship gew-gaws and mere pageants and processions. (They should worship a hero).

Gilt gingerbread—Tawdry ; trumpery.

These be they gods, O Israel ?—From Exodus, 32

A reference to the Israelities Jews) forgetting the worship of true God and taking to the worship of idols.

Advocatus Diaboli—titerally 'Advocate of the Devil". A term applied to a phase of ecclesiastical deliberations.

Private judgment—The judgment of an individual especially on the meaning of a passage or doctrine of scripture, as distinguished from the interpretation of the Church.

Paras 13–14. *Edmund having been cononized, it was natural that a shrine should be built to his memory. And it was a splendid shrine glittering with diamond flowerages, with a planting of wrought gold. Gifts came pouring into the shrine from king Canute, and others. Monuments there will be in every age : the factories of Lancashire and Yorkshire are a monument to the memory of Arkwright.*

Loculus – Shrine.

The wooden chapel.........has become a stone temple—

Carlyle describes the successive accretions to the original shrine.

Regimented companies of men—Reference to the order of monks who lived in the Abbey of St. Edmund.

To such length, in such manner here—Carlyle regards the shrine as the embodiment of the spirit (of faith) which characterised the Middle Ages.

Kettala—cattle ; chattels.

Canute—the great (994-1035) "Everyone is familiar with the story of the rebuke he administered to the courtiers by showing how regardless the waves of the sea were of the authority of a king."

The present Mayor of Bury—Chief town officer.

Certain times—like the devotional middle ages.

Others—like the commercial 19th century.

Richard Arkwright—i. e. the pioneer of the industrial era.

Pyramid—Carlyle derives this word from a Greek word which means "Fire," but "Pyramid" is of Egyptian origin.

CHAPTER 4

ABBOT HUGO

Introductory Remarks

In this chapter Carlyle reminds us that the best conceived institutions, the highest ideals, decay with the passage of time. The Abbey of St. Edmundsbury too fell on evil times three centuries after its foundation, when it came under the rule of Abbot Hugo. This Abbot got into the hands of flatterers, and mismanaged the affairs of the shrine, until he found himself in debt to the extent of £ 1200, besides interest. And still the monastic discipline was so strict that not a monk dared to complain to an outside agency. Death released Abbot Hugo from wordly cares while he was on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Becket, but he died so poor that not a penny could be found his exchequer to distribute to the poor that they might pray for his soul !

By contrasting the mal administration of Abbot Hugo, with the wise administration of his successor, Carlyle will force home the lesson that the sole cause of misery in society is the lack of an able governor. From a literary point of view, too, this light and shade gives vividness and distinction to the narrative. By instances such as these Carlyle illustrates the Present from the Past.

Paras 1—2. *There is duality in nature. The Ideal too has its other side, the practical side which has to be attended to, and we discover that Ideals too have their limit and lot. The best institutions come to be corrupt and diseased, and that was precisely the condition of the Abbey of St. Edmundsbury when Jocelin came to live there.*

All things have two faces—like Janus, the Roman god.

Many an Ideal—when translated into practice deviates

from the original in a considerable measure.

And to seek out its bed and board there—*i. e.* to face the hard realities of existence. (The most etheral creature has still to make provision for its food and lodging).

bird-of Paradise—Tennyson too mentions the old belief that certain birds of paradise had no legs, and hence never alighted, but spent all their times in the air.

In found in Drury Lane Theatre only—It is only on the age that we find heroes strutting forth as if the practical exigencies of life did not matter to them. In real life every hero has first to attend to the problem of bed and board.

Do get at lenght too intent on finding it—*i. e.* become too sordid and wordly (and care not for things divine).

Paras 3—6. *Abbot Hugo. then ruling over the Abbey of St. Edmundsbury was grown old and infirm, incapable of managing the affairs of the Shrine. Flatter surrounded him. The budget grew yearly emptier and the Abbot hand to borrow money from the Jews at exorbiant rates of interest. The claim of the usurers finally amounted too 1200 pounds, exclusive of interest, and there seemed to be no way at all to settle this debt.*

Aliquantulum The same thing as "His eyes were somewhat darkened".

Mealy-mouthed—Smooth-tongued.

Dominus—Lord ; master.

Warm flannels—Worn against cold (which the old man felt more than others).

Not that our worthy old. Hugo was not a bad monk, but he was a bad *governor*.

Camera—A part of the monastery building, "Treasury".

Ready money had vanished—As in these days of "Paper Money".

One hopes he never got satisfied in this world—Carlyle curses the usurer Benedict.

Usances and quittances—Legal terms.

Get their grinder teeth...grinder—Reference to the torture applied to Jews to compel them to reveal the place where they had secreted their money. Each day a tooth would be pulled out until the victim yielded.

Till they consent to disgorge—Till give back their ill-gotten wealth.

Para 7–8. *It is remarkable that Jocelin, though he speaks of worldly matters, never mentions anything of personal religion. He seems to be concerned only with the privileges of his order : he never deals in ideas or abstract theories, only with practical ends. This may be a sign of spiritual health. Our pre-occupation with religious theories and inquiries may be because of unhealthy introspection.*

Is not without secularity—*i e.* concerns himself with wordly things as well.

Fadmer—As English monk of Canterbury who wrote a life of Archbishop Anselm.

Do not seem disturbed about that—Do not worry about their own soul at all. (They worry only for the monastic order to which they belong, or the Shrine to which they are attached).

The Ideal—*i. e.* The institution or the Shrine or the Order.

May not this religious reticence in them—Carlyle-suggests that the reason why the monkish writers speak so little of man's soul, religion etc., is that they were in good spiritual health—and a healthy man never speaks of health. Only the un-healthy discuss matters regarding health of the body.

Methodism—One of the sects which broke away from the Church, and became Dissenters. There was then no division in the church.

No Doubt—In Jocelin's time every Englishman was a

Christian belonging to the Roman Catholic Church. There was no doubt or seclusion, men did not trouble themselves over religious matters, for they unquestioningly obeyed the Church.

Which is not spoken of—because it is a part of their being.

Paras 9—11. *To take up Hugo's story: the king heard of the state of the Abbey and sent his Almoner to make inquiries. But not a monk in the Abbey dared to make a complaint to the King's Almoner, not even Magister Samson, who independent as he was, knew from experience what he would suffer at Hugo's hands if he dared reveal the affairs of the Abbey. So Hugo kept on until he went on pilgrimage to Canterbury and was relieved of worries by merciful death. Not a penny could be found in his exchequer to be given to the poor. A godesnd of fifty shillings, however, smoothed this difficulty.*

Pharaoh's lean kine—Pharaoh, the king of Egypt who kept the Israelites in boudage, had a dream in which he saw some lean kine (cattle) eating up some fat cattle.

Obedience—to their superior (Abbot)

Almoner—Distributor of alms, treasurer

Chapter—Assembly ; the main body of the monastery.

Magister—Master.

Fili mi—My Son.

Hinghams—Samson's brother monks.

Videat Daminus—Let the Lord see.

Philistines—were the the enemies of the Israelities or Jews, here Carlyle applies the term to the Jews !

Coil—Disturbance ; trouble.

Though in a circuitous way—by sending death to him !

Firmarius—Farmer.

CHAPTER 5

TWELFTH CENTURY.

Introductory Remarks.

In this chapter Carlyle gives us vivid glimpses into the life of an Abbey town in the twelfth century. There were no factories, no smoke. no slums. One the sea ; coast wildfowl screamed in ancient silences, wildcattle roamed in ancient solitudes. The country was governed by a feudal aristocracy of secular and ecclesiastical nobles who saw to it that their very thialls were taken care of. In an abbey town life was enlivened by processions, fairs, and feasts. Quaint costumes, quaint customs prevailed. The monks, levied toll from the villagers on a variety of pretences and those who were not powerful enough to refuse to pay, submitted to the exactions. The church dignitaries had to be very careful about the privileges of their order : not often they had to face discontented men and shrieking women. Laws about game-preserving were very severe, and as severity is met by rebellion, there were not wanting outlaws like Robin Hood and William Scarlet to take to forest life and poach on these preservers. On the whole it was a simple but colourful life.

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obscurity with the lapse of centuries. There was a town full of hustling craftsmen and shopkeepers. There were fairs, farmers, cattle drovers, watch and ward keepers. There were even thieves to be hanged.

Justiciarius—Chief justice.

Not in any breathess haste—In the absence of an Abbot the Abbey revenues came to the King, so he was not in a hurry to have an election.

Vista—View or prospect through or as through an avenue.

Culinary chimney throats *i. e.* kitchens.

Matins, Nones, Vespers—"Offices of the church, said at midnight, 3 p. m. and 5 p. m. respectively, (though these hours varied according to the season)."

Paying Yearly Forty Pounds—that the Shrine be kept lighted all night.

Mysteries—Plays dealing with Biblical themes.

At which latter the Townfolk sometimes quarrel—Afterwards these dramas on sacred themes were performed in streets and in guildhalls.

We are such stuff as Dreams are made of—From Shakespeare's Tempest. Our life is transitory one, and that we, earthly creatures, are mere shadows.

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A most foreign Time—Some of the customs of the 12th century would appear foreign to the notions of the 19th century men.

Commuted—Excused on payment of a lump sum.

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Jerusalem was taken—The historians have left us tales of such great events, but of the life of the people they have said nothing. For this we must have a Boswell or a Jocelin.

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Feudal Aristocracy—The system of government by the nobles (both temporal and spiritual) owning fealty to their overlord.

A Robert Hood, a William Scarlet—Famous outlaws who lived in Sherwood forest and defied the game laws.

Lincoln coats - coats of green colour dyed in Lincoln city.

Under the greenwood tree—in the forest.

Conquestor—Conqueror.

Wild fowl—in the marshes near the sea.

Know little - that with the coming of the Normans a glorious era was to dawn upon England.

Ribble, Aire —Names of rivers.

As yet unpolluted - In the twelfth century there were no such factories and laboratories as now, so no dyers and manufacturers polluted the clear water of the streams.

Piscatory—Relating to fishes.

Sleep the coat-strata .....until men in the 19th century should dig up that coal and iron.

Saint Mungo—The Patron Saint of Glasgow, a pious monk who lived in the sixth century.

James Watt—(1736—1819) The inventor of the modern steam engine. He began his business in Glasgow.

Litherpool—now Liverpool.

Tempus ferax......"Time the bearer, Time the devourer of things."

CHAPTER 6

MONK SAMSON.

Introductory Remarks.

Carlyle admires the twelfth century for its religiousness and earnestness and compares it favourably with our own times of Mammon worship. But at the same time he does not idealise the monks of St. Edmundsbury. Jocelin's Chronicle exposes the defects of the monks much too well to let any delusions linger in the mind of the reader. The monks were devout, obedient, and faithful in their duties, but they were a dull race, with no interests beyond chanting prayers and idle gossip. Their order inculcated in them the virtues of hospitality, reading and meditation, but as they had not much to do, they spent time in scandalising each other, or in drinking or blood-letting.

One among them, Monk Samson, stood distinguished above the rest by his taciturnity, learning, earnestness and independence. He had led a chequered life ; a dream had led him to the shrine, he had been to Rome on a troublesome mission, and when he returned he had found himself in letters. He had passed through many tribulations to find himself Subsacristan, Librarian and Teacher of the Novices but he took the favours as well as the frowns of fortune with equanimity. The Abbot said that he had never seen such a man. Thus did Brother Samson reach his forty-seventh year intent upon the performance of his duty, giving his thought to the repairs which the Abbey needed badly and could not afford. And then Hugo died and the King's Custodiars put a stop to the building activities of Samson.

The principal thing in this chapter is the fine penportrait of Samson. "A personable man of seven and forty; ..... a man worth looking at." The figure and personality of Samson are brought into still clearer relief by comparing him to his immediate superior, William the Sactistan, who thought that his only duty was to get drunk and talk rubbish. Samson stands for the *true* Governor, Abbot Hugo and William the Sacristan for false governors.

Paras 1—2. *In this age of machinery we can hardly conceive of the monastic life of the Middle Ages. The prime characteristic of the life of the monks was that their Religion was not that of Doubt and Cant but one of certainty. Nowadays our religion is the religion of Cash-Payment. We have made Mammon—a despicable devil—as our God. We may therefore well envy those poor limited monks with their litanies.*

Joe Manton—(1766—1835) A famous gun-maker.

There is yet no Methodism – that is, we monks are not yet even in an intermediate stage between Doubt and Certainty, but we believe unquestioningly.

(The monks of the Middle Ages believed in Christianity of the Roman Catholic type unquestioningly.)

Our litanies .. poverty— Characteristic features of the mediaeval monks (of the Indian Sadhus and Sanyasis.)

Cash payment—is the gospel of this commercial age.

Copperas—Sulphate of iron, used in dyeing black, or making ink.

Divisive—That which creates division.

Galvanic - Galvanism is a branch of the science of electricity which treats of electric currents produced by chemical agents. Carlyle says that society life has become divorced from God, it has go not vitality except the artificial stimulus it receives from a physical force.

Look back with a kind of mournful recognition—envying the Monks of the Midd'e Ages in spite of their lack of knowledge and dull habits and prayerchants.

Paras 3—4. *It must be admitted that these monks were dull fellows, given to idle gossip, and attending to set duties of hospitality, reading or meditation. Their one endless occupation was to retail each other's short coming and secret pleasures.*

Limited class of creatures—Creatures who have few interests in life.

The fruit of idleness—The monks took to gossip because they had nothing else to do (they did not gossip to vent their spleen against one another).

We have to receive—The duties of hospitality were incumbent on every monastery.

Pitanceria—Place where charity is given.

For a consideration—The Jews had to pay for safe lodging.

Fairest chances—because so many visitors came daily to the Monastery.

Hooded head—monk.

Applies itself to the ear .....tacenda—Whipers scandal (about some Brother) into the ears of another monk. *Tacendu* means things about which one should be silent.

Willelmus Sacrista—William the Sacristan.

Bibations—Tippling ; Drinking.

Frequentes bibationes—Frequent tipplings and other secret things.

Tempora minutionis—"These seasons were usually February, April, September, October."

Necessitious kindred—Poor Relatives.

Clanculo—Secretly.

Lanfranc—Archbishop of Canterbury (1070—1089

Para 5—11. *One monk was there who was quite apart from the other bobbling monks. His name was Samson, a man of fine personality and distinguished bearing. His mother made him a monk in St. Edmunds' Sharine because while a child he had dreamt of St. Edmund rescuing him from the clutches of the devil. He because a devout and learned monk. In the time of the Antipopes he was sent on*

a mission to Rome, which mission he fulfilled with greet courage and resourcefulness. But he come back too late to secure the Woolpit church for St. Edmund's Shrine and was put into fetters by orders Abbot Hugo. It was an unjust punishment, but it did not break his spirit. Abbot Hugo then tried him with promotions, but Samson was as imperturbable under favours as under frowns.

Barrator—"A malicious litigant." (Samson would not yield his rightful claims).

A personable man—One of Carlyle's memorable pen-portraits.

Somewhat given to dreaming here—Persons devoted to religious exercises are much given to dreaming.

Arch Enemy—Satan or Devil.

Diabolus—Satan or Devil.

Dr. Caius—The French physician in *The Merry Wives of Windor*. Carlyle is confusing him with Dogberry in *Much Ado About Nothing* who was the "fellow that hath had lossess".

A thoughtful firm standing man ..way A general description of the Carlyean hero.

How to dread the fire—Reference to the proverb "A burnt child dreads fire."

Antipopes—Opponents of the Pope. Papa, the old Latin name for father applied to the pope.

Were laid hold of—by Octavian's men.

Pretended to be Scotch—"Scotland sided with Octavian, England with Alexander" (Hughes).

Comminatory—Threatening punishment.

Ride. ride. Rome—"I am riding towards Rome turning from conterbury " i. e. "I am not an adherent of Canterbury or English thought, but I am for Octavian."

Scrip—A pilgrim's pouch.

Was already given—If he had brought the Pope's

letter in time the king would have given the church to St. Edmund's men.

Laic—Laymen. those not clergymen.

Foot gyves—Fetters in the feet.

Paras 12—13 *When Hugo died Samson was forty seven. Samson was endeavouring to repair the various broken things in the Shrine finding money from somewhere or the other. but the King's custodiars heard of Samson's activities from his immediate superior William the Sacristan, and bade him stop all repairs.*

Reached his fourty-seventh year—When Abbot Hugo died.

He can hear nothing ruinous—One of the characteristics of a hero is that he must have order in everything.

Warinus monachus noster—Warinus, our monk.

Under what conditions.......... from itself—Carlyle believes that the wise have an inherent right to set Folly right. Hugo was foolish, so Samson the Wise had every right to keep money from the Abbot's clutches, and hoard it privately for the betterment of the Shrine.

Dextrous practice—of secretly hoarding money.

Red nose—The effect of excessive drinking.

Samson his sub-sacristan.........of his—Willian the Sacristan disliked his subordinate, Samson, because Samson knew so much.

Again obeys in silence—like a hero. He can only govern who has learnt to obey.

CHPTER 7

THE CANVASSING.

Introductory Remarks.

It is Carlyle's aim in this book to show the superiority of the Middle Ages over modern times in this much that formerly they knew how to select the best man, while we are unable to do anything of the

kind, in spite of ballot-boxes and universal franchise. In this chapter, under the modern well-known heading "Cavassing," Carlyle gives from Jocelin's narrative an account of the whispers and promptings that went round as soon as the monks learnt that the King had permitted them to elect an Abbot. The monks went on discussing the merits they thought indispensable in an Abbot. One wanted a King log, another wanted a learned abbot. Somebody wanted a good manager, some other wanted one who had good taste......and so on. Jocelin was of opinion that the new Abbot must be skilled in dialectics.

Carlyle reiterates his belief that a people choose their governor according to their ideal. "A heroic people chooses heroes, and is happy ; a valet or flunkey people chooses Sham-heroes, ...and is not happy". By implication he accuses the 19th century people of flunkey-mentality. Why should they elect, otherwise, incompetent governors ?

Paras 1—4. *News went round in St. Edmundsbury that King had permitted election of a new Abbot, and every heart rejoiced in the tidings. Then they went on discussing the respective qualifications of each possible candidate for the office of the Abbot. Some monks were not so particular about learning in the new Abbot as this that he must know the traditions of the church and the order, others wanted their new Abbot to be learned above everything else. Some felt the need of a disciplinarian, some wanted the new Abbot to be a good manager, some wanted a fastidious Abbot. Jocelin wanted an Abbot who could distinguish true from false. And thus election canvassing went on, making the Candlemas season of 1182 a very busy and brisk season in Edmundsbury.*

Interluner—"Belonging to the time when the moon about to change, is invisible" reference here to the period when there was no abbot in St. Edmundsbury.

Widow—because of the loss of her Lord (Abbot).

Pastor—literally one who has care of a flock.

They had not been so devout—for they did not want a

Do what he liked with his own—Carlyle has already used this phrase in the first chapter of *Past and Present*. He got the phrase from the Duke of Newcastle who evicted the tenants who would not vote as he liked, saying in defence of his con duct, "Have I not the right to do what I like with my own ?"

Ultra-chartists—Super-Socialists. It was in a raid by Danish pirates that-Edmund was killed.

Edmund again refused—to give up his men to be robbed and maltreated.

Were not Ultra-chartists, but Ultra-Tories—Carlyle compares the heathen invading Danes to the Tory landowners and noblemen in England in as much as both of them wanted to live on the earnings of poor folk (farmers and workmen).

They went...... to the Devil—The inference, therefore is, that the 19th century landowners too will go to the Devil like those Danes !

Belial—The devil.

Yankee-land—America.

Follow a small good.........son of Heaven—Carlyle says that if in the scientific (19th) century Americans can lionize a novelist and worship him enthusiastically, why could not Englishmen worship a great hero like St. Edmund one thousand years earlier ? (It is surmised that "Schnuspel" Carlyle means Charles Dickens who was given a warm reception in America in 1842).

It is the very joy of main' heart to admire—The instinct of (Hero) worship is inbron in mankind.

What sight is more pathetic......Carlyle feels sorry that men should worship gew-gaws and mere pageants and processions. (They should worship a hero).

Gilt gingerbread—Tawdry ; trumpery.

These be they gods, O Israel ?—From Exodus, 32

A reference to the Israelities Jews) forgetting the worship of true God and taking to the worship of idols.

Advocatus Diaboli—literally 'Advocate of the Devil". A term applied to a phase of ecclesiastical deliberations.

Private judgment—The judgment of an individual especially on the meaning of a passage or doctrine of scripture, as distinguished from the interpretation of the Church.

Paras 13–14. *Edmund having been cononized, it was natural that a shrine should be built to his memory. And it was a splendid shrine glittering with diamond flowerages, with a planting of wrought gold. Gifts came pouring into the shrine from king Canute, and others. Monuments there will be in every age : the factories of Lancashire and ... re are a monument to the memory of Arkwright.*

...'us—Shrine.

... **chapel.........has become a stone temple**—.

Carlyle describes the successive accretions to the original shrine.

Regimented companies of men—Reference to the order of monks who lived in the Abbey of St. Edmund.

To such length, in such manner here—Carlyle regards the shrine as the embodiment of the spirit (of faith) which characterised the Middle Ages.

Kettala—cattle ; chattels.

Canute—the great (994-1035) "Everyone is familiar with the story of the rebuke he administered to the courtiers by showing how regardless the waves of the sea were of the authority of a king."

The present Mayor of Bury—Chief town officer.

Certain times—like the devotional middle ages.

Others—like the commercial 19th century.

Richard Arkwright—i. e. the pioneer of the industrial era.

Pyramid—Carlyle derives this word from a Greek word which means "Fire," but "Pyramid" is of Egyptian origin.

CHAPTER 4

ABBOT HUGO

Introductory Remarks

In this chapter Carlyle reminds us that the best conceived institutions, the highest ideals, decay with the passage of time. The Abbey of St. Edmundsbury too fell on evil times three centuries after its foundation. when it came under the rule of Abbot Hugo. This Abbot got into the hands of flatterers, and mismanaged the affairs of the shrine. until he found himself in debt to the extent of £ 1200, besides interest. And still the monastic discipline was so strict that not a monk dared to complain to an outside agency. Death released Abbot Hugo from wordly cares while he was on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Becket, but he died so poor that not a penny could be found his exchequer to distribute to the poor that they might pray for his soul !

By contrasting the mal administration of Abbot Hugo, with the wise administration of his successor, Carlyle will force home the lesson that the sole cause of misery in society is the lack of an able governor. From a literary point of view, too, this light and shade gives vividness and distinction to the narrative. By instances such as these Carlyle illustrates the Present from the Past.

Paras 1—2. *There is duality in nature. The Ideal too has its other side, the practical side which has to be attended to, and we discover that Ideals too have their limit and lot The best institut ons come to be corrupt and diseased, and that was precisely the condition of the Abbey of St. Edmundsbury when Jocelin came to live there.*

All things have two faces—like Janus, the Roman god.

Many an Ideal—when translated into practice deviates

from the original in a considerable measure.

And to seek out its bed and board there—*i. e.* to face the hard realities of existence. (The most etheral creature has still to make provision for its food and lodging).

Bird-of Paradise—Tennyson too mentions the old belief that certain birds of paradise had no legs, and hence never alighted, but spent all their times in the air.

In found in Drury Lane Theatre only—It is only on the age that we find heroes strutting forth as if the practical exigencies of life did not matter to them. In real life every hero has first to attend to the problem of bed and board.

Do get at lenght too intent on finding it—*i. e.* become too sordid and wordly (and care not for things divine).

Paras 3—6. *Abbot Hugo. then ruling over the Abbey of St. Edmundsbury was grown old and infirm, incapable of managing the affairs of the Shrine. Flatter surrounded him. The budget grew yearly emptier and the Abbot hand to borrow money from the Jews at exorbiant rates of interest. The claim of the usurers finally amounted too 1200 pounds, exclusive of interest; and there seemed to be no way at all to settle this debt.*

Aliquantulum The same thing as "His eyes were somewhat darkened".

Mealy-mouthed—Smooth-tongued.

Dominus—Lord ; master.

Warm flannels—Worn against cold (which the old man felt more than others).

Not that our worthy old. Hugo was not a bad monk, but he was a bad *governor*.

Camera—A part of the monastery building, "Treasury".

Ready money had vanished—As in these days of "Paper Money".

One hopes he never got satisfied in this world—Carlyle curses the usurer Benedict.

Usances and quittances—Legal terms.

Get their grinder teeth...grinder—Reference to the torture applied to Jews to compel them to reveal the place where they had secreted their money. Each day a tooth would be pulled out until the victim yielded.

Till they consent to disgorge—Till give back their ill-gotten wealth.

Para 7—8. *It is remarkable that Jocelin though he speaks of worldly matters, never mentions anything of personal religion. He seems to be concerned only with the privileges of his order : he never deals in ideas or abstract theories, only with practical ends. This may be a sign of spiritual health Our pre-occupation with religious theories and inquiries may be because of unhealthy introspection.*

Is not without secularity—*i e.* concerns himself with wordly things as well.

Fadmer—As English monk of Canterbury who wrote a life of Archbishop Anselm.

Do not seem disturbed about that—Do not worry about their own soul at all. (They worry only for the monastic order to which they belong, or the Shrine to which they are attached).

The Ideal—*i. e.* The institution or the Shrine or the Order.

May not this religious reticence ... in them—Carlyle suggests that the reason why the monkish writers speak so little of man's soul, religion etc., is that they were in good spiritual health—and a healthy man never speaks of health. Only the un-healthy discuss matters regarding health of the body.

Methodism—One of the sects which broke away from the Church, and became Dissenters. There was then no division in the church.

No Doubt—In Jocelin's time every Englishman was a

Christian belonging to the Roman Catholic Church. There was no doubt or seclusion, men did not trouble themselves over religious matters, for they unquestioningly obeyed the Church.

Which is not spoken of—because it is a part of their being.

Paras 9—11. *To take up Hugo's story: the king heard of the state of the Abbey and sent his Almoner to make inquiries. But not a monk in the Abbey dared to make a complaint to the King's Almoner, not even Magister Samson, who independent as he was, knew from experience what he would suffer at Hugo's hands if he dared reveal the offairs of the Abbey. So Hugo kept on until he went on pilgrimage to Canterbury and was relieved of worries by merciful death. Not a penny could be found in his exchequer to be given to the poor. A godesnd of fifty shillings, however, smoothed this difficulty.*

Pharaoh's lean kine—Pharaoh, the king of Egypt who kept the Israelites in boudage, had a dream in which he saw some lean kine (cattle) eating up some fat cattle.

Obedience—to their superior (Abbot)

Almoner—Distributor of alms, treasurer

Chapter—Assembly ; the main body of the monastery.

Magister—Master.

Fili mi—My Son.

Hinghams—Samson's brother monks.

Videat Daminus—Let the Lord see.

Philistines—were the the enemies of the Israelities or Jews, here Carlyle applies the term to the Jews !

Coil—Disturbance ; trouble.

Though in a circuitous way—by sending death to him !

Firmarius—Farmer.

CHAPTER 5

TWELFTH CENTURY.

Introductory Remarks.

In this chapter Carlyle gives us vivid glimpses into the life of an Abbey town in the twelfth century. There were no factories, no smoke. no slums. One the sea ; coast wildfowl screamed in ancient silences, wildcattle roamed in ancient solitudes. The country was governed by a feudal aristocracy of secular and ecclesiastical nobles who saw to it that their very thialls were taken care of. In an abbey town life was enlivened by processions, fairs, and feasts. Quaint costumes, quaint customs prevailed. The monks, levied toll from the villagers on a variety of pretences and those who were not powerful enough to refuse to pay, submitted to the exactions. The church dignitaries had to be very careful about the privileges of their order : not often they had to face discontented men and shrieking women. Laws about game-preserving were very severe, and as severity is met by rebellion, there were not wanting outlaws like Robin Hood and William Scarlet to take to forest life and poach on these preservers. On the whole it was a simple but colourful life.

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obscurity with the lapse of centuries. There was a town full of hustling craftsmen and shopkeepers. There were fairs, farmers, cattle drovers, watch and ward keepers. There were even thieves to be hanged.

Justiciarius—Chief justice.

Not in any breathess haste—In the absence of an Abbot the Abbey revenues came to the King, so he was not in a hurry to have an election.

Vista—View or prospect through or as through an avenue.

Culinary chimney throats *i. e.* kitchens.

Matins, Nones, Vespers—"Offices of the church, said at midnight, 3 p m. and 5 p. m. respectively, (though these hours varied according to the season)."

Paying Yearly Forty Pounds—that the Shrine be kept lighted all night.

Mysteries—Plays dealing with Biblical themes.

At which latter the Townfolk sometimes quarrel—Afterwards these dramas on sacred themes were performed in streets and in guildhalls.

We are such stuff as Dreams are made of—From Shakespeare's Tempest. Our life is transitory one, and that we, earthly creatures, are mere shadows.

Would Jocelin only tell us what Jocelin had not the *historical* sense of the 19th century writers, so he omits such details as "manufactures".

We see Fullers, see cloth making ...We see various craftsmen and artisans plying their craft or trade in the Abbey town.

Londoners give us much trouble . because a charter had been given to Londoners by various kings exempting them from toll.

Claim wager of battle—An old custom, whereby an accused Criminal had the right of challenging his accuser

to cambat.

Ketel—a burgess within the walls of St. Edmundsbury; was accused of theft. He was considered to be innocent but as he lost in the "wager of battle" he was condemned to be hanged.

Paras 4—6. *The twelfth century was a strange time. The Cellerarius went on collecting a penny from each householder for cutting down the convent grain, meeting defiance and rebuffs, and sometimes shrieking women on the way—the prototype of modern Chartists only more picturesque. There was also the trouble with the Lakenheath eels. a very perplexing form of tax to collect. It was a hard job to provide the means wherewithal the Abbey and its inmates should continue to exist.*

A most foreign Time— Some of the customs of the 12th century would appear foreign to the notions of the 19th century men.

Commuted—Excused on payment of a lump sum.

Distaffs—Sticks which hold the bunch of flax or wool in spinning.

Vetulae exhibant..... "The old women came out with their distaffs, threatening and reviling".

Female Chartists - Carlyle compares those shrieking dames pursuing the Cellararius to female Chartists of 19th century have would in the 20th century, have used the term "surfragetes").

Lives for ever—because of the historic description of Jocelin.

Jerusalem was taken—The historians have left us tales of such great events. but of the life of the people they have said nothing. For this we must have a Boswell or a Jocelin.

Averpennies and avragiums and fodercorns- Names of different kinds of taxes paid to the monks of the Abbey.

Paras 7–8. *It was the time of feudal aristocracy when the land was ruled by the feudal lords. Those who would not recognise these game preservers fled to the forests and became outlaws. It was a quiet, simple age. There was no smoke, no factory, then. Nature and nature's scenes had not been spoiled by the ingress of loud, dirty machinery.*

Feudal Aristocracy—The system of government by the nobles (both temporal and spiritual) owning fealty to their overlord.

A Robert Hood, a William Scarlet—Famous outlaws who lived in Sherwood forest and defied the game laws.

Lincoln coats–coats of green colour dyed in Lincoln city.

Under the greenwood tree–in the forest.

Conquestor–Conqueror.

Wild fowl–in the marshes near the sea.

Know little–that with the coming of the Normans a glorious era was to dawn upon England.

Ribble, Aire—Names of rivers.

As yet unpolluted–In the twelfth century there were no such factories and laboratories as now, so no dyers and manufacturers polluted the clear water of the streams.

Piscatory—Relating to fishes.

Sleep the coat-strata .....until men in the 19th century should dig up that coal and iron.

Saint Mungo–The Patron Saint of Glasgow, a pious monk who lived in the sixth century.

James Watt–(1736–1819) The inventor of the modern steam engine. He began his business in Glasgow.

Litherpool—now Liverpool.

Tempus ferax .....“Time the bearer, Time the devourer of things.”

CHAPTER 6

MONK SAMSON.

Introductory Remarks.

Carlyle admires the twelfth century for its religiousness and earnestness and compares it favourably with our own times of Mammon worship. But at the same time he does not idealise the monks of St. Edmundsbury. Jocelin's Chronicle exposes the defects of the monks much too well to let any delusions linger in the mind of the reader. The monks were devout, obedient, and faithful in their duties, but they were a dull race, with no interests beyond chanting prayers and idle gossip. Their order inculcated in them the virtues of hospitality, reading and meditation, but as they had not much to do, they spent time in scandalising each other, or in drinking or blood-letting.

One among them, Monk Samson, stood distinguished above the rest by his taciturnity, learning, earnestness and independence. He had led a chequered life ; a dream had led him to the shrine, he had been to Rome on a troublesome mission, and when he returned he had found himself in letters. He had passed through many tribulations to find himself Subsacristan, Librarian and Teacher of the Novices but he took the favours as well as the frowns of fortune with equanimity The Abbot said that he had never seen such a man. Thus did Brother Samson reach his forty-seventh year intent upon the performance of his duty, giving his thought to the repairs which the Abbey needed badly and could not afford. And then Hugo died and the King's Custodiars put a stop to the building activities of Samson.

The principal thing in this chapter is the fine penportrait of Samson. "A personable man of seven and forty; ..... a man worth looking at." The figure and personality of Samson are brought into still clearer relief by comparing him to his immediate superior, William the Sactistan, who thought that his only duty was to get drunk and talk rubbish. Samson stands for the *true* Governor, Abbot Hugo and William the Sacristan for false governors.

Paras 1—2. *In this age of machinery we can hardly conceive of the monastic life of the Middle Ages. The prime characteristic of the life of the monks was that their Religion was not that of Doubt and Cant but one of certainty. Nowadays our religion is the religion of Cash-Payment. We have made Mammon—a despicable devil—as our God. We may therefore well envy those poor limited monks with their litanies.*

Joe Manton—(1766—1835) A famous gun-maker.

There is yet no Methodism—that is, we monks are not yet even in an intermediate stage between Doubt and Certainty, but we believe unquestioningly.

(The monks of the Middle Ages believed in Christianity of the Roman Catholic type unquestioningly.)

Our litanies . poverty— Characteristic features of the mediaeval monks (of the Indian Sadhus and Sanyasis.)

Cash payment—is the gospel of this commercial age.

Copperas—Sulphate of iron, used in dyeing black, or making ink.

Divisive—That which creates division.

Galvanic Galvanism is a branch of the science of electricity which treats of electric currents produced by chemical agents. Carlyle says that society life has become divorced from God, it has got not vitality except the artificial stimulus it receives from a physical force.

Look back with a kind of mournful recognition—envying the Monks of the Middle Ages in spite of their lack of knowledge and dull habits and prayerchants.

Paras 3—4. *It must be admitted that these monks were dull fellows, given to idle gossip, and attending to set duties of hospitality, reading or meditation. Their one endless occupation was to retail each other's short coming and secret pleasures.*

Limited class of creatures—Creatures who have few interests in life.

The fruit of idleness—The monks took to gossip because they had nothing else to do (they did not gossip to vent their spleen against one another).

We have to receive—The duties of hospitality were incumbent on every monastery.

Pitanceria—Place where charity is given.

For a consideration—The Jews had to pay for safe lodging.

Fairest chances—because so many visitors came daily to the Monastery.

Hooded head—monk.

Applies itself to the ear......tacenda—Whipers scandal (about some Brother) into the ears of another monk. *Tacendu* means things about which one should be silent.

Willelmus Sacrista—William the Sacristan.

Bibations—Tippling ; Drinking.

Frequentes bibationes—Frequent tipplings and other secret things.

Tempora minutionis—"These seasons were usually February, April, September, October."

Necessitious kindred—Poor Relatives.

Clanculo—Secretly.

Lanfranc—Archbishop of Canterbury (1070—1089

Para 5—11. *One monk was there who was quite apart from the other bobbling monks. His name was Samson, a man of fine personality and distinguished bearing. His mother made him a monk in St. Edmunds' Sharine because while a child he had dreamt of St. Edmund rescuing him from the clutches of the devil. He because a devout and learned monk. In the time of the Antipopes he was sent on*

a mission to Rome, which mission he fulfilled with great courage and resourcefulness. But he come back too late to secure the Woolpit church for St. Edmund's Shrine and was put into fetters by orders Abbot Hugo. It was an unjust punishment, but it did not break his spirit. Abbot Hugo then tried him with promotions, but Samson was as imperturbable under favours as under frowns.

Barrator—"A malicious litigant." (Samson would not yield his rightful claims).

A personable man—One of Carlyle's memorable pen-portraits.

Somewhat given to dreaming here—Persons devoted to religious exercises are much given to dreaming.

Arch Enemy—Satan or Devil.

Diabolus—Satan or Devil.

Dr. Caius—The French physician in *The Merry Wives of Windor*. Carlyle is confusing him with Dogberry in *Much Ado About Nothing* who was the "fellow that hath had lossess".

A thoughtful firm standing man ..way A general description of the Carlyean hero.

How to dread the fire—Reference to the proverb "A burnt child dreads fire."

Antipopes—Opponents of the Pope. Papa, the old Latin name for father applied to the pope.

Were laid hold of—by Octavian's men.

Pretended to be Scotch—"Scotland sided with Octavian, England with Alexander" (Hughes).

Comminatory—Threatening punishment.

Ride, ride, Rome—"I am riding towards Rome turning from conterbury" i. e. "I am not an adherent of Canterbury or English thought, but I am for Octavian."

Scrip—A pilgrim's pouch.

Was already given—If he had brought the Pope's

letter in time the king would have given the church to St. Edmund's men.

Laic—Laymen. those not clergymen.

Foot gyves—Fetters in the feet.

Paras 12—13 *When Hugo died Samson was forty seven. Sam on was endeavouring to repair the various broken things in the Shrine finding money from somewhere or the other, but the King's custodiars heard of Samson's activities from his immediate superior William the Sacristan, and bade him stop all repairs*

Reached his fourty-seventh year—When Abbot Hugo died.

He can hear nothing ruinous—One of the characteristics of a hero is that he must have order in everything.

Warinus monachus noster—Warinus, our monk.

Under what conditions.. .... from itself—Carlyle believes that the wise have an inherent right to set Folly right. Hugo was foolish, so Samson the Wise had every right to keep money from the Abbot's clutches, and hoard it privately for the betterment of the Shrine.

Dextrous practice—of secretly hoarding money.

Red nose—The effect of excessive drinking.

Samson his sub-sacristan..........of his—Willian the Sacristan disliked his subordinate, Samson, because Samson knew so much.

Again obeys in silence—like a hero. He can only govern who has learnt to obey.

CHPTER 7

THE CANVASSING.

Introductory Remarks.

It is Carlyle's aim in this book to show the sup eriority of the Middle Ages over modern times in this much that formerly they knew how to select the best man, while we are unable to do anything of the

kind, in spite of ballot-boxes and universal franchise. In this chapter, under the modern well-known heading "Cavassing," Carlyle gives from Jocelin's narrative an account of the whispers and promptings that went round as soon as the monks learnt that the King had permitted them to elect an Abbot. The monks went on discussing the merits they thought indispensable in an Abbot. One wanted a King log, another wanted a learned abbot. Somebody wanted a good manager, some other wanted one who had good taste......and so on. Jocelin was of opinion that the new Abbot must be skilled in dialectics.

Carlyle reiterates his belief that a people choose their governor according to their ideal. "A heroic people chooses heroes, and is happy; a valet or flunkey people chooses Sham-heroes, ...and is not happy". By implication he accuses the 19th century people of flunkey-mentality. Why should they elect, otherwise, incompetent governors ?

Paras 1—4. *News went round in St. Edmundsbury that King had permitted election of a new Abbot, and every heart rejoiced in the tidings. Then they went on discussing the respective qualifications of each possible candidate for the office of the Abbot. Some monks were not so particular about learning in the new Abbot as this that he must know the traditions of the church and the order, others wanted their new Abbot to be learned above everything else. Some felt the need of a disciplinarian, some wanted the new Abbot to be a good manager, some wanted a fastidious Abbot. Jocelin wanted an Abbot who could distinguish true from false. And thus election canvassing went on, making the Candlemas season of 1182 a very busy and brisk season in Edmundsbury.*

Interluner—"Belonging to the time when the moon about to change, is invisible" reference here to the period when there was no abbot in St. Edmundsbury.

Widow—because of the loss of her Lord (Abbot).

Pastor—literally one who has care of a flock.

They had not been so devout—for they did not want a

A sigh seems to escape form Clearly to express his sorrow that England has now no monastic houses, no places at all for spiritual nourishment But he comforts him self with the observation that the fate of all earthly things is—decay and death.

Paras 1—4. *Abbot Samson showed no partiality to his erst while friends, or malice to those who had been unkind to him. He was all for efficiency. He might love his kindred, but gave them no undue preference while filling up vacant jobs. That does not mean that he forgot benefits. On the other hand he tried to do good and be of help to every one who had shown him the last favour in his days of lowly state, only that he repaid these benefits at his own cost, and not at the cost of the convent. He gave a vicarage to a chaplain who had been useful to him another to the son of a man who had given him charit excused the flaw in the title of the son of a benefactor, and showed consideration to a man who had once relieved him distress.*

Familiars—Intimate with him.

Paltenerius—Proud.

Who in old days had neglected him as he was only a "poor relation."

He did not forget benefits—He was not ungrateful.

At his own cost—And not at the cost of the convent.

How above all, by setting fire to the public—Samson did not make the mistake of foisting incompetent men upon the convent, and so "setting fire" to it. (See the last but one chapter).

Homage—In feudal times, the service due from a knight or vassal to his lord, and the act of swearing fealty.

But I must profess myself overcome—And by accepting your homage confirm the grant made to your father, (although the grant was not a righteous one).

Clerius - Clerk ; Scholar. Indigent, poor.

Under his mercy—"To be 'in mercy', (Mediaeval Latin

in misericordia), meant 'to be liable to a fine' ".

Very considerable fine of twenty Shillings—In the Middle Ages twenty shillings meant a considerable sum of money.

Lodged Angels unawares—Reference to *Hebruws*, 13 "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares".

Paras 5–10. *Abbot Samson had a legal mind, and business acumen. He was learned, eloquent, and a man of clear insight, and one of the justest of judges; no money could buy justice from him, nor threats deter him from his duty. He had also the gift of silence, loved openness, and hated all drunkards, liars, and braggarts. He kept an open table, but was a man of frugal habits and did not spend money on superfluous guests. He kept up the dignity of his office by maintaining parks and hounds, but did not go a-hunting himself.*

Bailiffs—Land-agents or officers.

But intent more on the substance .....*i. e.* He was not fond of empty rhetoric.

Feud—Hostility.

Itinerant - Travelling.

Niether gold nor silver—could induce Samson to pronounce an unjust judgment.

Kinless loon—a fellow without kin or relatives.

He never or hardly ever showed a countenance of love because he had got to be an administrator.

He would have no eaves dropping *i. e.* He was for openness, and against secretiveness and mean backbiting.

Wordy or windy persons. Empty braggarts or windbags.

Parsimony. Miserliness.

In novitate mea. In my opening stages.

He maintains a due opulence ....Abbot Samson maintained the hospitality and splendid table expected of his office, but he himself remained simple in his tastes.

Refectory. Place where meals are taken.

Platter. A large flat plate.

Emendation. Correction.

And see the dogs run to keep the traditions of the office of a Lord Abbot.

He himself never meddled which shows that his heart was not given to hunting or "Venery" like Chaucer's monk (See Appendix B to notes on Book II).

Paras 11–12– *Talking of hunting, the country was still dark with forests in those d ys. Now the woods h ve disappeared probably because of the increase of husbnd y and lack of seedlings for forest trees. Even as those forests have disapneared, so monastic life too has disappeared. In the middle Ages one fifth of England was consecrated to spiritual uses, now there is nothing reserved in England for spiritual uses. Time's whirligigs !*

For the country was still dark with wood. England was covered with woods and forests in those times.

Dry as dust *i. e.* the pedantic, laborious, matter of fact historians.

Peat. Decayed vegetable matter like turf, cut out of boggy places, and when dried used for fuel.

The new seedlings got yearly eaten and no new giant trees grew up to make wood and forests.

Umbrage. Shade of foliage.

The course of most things in this world is death or decay.

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The course of most things in this world is death or decay.

Monachism. Monastic life.

And a most feeble bog-grass of Dilettantism ... The

monastic life has disappeared and in its place we have the sickly growth of Dilettantism.

Perhaps among the saddest...... Carlyle is sorry that monasteries were suppressed in the reign of Henry VIII. They were a very useful features of English life. Now there is nothing to replace them.

Turning loose four-footed cattle and Henry the Eighths. Carlyle compares the monasteries to forests, and Henry VIII and his men (who destroyed monasteries) to the cattle whose increase destroyed the forests.

The fifth part of England was at one time devoted to monasteries which catered for the spiritual nourishment of the nation.

Gentle Shepherd A line from a song of Dr. Samuel Howard : "Gentle Shepherd, tell me where".

CHAPTER 12.

The ABBOT'S TROUBLES.

Introductory Remarks.

Carlyle drives home in this chapter the truth that when a capable man appears on the scene to reform long-standing a buses, all the established powers and forces range themselves against him, and give him no peace. The office of the Abbot of St. Edmundsbury proved no bed of roses for Samson. He said that could he have known what he would have to face he would not have turned a monk at all, and never become Abbot at any time, but contented himself with some such quiet post as the post of the Librarian of the Convent. The natural tendency of Samson was towards literary pursuits, but necessity plunged him into a severe conflict He could not compromise with evil, and he would not allow his monks to be slothful, dissolute, and negligent. So it was not long before he came to logger heads with every responsible officer in the convent. The very cellarer had to be deprived of his charge of accounts and the Abbot had to keep the accounts. There was a general mutiny in the convent, and the monks went on a strike.

Still the Abbot went on with his work of weeding out the tares. Things grew so alarming that the Abbot had to withraw to another residence. Rumour spread that the monks wanted to murder their abbot. Then Samson took courage in both hands, walked into the convent, and sitting in his inner room pronounced excommunication on one or two refractory monks to bring the matters to a head. All the monks came to beg forgiveness of the Abbot, and he burst into tears, and told them his great sorrow that St. Edmundsbury convent should have come to such a pass. He had withdrawn from the convent not out of fear, but in order to let his anger cool down.

Not only did the Abbot triumph over the mutineers in his camp, but he checked with firmness an subtlety of argument the spurious claims advanced by certain knights and nobles to the detriment of the interests of the convent.

The life of Abbot Samson conclusively proves it that the true hero, the able governor, must fight and be ferocious like a wolf. He should not expect to have a quiet cloistered life. Even if he devote himself to Literature he must expect to be a fighter and to have innumerable troubles. "Literature, when noble, is not easy, but only when ignoble. Literature too is a quarrel, and internecine duel, with the whole world of Darkness that lies without one and within one".

Paras 1—3. *Abbot Samson found his path beset with troubles. His lazy monks gave his most trouble. The Cellerarius would not keep the accounts in a right manner, until the Abbot had to take away the accounts from him and keep them himself. Such measures necessarily made him very unpopular.*

Abstemious. Sparing in food, drink, or enjoyments.

Double, double toil and trouble. The refrain of the witches' chant in *Macbeth*.

Not the spoil of victory......theirs. Heroes toil and suffer, and it is their successors who reap the fruit of this labour and fight.

But not altogether ours! For we (monks) do not care whether the convent finances be in order or not.

The very Townsfolk were scandalised that the Lord Abbot should keep the accounts himself, and interfere in the duties of the Cellerarius. (The monks did not like that townsmen should laugh at them).

The Norfolk barrator and paltener. Terms of abuse applied to the Lord Abbot.

Paras 4—5. *There was a mutiny among the monks. They struck work, and the Cellarer preferred to be on bread and water rather than obey the Abbot. A rumour spread that the monks were about to kill the Abbot, colour being lent to it by the fact the Abbot had left the convent and had withdrawn to another residence. What was to be done? Then Abbot Samson struck his blows. Swiftly returning to his inner room in the convent, he excommunicated the most refractory of monks, and put fetters on them. The other monks were terrified, and they begged forgiveness of the Abbot. The Abbot burst into tears, told them what pain it had given him to see their misconduct and learn that men thought his monks were going to kill him. He told them that he had gone away another residence in order to cool his anger. Then he embraced them and forgave them.*

Gyved—Bound with chains.

Perfusus lachrymis—Flooded with tears.

Paras 6—9. *There was so much strain on the new Abbot that his hair turned completely gray, and he became emaciated. But his spirit was undaunted. He had his moments of hilarity as when once he learnt from an old women (who did not know him) that after the advent of the new Abbot a certain tyrannical keeper of a manor had got terrified and was behaving straight. He fought for the rights of the convent, sometimes waiting, as in the case of the fifty knights who had cheated the convent of ten-knights' fees, to exact the full amount at last; at other times giving tit for tat to knaves like the Lord of Clare who made out a claim for an annual payment of five shillings only to find himself*

thoroughly put in the wrong by the hard-hitting arguments of the Abbot.

In the first four years—until he had paid off all the debts.

Hilarity—Gaiety; Pleasurable excitement.

All this I knew very well beforehand but he wanted himself and his Lord Abbot to enjoy the fun of it.

Factus est hilaris—Became merry.

And he determines to leave that .....for a while—The Abbot was convinced that he had struck sufficient terror into the breast of the keeper of that manor, and that the keeper would behave rightly to the tenants, so he did not pause to look into the affairs of that manor.

Fails not of a little triumph—Manager to win a victory here and there.

Solecism—'Bad thing'.

But he watched his time—and compelled every defaulter to pay the dues he owed to the convent.

Gets a Rowland for his Oliver—Got tit for tat. Rowland and Oliver were two of Charlemagne's paladins, equally brave and strong.

Infeft—Invested with a fief.

Conquest—of England by William the Conqueror in 1066.

Domesday Book—A great record of Land tenure, drawn up under the old feudal system.

Seised—In legal possession of.

Cepit dilationen—"was deferred, put off"

Leaves many a solecism extinguished—Wipes out many an error.

Paras 10—11. *Of course it was a troublesome piece of work he was doing. Often did he sigh over his troubles, and say that he would not turn a Monk or become an Abbot if he could revert to his pre-monkish state. He would be an Almoner or a Librarian rather than a Lord Abbot. He wanted quiet study and literary pursuits. But he was required for sterner jobs Even Literature, when noble, is not easy. Literature too is a quarrel with the whole World of Darkness that lies without one and within one. A noble soul has to fight, wherever he be.*

Thou little thinkest—*i. e.* You have not those worries that I have.

If he had been as he was – If he could revert to the pre-monkish state.

In the Schools—So Samson wanted to lead a scholar's life, but he did not want to turn a monk.

Keeper of the Books—Librarian.

Who can believe such things ? Joceline could not believe that a man could prefer the post of a Librarian to the high dignity of a Lord Abbot.

Without copyright—"A question in which Carlyle was particularly interested. In *The Examiner*, April 7, 1839, appeared 'the Petition of Thomas Carlyle, a Writer of Books', begging the Commons to prevent by a Copyright Bill all 'extraneous persons' from stealing from him 'his small winnings, for a space of sixty years at shortest." (Cavenagh).

It had not been so well— The world needed a Samson to come out and fight, and reform those monks and viscounts. As a Librarian or a quiet Scholar he would have been happier but not so useful.

Thy literature— A writer like Samson wouid not have given us sloppy nonsense. He would have given the reader hard knocks, and awakend him from his sweet slumber.

Is not easy – Because it contains bitter things.

Internecine—Deadly ; Mutually destructive.

With the whole World of Darkness—A man of letters can be a hero. With his writings he can fight the empire of Satan, and bring men to the Kingdom of God. (But he will have to be a brave fighter if he wants to be a true man of letters).

Rather a hard fight—Our modern warriors are warriors of the pen too, and not only of the sword and guns.

Wrestle and duel—The destiny of all noble souls is to war against evil.

CHAPTER 13

IN PARLIAMENT

Introductory Remarks

From this chapter we learn that Abbot Samson was great not only in matters domestic but in public business also. He was a peer of the realm and a member of the Parliament, and he performed these duties admirably. He took up cudgels against John the Lackland when John wanted to usurp the kingdom in the absence of his brother, the rightful King. Abbot Samson was a loyal and brave subject of the King. He was the man to propose in the Parliament that he would go and seek Richard I in his captivity—and he did go to Germany. But it is characteristic of the man that when certain lords proposed to despoil the Shrine of St. Edmund of its gold covering in order to ransom their captive King, Richard I, Abbot Samson got up and thundered that he would not allow such a thing. If anyone dared to commit the sacrilege let him go and lay hands upon the shrine. And such was the fear of the curse of St. Edmund that no one dared to lay violent hands upon that precious gold, nor could any one levy ransom-money from the convent.

The important thing in this chapter is Carlyle's pronouncement that in the Middle Ages even big officials (like the Lords of the Treasury) were in fear of the wrath of God (and Saints) when they performed their worldly

duties. This Heavenly Awe must fill our hearts, too, if we are to act rightly. But alas! we have no such Awe.

Paras 1—4. *Samson was as great in matters of public moment as in Convent affairs. When John the Lackland usurped the administration of the realm in the absence of his brother, the brave Abbot excommunicated all those that should favour John, and took his men to besiege the usurper in the Castle of Windsor. When it was known that King Richard was a captive in Germany. Samson proposed in the Parliament to go to him, and he did go to the King, in Germany, taking rich gifts with him.*

In his quarter of it. In those things that were within his jurisdiction.

Lackland's usurpation. In 1193 King Richard was made captive in Germany, and John usurped the administration proclaiming that the King was dead. But the chief officials did not support John and laid siege to the castles in the possession of John (Windsor Castle included.)

Tremendous cheering. Nowadays Bills are passed by voting and "tremendous cheering." In the Middle Ages other means were employed—more violent methods—to carry out an act of reform.

De arduis regni. To the problems of state.

Arduissimo. The hardest of all.

Prosilit coram omnibus. Started up in front of all.

King's peace somewhat settled. The authority of King Richard was restored, and there was no more rebellion or disturbance of the peace of the Kingdom.

Paras 5—6. *We have, however, to note that when it was proposed in Parliament that the thick gold cover of St. Edmund's Shrine be utilised towards the ransom of Richard I, Abbot Samson made a protest and challenged any one to lay violent hands upon the Shrine whose doors he would nevertheless keep open. No one dared to do so, out of*

fear of the wrath of the Saint. In those days the very Lords of the Treasury entertained an awe of things divine.

Plumb. is a mass of lead or other material hung on a string to show the perpendicular position, hence means "perpendicular."

The woolsack. The seat of the Lord Chancellor in the House of Lords, being a large square sack of wool covered with scarlet.

The distant and absent who offended him.......... Reference to the many legends and tales how individuals who had in any way offended St Edmund had been punished by the wrath of the saint. Those who dared to take away the covering of the saintly shrine would of course receive a fearful punishment. Hence none dared commit that sacrilege.

Impassable limits. The limits of action beyond which they will not go.

CHAPTER 14

HENRY OF ESSEX

Introductory Remarks

In the last chapter we learnt that "The distant and absent who offended him. Saint Edmund has been known to punish fearfully", in the present chapter we have the story of one whom the Saint punished. Further, we learnt at the end of the last chapter that in the Middle Ages a Heavenly Awe overshadowed and encompassed all earthly business whatsoever. The story of Henry, Earl of Essex, illustrates the truth of the statement.

Henry of Essex, standard bearer of England, was a proud tyrant, irreverent and selfishly grabbing. He had tortured in his time innocent persons like Gilbert de Cereville (whose only fault it was that he rejected the advances of Henry's wife). He defrauded St Edmund's Shrine of their just dues, and interfered with the jurisdic-

tion of St. Edmund's Court. And then came swift retribution. Having behaved in a cowardly manner in a battle with the Welsh, in 1157, (because of a sudden nervousness), he was called to the wager of battle by Robert de Montfort. While engaged in this ordeal he saw the figure of St. Edmund looking angrily upon him with Gilbert de Cereville in attendance upon the Saint, and Henry of Essex was overcome with shame and repentance. His adversary smote him down, and it was thought that Henry was killed. He survived that blow, but when he recovered he was a changed man. He took the monastic habit and sought to expiate by penances and religious exercises the sins he had committed.

Divested of the tinge of the supernatural, this tale has a permanent significance : the conscience of man lives, and the central part of all of us is the sense of the Infinite nature of Duty. That realisation alone will save our lamed soul. Without Heavenly Awe we shall not know our sins.

Paras 1—4. *In Jocelin's chronicle there is a tale interpolated by another monk which illustrates St. Edmund's fearful avengements. Henry, Earl of Essex, Standard bearer of England ; cast one Gilbert into prison on the accusation of the dissolute Lady Essex, and he did sundry other misdeeds, chief of which was defrauding St. Edmund's Shrine of its just revenues and interfering with the jurisdiction of St. Edmund's Court. The Saint took a terrible vengeance for these slights. In a battle fought in 1157, Henry was seized with panic because of some sudden nervous attack, and he jeopardised the success of his side by throwing down the standard. He was eventually called to the wager of battle by Robert de Montfort. In this duel Henry saw St. Edmund glaring upon him with angry eyes, his erstwhile victim Gilbert too, standing beside the Saint. Henry of Essex was struck with shame, lost the wager of battle, and was nearly killed. When he recovered, he become a monk, and sought to expiate his past sins by a life of devotion and religious exercises.*

Tonsured—With shaven head.

Yet with mercy—So as to spare and reform (the offender).

Emoluments—Allowances.

Innocent Joseph—The reference is to the story of Joseph as related in the Book of Genesis, chapter 39. Potiphar, an officer of Pharaoh, bought Joseph when Joseph was sold in captivity in Egypt, and he made him overseer over his house and estates. The wife of Poti phar fell in love with Joseph and made amorous advances to him which Joseph declined. Then that woman complained to her husband that in his absence Joseph had attempted to violate her, whereupon Potiphar's wrath was kindled, and he put Joseph into a prison. (Lady Essex, likewise made advances to Gilbert who did not respond to them. Then Lady Essex falsely accused Gilbert and got him into prison. A poet has said, "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned")

Quirk—Trick.

That the cause belonged not.... *i.e.* Henry of Essex sought to limit the existing jurisdiction of St. Edmunds' Court.

Reveres only the Earthly, gold-coined—like men of the 19th Century.

St. Vitus' tic—A nervous twitching disorder, which makes the victim unable to remain still, is called' St. vitus' dance.

War with the Welsh .....The allusion is to the affair at Coleshill or Consilt, near Flint (1157), "which only Henry's courage and address prevented from turning to a disaster". Eventually Henry II compelled Owen, the King of Wales to pay homage to him for the Kingdom of Wales

Parthian-like—An ancient tribe who fought against Ramans, the Parthians were supposed at their best when retreating.

Tic douloureux—"Trembling cowardice"

Scaffoldings—i.e. Temporary platforms.

He discerned the glorious king and Martyr Edmund .. At present we should say that it was a hallucination on the brain of Henry of Essex. His guilty conscience conjured up that vision.

Magnates—Great ones, customary robe of a monk.

To cleanse the long week? Sabbath—*i.e.* to expiate his long life of sinful activity by devotion to penances and religious exercises in quiet seclusion for the rest of his life.

(Sabbath or Sunday is the day for rest and religious devotion).

Paras 5—7: *The grand thing in man is Conscience, the sense of Infinite ature of Duty. That is the only cure for the lamed soul. To Henry came the vision of St Edmund in threate ing guise. But in some shape a realization of similar kind must come to save us from lameness, paralysis, and progress towards baleful eternal Death. Heavenly Awe must overshadow our earthly business.*

Like light throuh coloured glass—Shelley says: Life, like a dome of many coloured glass, stains the white radiance of eternity.

Sense of the Infinite nature of Duty—The same thing as Conscience or Heavenly Awe.

Your "coloured glass" varies so much from century to century—The forms and trappings of life differ from century to century.

It gets so terribly opaque—i.e. "Life" is so obscured by the thick glass of sordidness that no heavenly light can pierce through it.

Cherubim—i. e. shining angels.

It will again cease to be opeaque—and admit of the light of heaven, (when conscience or the sense of Duty wakes.)

Painting no Pictures—of things external and worldly.

Everlasting Azure—Eternal blue (of the light of Heaven).

Yet so modern—because we must also have some such vision or realisation.

Is not that a "lameness", like few—Is not that state a rare and disconcerting state of paralysis?

Minatory—Threatening; Menacing.

Sulphur lakes—The fires of Hell.

That surely had been worst of all. For then there would have been no hope of salvation. (The first step in the reformation or redemption of the soul is the consciousness of having sinned.)

They, at any rate by the Heavenly Awe—The God of Carlyle is a God that terrifies the evil-doer and punishes him And Carlyle believes that it is wholesome, nay necessary, for men to have fear of God in them, and smart under the lashings of conscience, the voice of God in man.

CHAPTER 15

PRACTICAL—DEVOTIONAL

Introductory Remarks

As the title of this chapter indicates we learn here of the two-fold element in Abbot Samson's mental and spiritual constitution—the *practical* element, and the *devotional* element. In the first part of the chapter illustrations are given of the wordly wisdom of the Lord Abbot, then follow instances of his deeply devotional nature. Finally, Carlyle derives a lesson for his times from the unconscious religion of Abbot Samson.

Samson lived in times when men stood in awe of things divine and feared the wrath of the Church and its Saints. But yet there were occasions when men, in their

rashness or pride, did not mind defying the Church dignitaries. They rioted within the Shrine precincts, they quarrelled and came to blows, and showed scant respect for the Abbot and his men. Samson met these effusions with firmness and presence of mind; he employed the weapon of excommunication and lo! all rioting was at an end. When some Bishop or Dean tried to cheat him of his timber or trespass upon his property Abbot Samson adopted swift and cunning methods to get the better of them. Before the Bishop of Ely could get the timber he coveted (from St. Edmundsbury estates), Samson got it all cut and imprinted with his stamp. If Herbert, the Dean, did not remove his wind mill from the Abbey domains, Abbot Samson's carpenters were in two great readiness to pull it down! Even King Richard, the Lion hearted, found himself baffled by the firmness of Abbot Samson, when he wanted to establish unjustly his claim to the disposal of the hand of a lady who was the ward of St. Edmundsbury shrine.

Though Abbot Samson was so practical and wordly-wise his heart was fixed upon things not of this world. He was intent upon following the cross and fighting for the Holy Sepulchre, but King Henry II did not spare him. Always he had before himself for guidance the simple devout faith he professed, and his gaze was directed not to worldly jobs and promotions but to his God. That was the devotional side of him.

What does Abbot Samson's life teach us? One thing that is clear from his life is that religion is not self-consciousness, futile argumentativeness, or noisy demonstrations, but something unconscious, something like an atmosphere that enwraps us completely, so that we live and move in it without making much fuss. Our Methodisms, Puseyisms and other *isms* with their noisy squabbles, are so many Egoisms. They betoken lack of devotion. In the Middle Ages the Church was not a sect or noisy sophistication, it was the breath of nostrils to the devout folk of those days. Therefore they were not conscious of it, and did not discuss it; they simply lived the religious life.

Paras 1 7. (*Abbot Samson showed great practical wisdom in dealing with various functionaries who harassed*

him in any way). After King Richards' return, tournaments became the order of the day, but Abbot Samson prohibited tournaments from being h ld in his domain. The orde s of the Abbot were twice set at naught, the second time in a r o-tous manner by twenty four young bloods, scions of nobility who burst into St. E mundsbury, behaved in an outrageous manner, and departed in as lawless a manner as they ca e in. Samson quietly excommunicated most of them, and so brought them to their knees. Some other sixty rioters too were brought to their senses by this weapon of excommunicatio; they came suppliant and really naked and prostrated themselves at the Church door. The Bishop of Ely having made a request for timber from the woods within Abbot Samson's domain, the latter took advantage of a ship of the Bishop's messenger to cut down the covered wood and imprint it with the convent stamp to prevent the Bishop from utilis ng it. When Herbert, The Dean, erected, unauthorisedly, a mill on the Abbey lands, Abbot Samson got ang y, and was going to get it pulled down by his carpenters, hearing which the reverend old Dean made haste to tear the mill to pieces to save at least the timber. King Richard having laid unjust claim to the disposal of the hand of an heiress who was ward of St. E mundsbury shrine, the Abbot defied the king's orders and refused to recognise his claim. And King Rich rd was angry, but he ultimately forgave him, nay loved him, and exchanged gifts with him.

Here is modesty—*i: e.* Here is overweening presumption.

The morrow was the vigil...... Hughes says Carlyle seems to have misunderstood the *Chronicle*. "The merrow was the vigil (June 28); and on that account the knights were allowed to go about on parole, and invited to dine with the Abbot."

Roysterous—Riotous; disorderly.

Sinful—Because it had been prohibited by the Lord Abbot.

Chivalry cockfight—The tournament.

St. Edmund on the edge of your horizon......on the green

Earth !—Carlyle now shows the *other side*. He states that young idle fellow, given to fashion and mischief, whether they belong to the 12th century (when they wore iron armour), or to the 19th (when they wore corsets made of whalebone), must give vent to their instinct of fun and frolic, dance and song, let a St. Edmund or some other appear to them threateningly.

Recipe— Literally, medical prescription.

With bell, book and candle—Articles used in the religious ceremonies.

He tempers his medicine to the malady—"Modifies his treatment according to the nature of the case."

Could not however give it a negative – Could not openly say "no."

Nemus—A grove or wood.

Too was busy—in getting the coveted timber cut down.

Is rated for a goose and an owl—Is rebuked for his foolishness and ignorance (in mistaking Elmswell for Elmset).

The great tower we are building - Samson "finished the towers of the church, which had been begun a hundred years before."

Glebe-lands—parochial estates.

Brevi Manu—with quick hand ; Immediately.

I am obliged to thee...... The Abbot can be angry and sarcastic.

Liberties—The estates of the Monastery.

Before thou gettest home ....to. A threat that men have been despatched to raze the mill to the ground.

Whom accordingly he proceeded to dispose of... Girls in Middle Ages could be disposed of in marriage to anyone their guardians chose for their husbands.

For there is danger lest such thing .....Successors.

Compare the conduct of Hampden in refusing to pay the paltry "ship—money" demanded of him.

But not the dreadfullest. The dreadfullest is God.

Homa suus. His man "(The formula of homage).

Tornado. 'Stormy'.

Worse than our armies in Flanders. Reference to a line in Sterne's *Tristram Shnday.* "Our armies swore terribly in Flanders, cried my Uncle Toby,—but nothing to this".

Paras 8—10. *Abbot Samson was thus a very practical man. But at the same time he was very devout. He wanted to go in the crusades but king Henry II did not spare him. After the capture of Jerusalem he wore garments of hair cloth and abstenced from flesh-food for the rest of his life. He was simple like a child, and had yet the earnestness and depth of a man. His life was one act of worship.*

Terrestrial—Wordly.

For it is the world that a man.... to be done—**Carlyle elaborates elsewhere his theme that work is worship. (It is not necessary or wise to run away from the workaday world in order to live a life of religion).**

When Henry II having St. Edmunds—"In January 1188. He took the Cross at once on hearing of the Fall of Jerusalem in October 1187," but the king did not actually go to Jerusalem.

To assume it—So as to become a Crusader and set out for the Holy Land.

Holy Sepulchre—The grave of Christ (in Jerusalem).

Abstained also from flesh—Compare the vow of abstinence made by the heroic Rana Partapsing on the capture of Chitor by the Moghuls.

The infidel—The Saracens or the Moslems (under Saladin).

Shall daily be reminded of it—by his hair-cloth, and abstinence.

A mystic Temple to him—*i. e.* a place of worship a place where God shows Himself to His worshippers.

Garment only of it it is dead—Faith survives in noble souls; the externals only *i. e.* the garment, changes from age to age.

Paras 11—13. *The unconsciousness of Abbot Samson about religion is a sign of spiritual health. He lived eligion so he need not talk about religion Our Methodisms and Pusey sms, with their endless squabbles, self introspections, and self consciousness, are other forms of* **Egoism** *they are a sign that all is not well with the subject who professes these creeds What is wanted is an atmosphere of religiousness, and not discussions on the excellence of lungs.*

The Unconscious is the alone complete—Only on unconscious and habitual acknowledgement of religion is the really complete form.

The Ism—The religion.

Galvanised—That upon which a false vitality has been conferred (as distinguished from something living).

Navel—'Inner heart' (Literally 'belly'.) Carlyel condemns too much introspection and self examinatio in religion.

Egoism—In philosophy the doctrine that we have proof of nothing but our own existence.

Endeavour to rise above Egoism (and merge yourself) into the Oversoul.

Acheron—A river in Hell. (according to classical mythology.

Memnon's music. The divine musician of the classics.

Puseysim. (1800--1882) Pusey was the head of one of the numerous religious sects in Carlyle's time.

Thirty Nine Articles. The thirty nine headings. under which religious dogma was drawn up by the ecclesiastics of

the day.

Unnoisy, unconscious......Church *i. e.* Living a life of religion.

This also was a thing we were to see in the 19th century.

Penultimate. Last but one (The last will be the Day of Judgment, the end of things).

Atmosphere of Religion itself.

Lungs. Religious creeds and instruments.

Breathe. A men breathes unconsciously. So should a man breathe religion—even like Samson.

CHAPTER 16

ST. EDMUND

Introductory Remarks

Carlyle compares the reverence of the Middle Ages for the dead bodies of martyrs and saints with the irreverence of the nineteenth century for the graves and remains of even the greatest national heroes, and reiterates his belief that without Hero-Worship a nation must perish. He has his hit again at Dilettantism and Mammonism. The text for this chapter may be supplied by the quotation given from Novalis : "Bending before men is a reverence done to this Revelation in the flesh. We touch Heaven when we lay our hand on a human Body".

The greatest moment in the life of Abbot Samson was when he took out the Loculus in which lay the body of martyred St. Edmund, open it, and reverently touched the limbs of his patron before transferring the shrine to the new Altar he constructed in place of the old Altar, much damaged in the course of the centuries. So much significance was attached to this ceremony that only twelve brethren were called at midnight to participate, and out of these only two were allowed the privilege of being with the Abbot when he looked into the Loculus. It was sore disappointment to others, including Jocelin of Brakelond, that they were left out. But they knew the greatness of

the occasion and the exclusiveness of the privilege, and when the Abbot expressed his regret and inability that it was not in his power to have invited all of them to see the saint's body they wept and sang *The Deum* with tears. What an age of reverence it was.

The rest of the career of Abbot Samson may be summed up in a few words : routine work of monastic life, and settlement of affairs with the warrior King Richard I, who with insatiable love for fighting had gone to France to fight more battles there. Jocelin's chronicle closes abruptly and we do not know from him how Abbot Samson's life came to an end. The curtain falls on Abbot Samson and the Twelfth century: that is the inevitable end of all men and all things.

Paras 1 4. *It was characteristic of the orderly disposition of Samson that he should devote his attention to buildings. And he built or rebuilt many edifices. But the chief building work he undertook was the rebuilding of the great Altar on which the Shrine stood, an Altar much damaged by the carelessness of the monks and nearly destroyed by an accidental fire. A monk saw St. Edmund naked and in lamentable plight in a dream. The Abbot interpreted the dream to mean t at the uncharitable and negligent conduct of the monks had made their patron sad. The monks thought on the other hand that the Saint was commiserating their indigence and sorry state in the days of the austere Abbot. Anyhow, Samson went on with the work of rebuildiug of the altar in a sumptuous manner. The culminating moment of his life was when he looked into the coffin of the Saint before transferr ng it to the new altar. It was a great event for everybody.*

Still more, moral wreck—Abbot Samson not only built houses, he also repaired the souls of men and made them closed against the blasts of the Devil ("rain").

Somnolent—Sleepy.

Because yet defraud—*i. e.* Because you have forgotten the virtue of charity.

It is we that are the naked—The monks interpreted the

dream to mean that St. Edmund was pitying their condition under their niggardly Lord Abbot.

Re-edified—Rebuilt.

Sumptuosity—Magnificence.

Pediment Pedestal ; Foundation.

Culminating - Reaching the highest moment.

Psalmist Solemnity—Solemnity as that of David and others of the Scriptural psalms.

Paras 5—10. *How different was that worshipping age from our own unworshipping ge. Now a days we do not mind desecrating the grave of the greatest national heroes. say John Hampden. Then it was different Whe the new altar was built to St. Edmund. as a preliminary to the transferring of the Shrine there was a great deal of ceremonial observed ; three day's fast. prayers, and the reverential lifting of the Loculus to the Altar. it being considered a great privilege to be allowed to join in the carrying of the Loculus. The monks expected that all of them would be able to see the body of the Saint, but it was not to be. At midnight, when everyone was sleeping, Abbot Samson took 12 chose men and opened the Loculus. The Abbot allowed only two men with him when he looked in to the coffin. Then he advanced alone and reverently touched the limbs of the Saint. The ten other and six additional men who had surreptitiously got inside the room also saw the miracles. One of the intruders dared to touch the Saint's knees and feet.*

Hampden—(John Hampden 1594—1643). One of the greatest of English national heroes. He refused to pay the unjust ship-money levied by Charles I from inland places. He took part in the impeachment of Strafford in 1641, and in 1642 was one of the five members whose attempted arrest by the king led to the outbreak of the Civil War. He died on June 24, 1643, of a wound received in fighting near Chalgrove.

Beatified—Made blessed (by enjoying bliss in heaven).

Commence our disciplines—"The mortification of the flesh by penance".

Completorium—Final Hymn.

I alas, was not of the number—Jocelin much regrets that he was not privileged to look upon the body of the Saint.

The head lay united.—The head had been cut off in battle with the Danes.

Lineaments.—Features ; outlines.

Paras 11—14. *What a scene of reverence and worship it was! How different from Hero-worship in our days! When Hero-worship degenerates into Mammonism and Dilettantism, and men forget that Life is a serious fact, destruction is bound to follow. For the twelfth century monks the ceremony of opening the loculus of a Saint was something terribly sacred. Their Abbot told them that it was not in his power, nor advisable, to allow all of them the privilege of seeing the body of the martyr. Where these men stupid blockheads in their reverence ! No, they had got the true reverence for that which is Godlike, and of course there is nothing so Godlike in the Universe as Man who is made in the image of God. Hence the reverence to the body of man.*

All is reduced to desperation.—When all reverence is gone from among men, and life is taken as a mere jest, and no consideration is paid to men's bodies even, everything becomes ruthless and a struggle. Then come revolutions and social upheavals

Sansculottism—'Revolution'. The term sansculotle literally means without breeches : and was applied to the half-naked mob of the French Revolution.

Alas. I was deceived.—If they had got intimation of what was going to happen they too would have gone in surreptitiously

Nor was it permissible.—That every one of the brethren

should have the great privilege of seeing the body of the Saint.

For the Highest God dwells.—In Man (who is made in the image of God)

Novalis.—German poet-mystic Friedrich Von Hardenberg (1772—1801). Carlyle has written an essay on Novalis.

Revelation in the Flesh—God is revealed in the body of Man.

Sauerteig.—Fictitious name coined by Carlyle.

Chancery Lawsuit.—Dickens has shown in *Bleak House* how certain lawsuits lasted for interminable number of years, twenty to forty years being not an unusual period for the settlement of contentious lawsuits.

Cockney.—Originally "cocks-egg", meant "an effeminate fellow of milkshop" and was used "derisively for a townsman in contrast to the hardier inhabitants of the country, and finally for one born to the city of London, (always more or less in a contemptuous or bantering sense)".

Hatchments bags of black slik.—Description of the eleborate funeral cortege of a Londoner, "Hatchments" mean "armorial bearings," " horeshair " refers to the plumet of the horses. "brass-lacker" refers to the fittings on the coffin, while the "unconcerned bipeds" are the dignified pall-bearers.

A notable pair of reverences—So Englishmen, in the 19th century, still show revernce in two ways, one by dragging a lawsuit for forty years with elaborate pleadings, second by making a lot of show at the funeral of a distinguished Londoner.

Para 15. *The rest of the life of Abbot Samson is soon told. He had to go France to settle military matters*

with Richard I, and he had to decide the matter of the Coventry monks, controvert the Bishop of Ely, and attend to other routine matters. Jocelin's narrative suddenly closes with a mention of the preparations made by the Abbot to go to France to advise King Richard on certain matters relating to the peers and the crusades, Vanished are all those Abbots and monks as everything vanishes in Mirza's vision.

Dilapidated Coventry monks—The monks of Coventry were being displaced by the Bishop of Lichfield in favour of the secular clergy, and their case came for decision before a committee of which Abbot Samson was a member. He was instrumental in getting them reinstated.

Caput—The Head.

Night—of death.

To advise King Richard—As the journey was made by Abbot Samson in 1203 it must have been King John and not King Richard.

Scissors of Destiny—Reference to Atropos, in the classical mythology, who cuts men's lives with scissors.

Phantasmagory—"A shifting scene with unreal figures".

Mirza's Vision—the panorama of human life discribed in Addison's Vision of Mirza.

CHAPTER 17

THE BEGINNINGS

Introductory Remarks

Carlyle discusses in this Chapter the *be ginnings* of things. The world we see is the result of nnumerable little attempts now lost in oblivion. How did language come into being? Before poetry, before literature, there must still have been burning thoughts in the minds of men. How did these aspirations and musical cries come to assume the shape of Epics and lovely songs? All the

amenities of civilisation we enjoy to-day are the result of the heroic actions of multitudes forgotten long ago. Who are we to complain of the burden we bear, the work we have to do? "Work? The quantity of done and forgotten work that lies silent under my feet in this world, and escorts and attends me. and supports and keeps me alive, wheresoever I walk or stand, whatsoever I think or do, gives rise to reflections!"

It is really stupendous to conceive of the *beginnings* which at last culminated in stately buildings like st. Pauls cathedral. The very justice we know is Wild Justice tamed through the ages. The man who cares for Fame is not wise, the man who cares for Duty and Work is wise. Fame is insubstantial, here and there a Shakespeare may be remembered for a time, but the mass of workers and heroes, even the greatest heroes, live not through Fame. Their work survives, and the world is made better by their achievements. The heroic soul should not care for paltry Fame; alas that in these days Heroism should mean "gas-lighted Histrionism"! Abbot Samson, but for an accident, would never have been heard of. He did not work for the sake of Fame, he was for silent work. Let the Eye of God see the work of the worker.

While discussing the question of the *Beginnings* which gave rise to our present world Carlyle descants upon the subject of Formulas or the external wrappings or Habits which vary from age to age. In the infant stage all men are alike; then they are put into Formulas and Habits, and they become this and that. Formulas are therefore an important feature of the life of humanity. They are the living skin, the muscular tissue of human existence, and we cannot do without them They make our work easy. But let these Formulas be living matter, and not dead, cast off wrappings. The various institutions, social organisations, customs, and habits are the formulas by which we live and are moulded into shapes. The moment life goes out of these formulas they become a burden and a curse. Then it is high time that they be changed in favour of living Formulas. When there are living Formulas

it is so good to have them. "Monachism, Feudalism, with a real King Plantagenet, with real Abbots Samson, and their other living realities how blessed !".

Paras 1—9 *Abbot Samson's figure appears so strange to us, simply because the formularies of his age were different from those of our age. Really, formulas are the skin and tissue of man's life. They are indispensable things. But when a man's formulas become dead, they must go, or else the man will go. Habit is the deepest law of human nature, but when a habit is not required to serve the purpose for which it was framed it must be abolished. Men differ in various societies and lands from each other by reason of their formulas, otherwise as infants they are quite alike. Some are nurtured in this formula and they become business-men or they are wrapped in that formula and become dandies, and so forth. The same is true regarding the various nationalities. Formulas are the most beneficent, indispensable of human equipments, but they are such only when they pulsate with life, as monachism and feudalism pulsated with life in the twelfth century.*

Formularies or Formulas—Beliefs; conventions ; codes of life.

Foam itself, and this is worth thinking.........shell—Even the freest and most flowing of things, the foam of the sea, hardens into oyster-shells (because it feels the need of a form).

Integuments – External protective covering (or skin).

Adscititious—Superfluous ; disconnected.

Callosity—Hardened skin.

Calcified – Hardened.

It is time. that he take to bed... Carlyle says that just as when a man's outer tissues and skinbecome hard, thick, and devoid of blood, it is deemed that death, is near, so when customs or formulas have no life in them, and men go on repeating old old things just by rote, it is asign

that, that individua or society is nearing destruction.

It is our suprem . t rength......weakness—Doing a thing over and over again till it be a habit or second nature adds to our strength for it means successively less and less expenditure of time and energy, but if the habit ceases to serve a useful purpose, and is a mere dead habits, it is a source of great weakness.

Ubi homines sunt modi sunt—"Wherever men are there are habits or conventions".

I can go this time with less of scanning—*i. e.* I have to spend less and less energy in scanning or examining minutely the path I walk upon.

All of rotten formulas—Age of unsound beliefs.

Wouldst thou have been—Suppose the man had been born in Arabia, and had been brought up there he would have had another skin, other mental habits and beliefs, even if all other things had remained the same. His mother wit, his intelligence —would have been the same, but the garb would have been different.

Mandingo—"Name of a large group or family of Negro peoples in Western Africa."

How they are fixed and hardend—By the particular Formulas in which they have been wrapped.

Too copious port and viand—Eating rich food and drinking too much of port wine.

Cravat—Neck-cloth.

Man of Business—Prosperous merchants in Victorian era were of ruddy countenance, fond of good food and drink.

The Hard-handed—The workman who has to earn his bread by hard toil.

Man cannot deliver him—It is the upbringing in certain

Formulas which has made one man a man of business, the other a coolie. As infants they were on equal footing.

Dandy—Young man of Fashion.

Inexpugnable—Not to be overcome by force.

Hellebore—Name of a drug-plant used in cure for insanity.

White breeched tiger—"A boy-groom or footman perhaps so called from the smart livery" (Hughes)

Pococurantism—Carelessness ; Inaccuracy.

It is thy doom—Carlyle has given a vivid account of a dandy a follower of fashion and empty nothings, one not to be cured of his inanity by any drug, and given to dilettante, pursuits, yawning all day, with smart foot men in attendance upon him.

Bedlam—A famous lunatic prison.

Monachisin Feudalism—are good Formulas only when there is life in them *i. e.* when they produce real Plantage Kings like Henry II and Richard, and monks like Samson.

Paras 10—15.—*As we look at the twelfth century it strikes us how many things are swallowed up in oblivion by the passage of time. Look at the beginnings of things, and see how little we know of them, Take human speech, human writings. Do we know anything about the beginnings which must have taken a multitude of generations to culminate into Chaucers and Prayer books and Iliads? There Churches and Churchedrals, with their elaborate rituals, must have grown from beginnings, from innumerable little acts and attempts, af which we know nothing. Who were those pioners and inventors? There is no record, no memory of the brave and gifted ones who are responsible for our present civilisation and arts and sciences. Even the laws we have now are the*

result of Wild Justice tamed through the ages. England is now what it is because of the heroic toil of generations of Englishmen.

That authentic image of a time now wholly swallowed.—That true Chronicle of the forgotted twelfth century.

Agamemnon—A famous warrior king of the classic.

Oblivion had so nigh swallowed him.—Carlyle remarks that but for the accident that Jocelin has written his *Chronicle* we should have known nothing of a hero like Samson.

What regiments and hosts......swalloowed.—Compare the sentiments expressed in Gray's famous *Elegy*.

Life—tree Igdrasil—See Book I.

Two hairy-naked or —leaved Human Figure.—Primitive human beings; Adam and Eve.

Which somebody has done—But we do not know about the heroes who have bridged this gulf.

Dan Chaucer.—Generally called the Father of English poetry. Chaucer lived in the 14th century but there were many poets in England, may be rude and uncultured, before Chaucer.

The Coldest word was once a glowing new metaphor... Carlyle.—Sees the beginning of poetry in figurative speech, and glowing emotions and ideas. In the beginning all words must have been *poetical*, and must have been made by a poet. (Take the instance of the word "Attention" nowa "cold word, but when it was invented a word of poetical import).

They had it all to make.—From rude beginnings.

Oecumenic—Universal, belonging to the entire Christian Church.

It is the way with human things.—All things (not prayers only), that men use, were fashioned slowly and painfully out of a host of rude beginning A lot of making and selection work had to be done upon them.

To bow the knee—Even such a simple act as bowing the knee in humility and prayer was the work of some original genius in the beginning.

Litanias—Prayer.

Letourgias.—Reference to the English liturgy (originally in Greece a public service rendered by a rich citizen).

Rotatory calabash.—Pumpins or gourds containing written prayers which are made to rotate by the devout worshippers (Buddhists in Tibet use the *prayer wheel*).

St. Catherine's creed—Reference to the consecration of the church of St. Catherine Cree by Archbishop Laud in the days of Charles I.

Heroic Ballads—Were the beginnings of *Iliad*, and Robin Hood cycle of stories and poems.

Think what strumming.—Carlyle is pointing out that endless strummings and experiments on various musical instruments by wandering minstrel must have culminated in the beautiful *Iliad* (which speaks of the wrath of the Greek hero Achilles and the songs which celebrate the prowess of William Scarlet. Wakeful Pinder and other companions of Robin Hood.

Hellenic.—Grecian.

Statute de Tallagio—A statute passed in 1297 providing that "no tollage or aid should thenceforth be levied without the consent of the lords, spiritual and temporal, and the knights and other freemen of the kingdom."

Four Courts.—The courts of Exchequer, of common pleas, king's Bench, and Chancery.

Cock and Lyttleton.—A writer and a politician of the times.

Cain. – The son Adam, the first murderer ;

There too is an interval.—The primitive man had no means of injuring his enemy save by breaking his head (as Cain did) now we have progressed to refined methods of harming our enemies *e. g.* by dragging him to court for forty years.

Club-Law.—The law of (hitting the enemy with) the club, adopted by primitive human beings.

Like Dryden's Head —Hughes quotes from the *Battle of the Books*, The helmen was nine times too large for the head, which appeared situated far in the hinder part like a a mouse under a canopy of state, or a shrivelled bean within the penthouse of a modern periwig, and the voice was suited to the visage, sounding weak and remote.

Lawyers were not all pedants —Carlyle says that just now Law might be a matter of pedantry, specious arguments, costly suits......but it is the work of heroes and skilful workmen who evolved peaceful methods of going to court out of the primitive ferocity and club law.

All the men that ever cut a thistle ..in England - Carlyle is giving instances of the dead workers and heroes whose toil has brought England to its present state of civilisation.

Wren.—Sir Christopher (1632—1723).

Satanic School.—Terms used by literary critics for certain groups of writers.

Cockney School.—Name applied by Lockhart to "sickly and sentimental" Romantics like Keats, Hunts, Hazlitt, Shelley.

Arachne—A Greek heroine who sewed without a

distaff or spinning wheel, ell, measures of length.

Para 16—18. *It is stupendous to think how much work that has been forgotton is that which keeps the world going. Who is going to talk of Fame? The world knows not many of its greatest men and remembers them not, except it be a Shakespeare here and there. Why talk of fame then. A transitory, futile, goosegooddess? Truly great men suffer themselves to pass into oblivion. They are all for work. It is genuine work which alone survives. You duty is to choose. Work not Fame, -work that is for Eternity.*

That lies Silent.—That is forgotten.

And escorts and attends me—*i.e.* is responsible for the civilisation and amenities I enjoy.

Fame.—Read what Milton says of Fame in *Lyoidas.* It is "no plant that grows on mortal soil."

Sir Jabesh Windbag.—A name coined by Carlyle for a typical M. P. self-advertising, empty and pompous.

Theuth.—Or Thoth, an Eyptian God.

Hengist's linvasion.—Hengist and Horsa, two brothers, were the first Saxons to invade England (at the instance of Vortigern.)

Mnemonics.—Aids to memory.

Apotheosis.—Placing a person among the deities.

Wodan.—Odin, the greatest of Norse gods.

She begins to be uncertain.—After the lapse of ages even the greatest, of heroes and leaders, conceived to be gods and prophets, grow dim in the memory of human beings, and it is discussed whether they ever lived at all or whether they were merely imaginary creations, or symbols!

She is the noisiest.—Description of Rumour as given by Virgil.

Her "wings" in these days ever.—Reference to the advertising tendency of the men of our times.

It is a chief comfort that she forgets us all. – In death we want rest, silence, forgetfulness, and not the stress and remembrance what characterise our earthly existence.

Counts it as a still resting-place.—Stupidity. Reminiscence a of Macbeth's words :

Duncan is in his graves :
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

BOOK III.

THE MODERN WORKER

Argument of Book III

In the preceding book Carlyle has been talking of the twelfth century *i. e.* the Past, In this Book he talks of the Present and its most outstanding fact, namely the Modern Worker or the rise of Labour. Carlyle casts a glance at the England of his day and sees a most dispiriting spectacle. He finds the reign of Mammon and Dilettantism everywhere. The noblemen are lazy, inane, and given to trifling pursuits, while the middle classes are given to worship of wealth. Both these classes recognise no essential bond between them and the starving millions and poor workers though nature gives them sometimes hard knocks, as when a poor diseased woman infected no less than seventeen men, proving to them in a conclusive manner that she was their sister whether the recognised the relationship or not. Carlyle prefers Mammonism to Dilettantism for the former has got earnestness at least. The Mammon worshipper might not know any other religion but that of Cash Payment, and his conception of Heaven and Hell might only consist of the Paradise of Money and the place where you cannot make money. But he is much better than the idle game preserver talking inane nothings and grinning like a baboon.

In spite of this state of things Carlyle is not pessimistic. He has great hopes in the English nation which he finds to be stupid in speech but the wisest of all nations in the world. The one gospel in which Carlyle believes is the Gospel of Work and he discovers that in the two centuries that have elapsed after the Restoration Englishmen have done one great thing : they have shown their prac tical Labour in the region of empire-building, manufactures etc. England has become godless and atheistic. It talks Cant and platitudes, but it can work, and wherever there is work there is hope. Men are wrong in claiming to be happy, that is not their destiny, they can claim only the blessedness of work.

Carlyle condemns the theories of Laissez-Faire and Cash-Payment on the part of the industrialists, as he condemns the selfishness and indifference of the landowners, and wants both of them to recognise the rise of Labour and aim at "Organisation of Labour." Carlyle does not believe that the abolition of Corn Laws or such other measures will meet the existing situation. He has his hope fixed upon Labour alone. It is his firmest belief that all true Work is Religion. He wants the employers of Labour to eschew vulgarity, and be chivalrous to the dumb workers they employ They should not look only to profit-and loss questions, but recognise that the labourers have a soul and a body, and have a right to live. Carlyle does not believe in democracy, and the right of every man to do as he likes. He believes rather that the true liberty of a man consists in his being forced (by the able man) to find out the right path and to walk thereon. He. wants again men like William the Conqueror and Columbus, and not chattering parliamentarians like Sir Jabesh Windbag. The Liturgy he wants is that of Praying by Working. The new Religion will be the religion of he Modern Worker, the Worship by Work.

CHAPTER I

PHENOMENA

Introductory Remarks

Carlyle casts a glance at the phenomena before him, and the first thing that he sees is that religion is gone. Men have forgotton God, and taken to Mammonism and Dilettantism. Instead of realities it is ghosts and phantasms that have captured the imagination of a man. The most religious thing that he finds is the Popish religion, and even that is composed of mostly rituals and show. Carlyle admits that the Roman Catholic priests are doing a lot of good, but he finds them employing scenic effects and speciousities. In England there are such ridiculous hollownesses as that of the Champion of England who cannot get into his horse without assistance. Everywhere he finds quackery and puffery. He gives a terrible warning to his generation telling them that if they continue to be insincere, hollow, and selfadvertising, *i. e.* if they do not remember God, they are bound to go to perdition.

Paras 1—4. *We have no Religion ; we do not believe in God or Saints. We act on the principles of Utilitarianism, and spend our time in revolutions and Reform Bills. The results is a foul leprous conditions, and the reign of unveracities.*

Profit and Loss philosophy—Reference to the Utilitarian philosophy.

It is a great, most extensive Cattlefold—Materialistic view of the Universe.

Herschel—(1792-1871) Great astronomer.

Exudations—Exhatations ; gases given off.

Nosology—The science of diseases.

Elephantine leprosy—" Elephantiasis is a name applied to various diseases which cause the skin to resemble the

hide of an elephant. One such disease (*Elephantiasis Graecorum*) is oftn identified with leprosy" (Hughes).

It is all according to the order of Nature—If Nature, the whole Universe, be without a purpose and a Maker it follows to reason that the events happening in it must also be "Humbugs."

Enchanted St. Ives—These terms have been explained in notes on Book I.

Paras. 5–9 *Just now the most flourishing religion is the Popish religion. But what a religion! It is all insincerity and show. The aged Pope not being able to perform his functions on Corpus Christi Day, a stuffed figure is employed by him to bless the worshippers gathered for the paternal blessing. Religion is taken by this Pope and his followers to mean nothing more than a scenic phantasmagory of candles and rituals. This much is however to be said of the Pope that he is able to do a lot of good. His Jesuits prove heroes in times of plague, and further, he is so frank and thorough about the whole business of scenery and ritual. He does his scenic work even better than professional actors.*

In these years—In the second quarter of the 19th century there was a definite tendency in England in favour of the Roman Catholic religion. See the conversion of Newman and the Oxford Movement.

Elle a trois respecte. She is three hundred years old; That is why I respect her.

Jouffroy—A French philosopher.

Corpus Christi. The body of christ.

Rump. Tail; hindquarters,

Amphibious. "Partaking of both lives or natures" Refers to half living Pope, and the half "stuffed" figure of a Pope.

The reference here is to Pope Gregory XVI who was

Pope at the time these lines were written.

Since Chaos first shivered.—And creation began.

Wax-candles, organ blasts . Description of the elaborate ritual of Roman Catholic Church. Carlyle says that the Roman Catholics conceives divine worship to be no more than these scenes and ceremonies.

Gregorian chants. are chants adopted by Pope Gregory the Great in the sixth century.

Monsignori.—Italion nobles.

To save the ignorant from worse. Carlyle admits that the Roman Catholic form of worship, even though it consist of the atrical scenery only, is better than no worship at all.

I say not who are Belial's elect. I cannot decide who are the greatest infidels or Satan-worshippers, the elect of the devil. (Carlyle means to say that he might think the Roman Catholic to be misguided in their worship, but he will not say that they are the chosen of the devil ; they have many good points).

Has in him more good. Carlyle admits that the Roman Catholic Church has many beneficent activities to its credit. It organises (1) charity (2) medical and religious aid at a time when all other people run away from the bedside of the dying (3) and it keeps up remembrance of God in some shape.

Is he not as a perpetual death's head......grave of a Christianity. Carlyle says that true Christianity is dead, universal heroism lies in a grave, but the Roman Catholic Church keeps up the remembrance of that which once was, and also proclaims the great motto of Christianity "Resurgam"——"I shall arise," comforting people with the news of Christ's Resurrection (reference to Corpus Christi festivals and such other anniversaries). ("Death's head and cross-bones" or "Skull and cross-bones" are an emblem of

mortality. The cross-bones are to human thigh bones laid across one anothar')

To all of us the day will come...... Carlyle hopes that a day will come when instead of believing in dead ritual and superstition we shall again believe in a living religion.

Scenic Theory of Worship. Belief in the worship of scenery and rituals.

Jacobinism. Revolutionary party of extreme republicans in the reign of Terror in France.

Orcus. Latin name for Hades, the abode of the dead.

Groby Pool is thatched with pancakes. "A Leicestershire saying, Groby Pool being large sheet of water in that country." (Huges).

Jeannie Deans. The heroine in Scott's *Heart of Midlothian*.

Squallacci—Italian rendering of the English word "Squall". By this coinage Carlyle refers humorously to Italian masters of music.

Calmucks—A Tartar or Mongol tribe.

Drury-lane. A well-known London theatre.

A great way within the three-hundred—Reference to Jouffroy's statement that the Roman Catholic Church is good for another 300 years.

Not have a penny to make his pot boil—Carlyle's prophecy has not been fulfilled. The Roman Catholic Church is now stronger than ever.

And himself and his stage-properties......forever mose—Carlyle thought that the end of the Roman Catholic Church was near.

Paras 10—14. *Why go to Rome to see how plantasms*

have substituted themselves for Reality ? In England we can see the some thing. The whole of English life is a phantasm' a night mare. Its arisiocra y is no aristocracy. The Champion of England is a sham-Champion. Not only is "aevil-dusi" in Yorkshire cloth, but there is adulteration in everything whatsoever. The seven-feet high hat in the stra·d is not a comic sight, but an instance of E glish puffery and hollowness. We live in an age of advertisement and quackery.

Aristocracy has become Phantasm Aristocracy—And noblemen have forgotten their duties and responsibilities. They do not now say "Nobelesse Oblige".

Careful only for the wages—Noblemen now want only the wages or rewards of their superior position (without undertaking the necessary responsibility).

Millocracy—The new aristsocracy of mill-owners or industrialists.

Though as yet as blind one—Now the Millocracy is quite awake (and it is being superseded in its turn by the Aristocracy of labour or of the proletariat).

Wrestles—Description of the battle for supremacy between the Lord on the one hand and the middle class industrialists on the other, in the 19th century.

Which fancies itself still to be a gaint—The noblemen still think they are powerful (but they do not know that the millowners are getting the better of them).

Cope—Covering.

Devil's dust—impurity arising from impure wool. This is a term of the woolen mills.

You are lucky if you can find now any good Paper—Because adulteration is the order of the day.

Great Hat—Reference to a hat taken in the streets to advertise a particular shop's wares.

But his wholeindustry is to persuade us—By puffery and advertisement.

Which the maker has long long ceased to meddle with—Reference to the deistic philosophy.

We natives—We men of England.

We take it for granted—That a man's wares must be what he advertises them to be.

What would Carlyle have said about the advertisement and puffing in the twentieth century?

Paras 15—17. *Nature's laws are eternal. This falsehood and make believe must be punished. It is no rhetoric to say so, but it is something mathematically true. England is rushing towards destruction because of the worship of Speciosity and Mammon. It becomes frightful when a whole Nation has forgotten God.*

On the broad way—Reference to St. Matthew 7: "Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in threat."

Rhetoric all this?—Do you think all these statements are only high sounding words?

Cocker's Arithmetic—A stock work of the time.

Unless indeed the Law of Gravitation chance to cease—Only when Laws of Nature, like the Law of Gravitation, cease to work will this eternal law cease to work, namely, that perdition follows in the wake of Untruth.

Vivats—Exclamation of applause.

Their noble ancestors—Like Abbots Samsons of the 12th century.

In Manchester Insurrections—*i. e.* Contemporary upheavals.

When yourself-trumpeting Hatmakers..... Shoe-blacks— *i. e.* When your shopkeepers governors, priests, coolies all become simply quacks and self-advertisers.

Not with a comic feeling but with a *tragic sense* of impending destruction.

CHAPTER 2

GOSPEL OF MAMMONISM

Introductory Remarks

Formerly men's conduct was regulated by faith in God and a belief in Heaven and Hell. Nowadays Englishmen use plentifully the word "Hell", but what is their conception of Hell? It is nothing but the terrifying prospect of not making money. Modern Society is held together by only one bond—cash payment. Human beings think that there is no other link between themselves that of money. God is forgotton, only Mammon is remembered. Then certain events happen and we are rudely shaken into understanding dimly that Society is held together by some other bond than of money-making One destitute woman catches a disease and a score of persons are infected by her since she is an outcast and is not taken care of. Thus is the proof given that though men acknowledge not their relationship with her, nature forces them to recognise the relationship. Verily our relationship with one another is not the economic bond only.

There is, however, one good thing about Manmonism. It is at least a superior Gospel to the Gospel of Dilettantism. The Gospel of Mammonism makes men work, makes them earnest about some thing, the Gospel of Dilettantism makes them earnest about nothing. So there is some hope of the redemption of Mammon-lovers, but no such hope can be entertained of followers of the other Gospel.

Paras 1—4. *Heaven and Hell seem to have passed into*

terms of fable, but they are a fact. The word Hell is still used among English people. There is one thing of wh ch they are mortally in fear, even as precedi‥g ‚enerations were afraid of Hell,—and that is the terror of not making mo‥ey. Good that Mamm‥nism creates this Hell, makes men earnest about something and makes them work, even it be only to make money.

They have got a fabulous or semi-fabulous character— Men think of Heaven and Hell as they think of the old fables and mythologies. (Heaven and Hell seem to be poetic terms giving rise to some images and similitudes).

Lake of Sicilian or other sulphur—Most of the sulphur in Europe comes from the volcanic region of Sicily. (Hell) wa imagined in old days ta be a burning lake of sulphur ... ..where the souls of the demned were burnt and tortured etc).

Infinite of Terror, of Hope, of Pity—Carlyle gives the meaning of Heaven to be "Infinite of Hope, of Pity," and the meaning of Hell to be "Infinite of Terror".

Liberalism—The predominant creed of the progressives in the 19th century (corresponding Socialism or Labour in the 20th).

Only men can discern—That there is Heaven (Infinite of Hope), and Hell (Infinite of Terror)

Arachnes—Spiders. This allusion has already been explained (Those among men who are degraded in their souls, and have animalism in them will not believe in a Heaven and Hell. Others will. Beavers and Arachnes stand for rich millowners and capitalists, who build palaces and factories ; Vultures and Wolves stand for those who prey upon others in human Society by cunning or by force).

Before the just judge—On the day of judgment.

P uto—The ruler of the under-world where men go after death.

Is not that a somewhat singular Hell—Is it not strange to find that the one thing of which Englishmen are infinitely afraid is this that they will be poor, and will not be able to make money.

Heaven—for Englishmen is the making of money.

Working Mammonism—i. e. Capitalist-manufactures.

Idle game preserving Dilettantism—Lazy noble men given to hunting and dilettante pursuits.

There is endless hope in work—Carlyle prefers the industrious worker for money to the idle aristocrat, for the former has at least earnestness about him and some day the might be able to transfer his earnestness to a better line than that of making money. But there is no hope of such a thing occurring in the life of the lazy inane aristocrat.

Paras 5—10. *Mammonism does make us believe in strange conclusions about human Society. It makes us feel that we should not be mutually helpful and that our sole link with another should be that of cash payment. We have become Atheistic, or if we believe in God we believe in a God who has nothing actively to do with human concerns. We leave our poorer brethren to take care of themselves since we recognise one bond only among men, that of money. But incidents, such as the one related by Dr. Alison how one diseased destitute woman killed seventeen other human beings by infecting them, prove definitely that all men are brethren. In the face of all these facts to follow Mammonism is to be a simple goose and nothing else.*

Our life is not a mutual helpfulness—If we call ourselves members of (human) Society we should at least feel it our duty to be of help to one another.

The rich Millowner.—Thinks that the moment he pays wages to his labourers he is under no more obligation to them, (whereas because they are men they are his brethren).

Promises so much.—Writes a promissory note of so

much amount.

Woe to him.—For if he does not make good his promise, he will be sued in a court of law......

That cannot be pleaded for in Courts of Requests.—That do not lie with the jurisdiction of civil courts. (Courts of Requests were "tribunals both local nd metropolitan, for the recovery of small debts. They were superseded in 1846 by the County Courts") (Hughes.)

But nothing mare.—Men will recognise only moneyclaim, enforceable in a court of law, but they not recognise the higher claims of humanity, and fraternity.

Two centuries of Atheistic Government.—Since the Restoration of Charles II in 1660. Carlyle's hero is Oliver Cromwell, and Carlyle's opinon was that after the death of Cromwell and disappearance of Puritanism England ceased to be religious and became atheistical.

And are now, very ominously, shuddering.—And are now about to fall.

Capsule.—Small gelatine case for holding a dose of medicine.

Is not like a clockmaker.—See notes to Chapter 5, Book I.

No man ever saw.—His own soul, so he may well say that there is no such thing as "soul."

Bridgewater Bequests—"The Revd Francis Henry 8th Earl of Bridgewater (1756—1829), left £8000 for the best work on "The Goodness of God as manifested in the Creation" which was divided among the eight authors of the 'Bridgewater Treatise's."

Accordingly denies it.—He finds it esay to say that there is no God (and gets rid of a good many complications.)

Gas ligthed Histrionism.—Compare the description of Roman Catholic ritual in the preceding chapter, "Histrionism" means the art of stage-playing.

Though He slay me, yet will I not trust in him.—Job, who had faith in God. Said "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him: but I will maintain mine own ways before Him." The true devotee of God will profess confidence in God in the above manner, even though he be tortured and slain. But once faith in God goes, and Atheists and Quacks come to rule, what faith, what resignation, can there be in the world ?

Gehenna and the Pool.—Hell and the lake of fire.

Humane Physician.—Dr. Alison.

She proves her sisterhood.—By communicating disease to them.

As the old Spartans would have done.—In ancient Sparta weaklings were not tolerated. Sickly children were killed.

Compendiously.—Briefly.

Even that is "Impossible".—Because of sentimental or legal objections.

Goose. "A foolish or ignorant person is called a *goose* because of the alleged stupidity of this bird."

CHAPTER 3

GOSPEL OF DILETTANTISM

Introductory Remarks

In the preceding chapter Carlyle castigated the lovers of money. Now he takes up for castigation the lazy, inane aristocrats, with their mincing, insincere speech, idle glitter and epigrams, butterfly-pursuits of various arts and sciences, and aimlessness of existence. He compares them to the Dwellers of the Dead Sea who could perceive no

grace in prophet Moses and listened not to his teaching, wherefore they were turned into Apes. Carlyle condemns the dilettantes more than the Mammonites, for them former find the whole universe to be nothing but a piece of humbug.

Paras 1—4. *Those gospel of Dilettantism is more hopeless than that of Mammonism. These idle gamepreserving, fashionable. D› nothing, insincere. canting aristocrats have no earnestness about them at all.*

Governing class —Nobles.

Sized some portion.—*e. g.* the gospel of work.

Mayfair.—"A fashionable district of Landare"

Some other classes of creatures.—See Book I Chapter 4.

Incarnate Word.—Cf. St. John I, "In the beginning was the word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God" The Logos; in the Stoic philosophy, the active principle living in and determining the world. (Carlyle is complaining that the dilettante, speaks insincerely, he speaks the things he does not think).

No man——speaks a plain word to me.—The dilettante does not speak plain language. but uses eigrams, and ornaments, to show himself off as a wiptty person. He grins continually (like a monkey).

Epigrammatic —Concise and pointed.

Ach Himmel.—Oh heavens. (German).

Para 5—7. *The story of Moses and Dwellers by the Dead Sea describes the doom of the dilettante. It is said that this tr.be did not listen to Moses or find pleasure in his company, so Moses went away from them, and they were turned into chattering and grinning Aner. They made no use of their souls and so lost them. The some fate has befallen the dilettunte tribe.*

Asphaltic Lake.—"Large masses of asphalt are frequently cast up to the surface of the Dead Sea by earthquakes."

Deeper Lake.—Of Hell.

Half-consciousness.—*i. e.* a dim perception of their former state (when they were human beings and had a soul).

Meseems they are grown somewhat numerous—Reference to the dilettante tribe of English aristocrats.

CHAPTER 4

HAPPY

Introductory remarks.

Carlyle preaches in this chapter a favourite doctrine of his, namely, that man has no right to be happy in this world. It is only the cowardly, the wreached, who seek the good things of life i. e. comfort and ease ? A man should do his duty, and should find his greatest joy in his work. "The only happiness a brave man ever troubled himself with asking much about was happiness enough to get his work done." Let him only have patience and he will see that his pains and miseries have brought him blessedness. The Utilitarian philosophy, which constructs its theory of human duties on Greatest-Happiness principle, is a shortsighted philosophy. The life of men, as of gods, figures itself to us a sublime sadness ; our religion is the religion of Sorrow and not of Happiness.

Carlyle has been criticised for insisting that the performance of duty in life is intrinsically an unpleasant job. The Utilitarians might have been wrong in applying the greatest-happiness principle to human life, for all things noble in this world are not to be measured by a "hedonistic calculus". But why should we go on shrieking like the ancient Hebrew prophets that man's existence, essentially,

is a piece of sorrow, and that virtue is synonymous with misery? Carlyle seems to have been afflicted with the idea (derived from the Old Testament) that man has been driven out from Heaven and condemned to labour on earth.

However, we do not quarrel with Carlyle when he preaches the dignity, nay happiness of work when he says, rather rhetorically, that the one unhappiness of a man is that he cannot work.

Para 1. *In man's life the only noble thing is work, the performance of duty Man is not born to live a life of happiness, his highest religion is "Worship of Sorrow" It is wrong, nay cowardly, to seek happiness, that is freedom from pain and misery. The reason of the ineffectiveness of our pleadings in Parliament and elsewhere is that we are selfish in our pleadings. The Greatest-Happiness principle results only in unhappiness. When Byron proclaims his unhappiness he is voicing the fellings of a whole multitude. It is really not of the slightest consequence that a man is unhappy.*

Our highest religion is named the "worship of sorrow"— Carlyle derived this phrase, if not the idea from Goethe who talks of three Religions, one based on reverence for those *above* us, the second based on reverence for those *equal* to us, while the third and the highest—the Christain religion—is based on reverence for those *below* us. This third religion is the *worship of sorrow*, and as it to be seen from the life of Christ. It finds the divine in "humility, in mockery and despite, disgrace and wretchedness, suffering and death". In *Sartor Resartus* Carlyle has elaborated this idea.

Son of Man crown of thorns—Reference to Jesus Christ when Christ was crucified he had a crown of thorns placed on his head.

Whipster—worthless little fellow.

Impossible even for the Gods—When even the life of

the Gods is not a life of uniform ease, how can man hope for such a thing?

Slavonic—Russain.

But from the stomach—*i. e.* to serve our material ends.

But, I doubt, you will never get even bacon by aiming only at that.—Carlyle's argument is that a higher thing than the Stomach is the Soul, a higher consideration than the Greatest Happiness consideration is the principle of Greatest-Nobleness or Virtue. If men care simply for material comforts("plenty of bacon"),and in society and politics advocate beneficent measures (like Free-trade) just to promote the happiness of the greatest number, they will fail. They will even not be happy Their pleadings will be unfruitful Man lives not by bread alone, and he should look farther than mere happiness and worldly ease.

Byron's—Poetry is full of discontent. Some of the last lines he wrote were:

> My days are in the yellow leaf.
> The fruits and flowers of love are gone.
> The worm, the canker, and the grief.
> Are mine alone.

There is no question whatever of the 'happiness.'—Since man's stay in this world is so brief why should he care of happines? There are other things more pressing of attention.

Thou knowest not.—That those sorrows have conferred upon you blessedness, and have cure you of vices and disciplined you into a better man. ("Sanative" means that which heals).

Gourmandising.—Overeating.

Misanthrope, – A cynical and dissatisfied man with no faith in life.

Paras 7—9. The man who is obsessed by the idea of happiness will not be heroic. The only happiness a man should care for should be the happiness of work. If a man cannot work let him complain of his unhappiness otherwise not.

Pothering. – Making a bustle.

He is not the man that will help us. —*i. e.* he is not the man to be a hero, a governor.

Increase the number. —Of knaves and dastards.

The night.—Of death and darkness.

Eupeptic Curtis. – Curtis who has good digestion.

Epicurus – (341—270 B C.) regarded "Virtue as having no value in itself; but only in so far as it offered us something an agreeable life." His philosophy has wrongly been identified with the philosophy of "Eat, drink live and be merry."

Job.—whom God tried with afflictions. The reference here is to the line in Job : "He took him a potsherd to scrape himself.

Giaours.—One of the metrical romances of Lord Byron Giaour the discontented moody outlaw, is no other than Lord Byron himself.

Our work remains. – (Man's life is short, but his work is long-lived).

Brief brawling Day. —Of earthly existence.

Divine everlasting Night. — Of Eternity.

He would cease criticising his victuals or wages.—(He would cease to calculate what happiness he has got, and what he has not.

What he does with his victuals. – *i. e.* what work does

he do in the circumstances in which he is placed (or with the wages he gets).

CHAPTER 5

THE ENGLISH

Introductory Remarks

Carlyle is careful to point out that his fulminations against the English do not mean that he has a low opinion of them. On the other hand he is conscious of their great merit, which is that they can do great acts but not describe them. He has no hesitation in pronouncing that of all the nations the English are the stupidest in speech, the wisest in action The greatness of this race is unconscious. so much the better from them In this they might be compared to the antique Romans. The work done by Englishman is marvellous ; the Englishman has proved himself "irresistible against marshes, mountains. impendiments, disorder, uncivilisation " If you listen to an Englishman you might think his capable of platitudes only. but when you look at his work you cannot withhold admiration.

The Englishman is a born conservative, slow and seemingly stupid in motion. This conservation is a solid endowment. it does not betoken a blackhead but a wise man who believes in customs and precedents. The Englishmen do not believe in logic and Baconian inductions in their conduct, they believe in rules and regulations or customs found useful in practice ; and they are right. Logic would land them into a morass.

The English may be silent, but when they are roused they can be heroically angry. They have produced heroes like Cromwell and Hampden. Once these brave people become impatient of a wrong they act with a terrible swiftness and sureness. Would that this conservative nation were convinced that Truth and Justice alone are capable of being conserved ! It is high time that they cut away the bough that is diseased in order to save the entire

tree (of the Nation). Such patently unjust laws as the Corn Laws should be abolished at once.

These remarks of Carlyle show that he is an optimist at heart and that he expects great things of the English nation. The curious reader might compare Emerson's remarks on the English in *English Traits* with Carlyle's enlogy. Carlyle was, first and last, a lover of facts. It was a fact that the English nation was the first nation, foremost in everything, and he could not ignore this fact. The explanation he found in the silent strength, robust common sense, and manly courage of the English race.

Paras 1—3. *Englishmen may, in theory, be given to platitudes, but there is great practical sense in them. They can do great acts, but not describe them. The Englishman is like the noble steed, inarticulate in neighing, but splendid in gestures and action. He is not like the barking dog. The English may be compared to the silent Romans, they are very different from the evertalking Frenchmen.*

Theoretic platitudes. Platitudes or absurd nothings as far as abstract thinking is concerned.

There is still hope. Carlyle is not a pessimist.

Their Epic Poem is written on the Earth's surface.

The great achievements of the English race are not written in an *Iliad* or an Epic poem, but they are marked on the surface of the world (reference to the British empire and the part played by English in modern civilisation).

England her Mark. The expression is used by a man who is not able to write, and hence makes his mark instead of a signature.

Raphael. (1487—1520) Greatest of Italian painters.

Reynolds. (1732—92) Greatest of English painters (He is no match for Raphael).

Mozart. (175—1791) Master musician.

Mr. Bishop (1786—1855) An opera conductor.

Spoke of the Horse—Carlyle says that the Englishman with his essential nobleness and inarticulate expression, is like the noble animal, horse.

Should stand obstruction in expressing its qualities by means of speech.

A Dog can express itself freely, (but what substance has it within ?)

Nay, the silent Russian too I believe to be worth something—Carlyle's forecast has come true. In many respects the Russians are now the most notable nation in the world.

French.—Carlyle admired the English, the German, and the Russian races. But he had no opinion of the Frenchmen who he thought were babblers, and gay dandies only.

Simia.—*i. e.* the Donkey Family.

Paras 4—6. *A man's speech or writing is regarded as summing him up. But a man's work is still more a summary of him. The man of practice appears to be stupid in comparison to the smart man of theory but it is he who wins in the end. Take the instance of rugged Brindley. He cannot talk like the Man of Theory but he meditates in silence and is then able to chain the seas together.*

An epitome of the man.—Cf. Carlyle in his essay *On Richter Again* : "That ideal outline of himself which a man unconsciously shadows forth in his writings, and which, rightly deciphered, will be truer than any other representation of him.

He had such capacity of harmonising......These words are supposed to be uttered by nature. (Carlyle believes that no work can be performed except by falling into a line with the forces and Laws of Nature).

Nature finds a bill against you——i. e Nature files a suit or case against you.

Some light adroit Man of Theory.—The man who can talk and (not work) seems on the outside to be very smart and clever.

Arrow-arguments.—Arguments which can be immediately discharged, like arrows.

A congruity with the unuttered.—Harmony or agreement (with that which is to be done), not with that which is to be spoken of.

The rugged Brindley.—Is here taken as the type of the silent, uneducated, but eminently practical British workman. James Brindley was a great engineer, connected with the building of the earliest canals and railway terminels.

His logic arrow glances from it as from a scaly dragon—The dragons with scales, in the old fables, could not be harmed by arrows discharged at them even so Nature's facts do not allow themselves to be caught hold of by a mere "logic-chopper", an argumentative talker.

Paras 7—10. *In spite of the poets England has produced the English are a dumb nation. They are stupidest in speech, the wisest in action. In their unconsciousness lies their strength. Look at the achievements of the English race. The Russians are also a dumb nation, so were the ancient Romans. These nations have been empire builders because of their unconscious and silent strength. John Bull cannot speak. If he is asked to speak he will speak in a dull manner. But set him to work and will find him a terrible nay, irresistible worker. If on the one hand John Bull is show and stupid on the other hand he is the man who can promise you stable equilibrium in whatever he does. His insensiblility to logic is his saving gift, and it is that which gives rise to a hope that with silent meditation he will find a way out of his present enchanted condition.*

Bull.—John Bull is "the national nickname for an Englishman, represented as a bluff, kind-hearted bullheaded farmer. The character is from Dr. Arbuthnot's satire. The *History cf John Bull*" Brewer).

Levity.—Lightness of weight or temper.

Vis inertioe.—"The force of solidity."

Thv epic, unstung in words ..Planet.—Carlyle has made this statement before. Here he enumerates some of the solid achievements of the English nation. ("New Holland" is Australia).

Legible.—That may be read; that may be understood.

Greekdoms—The Romans conquered the Greeks, but they borrowed their literature or speech from the Greeks. The Roman writing were, largely, an imitation of the immortal writings of the Greeks.

Thews—Muscles.

Great honour to him—Carlyle says that nations (like the Greeks) who produce true epics like Homer's *Ili d* written not in jingling verse but grand poetry are admirable, but still more admirable are nations like the English and the Romans whose epics are empires.

Informed.—Given form to.

You stand silent ...platitude.- John Bull talk something silly so silly that you can hardly believe that he is so stupid.

Are unexampled in this world.—For the stupidity underlying these national "expressions."

Fate's prophecy is fulfilled—Reference to para 7· "The Fates sing of thee that there shalt many times be thought an ass and dull ox."

Irresistible against marshes...incivilisation—A recoun-

tal of English achievements. The Englishman has triumphed over natural obstacles like marshes and mountains, and social obstacles like disorder and incivilisation.

Retired to his bed three days.—like Brindley.

Barrel-heads.—A barrel is the usual platform of an orator who addresses an open-air meeting in England.

Stable equillibrium.—Reference to the solid and enduring character of the achievements of the English race.

He will retire three days .....two.—Carlyle is hopeful that the stupied wise English race will manage to find out a way from their present *impasse*.

Three years "total stagnation of trade"—From 1840 to 1842.

Paras 11—16. *John Bull is a Conservative, and a great respecter of customs and precedents. That is very good. If he were not so conservative how could he get through his enormous business? If he kept his books on the log cal method, he might as well close them. The English are a patient race, but when their anger is oused the are terrible in their fury. Would that this conservative race realised that they should conserve only Truth and Justice. Then they would be wise conservatives. They would cut away the diseased bough to conserve the tree itself. If this perception accrued to the Engl sh race they would no allow the unjust Corn Laws to remain an hour, for all the gold and silver in the world.*

Conservative.—In politics is one who desires to preserve the institutions of his country against innovation and change ; one averse to change and progress.

Patient of much error in actualities.—*i. e.* They will tolerate a great deal of error in things that be (but they will be unwilling to go in for a change.)

Radical Reformer.—Who is the very opposite of the conservative.

None.—There must be a change always, for "old order changeth, yielding place to new."

Baconian Induction.—Method of reasoning from particular cases to general conclusion by the process of *observation*, *hypothesis* and *verification*. Bacon is (erroneously) thought to have been the founder of this method.

Berserkir-rage—The old scandinavians used actually to strip the body naked before going into battle, and went in wildly without even a shirt. Literrally 'naked rage' from old English, besyrcan without shirt.

Cromwell, Hampdens, Pyms, Bradshaws—Great, English patriots and fighters for liberty. Pym was the leader of the Parliamentarians who opposed Charles I, and was one of the "five members" to come under the wrath of that king. Bradshaw was the presiding judge at the trial of Charles I.

Teutsch—Teutonic, Agrippa, a Roman Emperor.

Agrippa—Roman general who carried on a campaign against the Germans (in B. C 38) and found the enemy to be very brave and truth speaking. (Carlyle says that the English are brave and true like their German forefathers).

Have taken very preternatural spectres—Reference to the brave manner in which Englishmen have tackled mighty tyrants (like the Stuart Kings with their "divine right of kings".

Decapitable—One whose head *can* be cut off.

Away, ye scandalous—Englishmen's brave challenge and warning to tyrants and evil systems.

My conservative friends—Carlyle is making an appeal to the conservative party in England to abolish Corn Laws

in the name of Truth and Justice.

The bough that is dead shall be cut away—Carlyle compares the dead bough to the unjust Corn-Laws which spoil the growth and life of the whole Tree (the Nation). He appeals to the conservatives to cut away this bough because its continuance would poison the tree itself.

Five millions......' rejoice potatoes"—Reference to the five millions of poor (Irishmen) who are starving and cannot get anything but potatoes to eat Insolent aristocrats point to these men and say that it does those poor men good to eat potatoes.

CHAPTER 6

TWO CENTURIES

Introductory Chapter

In this Chapter Carlyle affirms that after the Restoration of 1660 religion has disappeared from England, and atheism come instead. In 1660 Puritanism and Republicanism come to an end, and since that date the Government in England has had only one aim : "to support the Four Pleas of the Crown, and keep Taxes coming in." The theories and speculations of Hume and Paine have come to be accepted with the result that England has become godless.

But in these two centuries one good thing has happened. The English people being driven to express their natural love of Truth and Fact in some way or the other, they have expressed it in their empires and manufactures. The noblest feature of English life in the two centuries following the Restoration has been this Practical Labour. It has been the one Voice of God heard in the two atheistic centuries.

Carlyle warns his countrymen to recognise it clearly that this Labour is a Voice of God, and not a Voice of Profit-and-Loss. He wants them to believe in the God

and Labour and not the Mammon-God. He wants labour to become a seeing national giant, to have a soul, and to take its place on the throne kicking out Mammon from its present privileged position.

In this Chapter Carlyle first touches on the theme of Book III, namely "The modern Worker" He will discuss the problems of Labour and work hereafter, but in this chapter he indicates it strongly that the one gratifying feature in the life of England in the last two centuries has been the rise of Labour, and the great achievements of Labour.

Paras 1—3. *The settlement effected by the Restoration of Monar hy in England in 1660, seemed to promise an era of hope for the country. But actually it has resulted in a settleme t of despair. The end of Governme t is to guide men aright both in matters relating to this world and the next, but in the l st two centuries all that the Government has done is to abolish religion and care for only the "four Pleas of the crown" and the collection of taxes.*

The settlement. Reference to the Restoration of Charles II in 1660 which was welcomed by the English nation with bonfires and acclamations.

A settlement as of despair. Carlyle, as a "worshipper" of Oliver Cromwell, must condemn the Restoration since it undid the work of Cromwell and the Puritans.

Governing by the Christian Law of God. Reference to the rule of the Puritans in England (from 1640 to 1660).

Great Day. when God comes again to Judge the world.

Nell Wyman. A favourite mistress of Charless II.

Cromwell's body hung... Carlyle has already spoken of it in Chapter 3 of Book I

Arriving at our inn. Ironically said.

Four Pleas of the Crown. Hughes quotes from a Dic-

tionary : "Pleas of the Crown in Scotland be 4, robbery, rape, murder, and wilful fire .....with us they be all suits in the King's name against offences committed against his Crown and dignity, or against his Crown and Peace".

High Church. Differs from Law Church in its insistence on ceremonials.

Paras 4—6. *What has England achieved in these two centuries ? In the region of the spirit there has been a setback. Athei m and cant have come in with the theories and speculations of Hume and Paine. But one good thing has happened. These centuries have seen great material progress in England, like the building of empires and manufactures. It is the result of the Practical Labour of England.*

Hund and Warburton Writes on theology.

Hume and Paine. Hume (1711-1776) was a great sceptical philosopher and historian. Paine, (1737-1809), wrote the famous *Rights of Man* in reply to *Burkers Reflections on the French Revolution*, and became the exponent of revolutionary ideas of equality and liberty.

(See Appendix to notes on this book).

Are sunk into the sere and Yellow leaf ...i. e. no one reads their theological writings.

The Oracles have been dumb. (A phrase taken from Milton's *Nativity Ode*). A most unjust statement

Turns out to have been trivial. Carlyle is manifestly absured He could appreciate only the German literature.

Waste desert shrubs have become cotton-trees. Carlyles tribute to the colonising and manufacturing genius of the English people.

Paras 7—8. *We do not realize that this rise of Labour is a Voice of God speaking to us. We have thought of it only as a matter of Profit and-loss. The God of Labour is different from the God of Mammon : it is high time that we dethroned Mammon and set up Labour in the seat of honour and authority.*

Obscurations. Darkenings.

Demiu gus. – "In the Platonic philosophy, the maker or creator of the world : in certain later system, as the gnostic, a being subordinate to the Supreme Being, and sometimes conceived as the author of evil."

Which is yet to be the king of this Earth.—Carlyle's prophecy is being fulfilled.

Labour must become a seeing rational Giant... The lesson of Carlyle's *Past and Present*. This line sums up, in a way, Carlyle's message in political field.

CHAPTER 7

OVER-PRODUCTION

Introductory Remarks

In a sarcastic manner Carlyle exposes the hollowness of the pretensions of the rich parasitic, landowners in England. These men defended their monopoly of corn and unjust Corn Laws by proclaiming themselves as benefactors of the country. They condemned the industrialists and attributed the woes of the country to the over production of goods Carlyle points out that far from over-production there was actually not sufficiency of goods to clothe and feed millions of poor men in England. The government was in the hands of the parasitic landowners who did not care for the state of the working classes, all their care being for increase of rents. These parasites actually took pride in being not *producers* but *consumers* of goods. If there was over-production it was the duty of governing cl ss to make a fair distribution and to apportion wages to work.

Paras 1 – 4. *The governing class accuse the workers of over production, a very strange accusat on indeed But is it not the duty of this class to guard against gluts, and apportion wages to work? Do they not know that millions of people have go no food, no shirts? Still they take pride in the fact that t*

produce nothing, and consume every thing rapidly. They even feel that the community should be grateful to them for this consumption. That is why they defend their monopoly of wheat and game, and pass Corn Laws to increase their rents.

Govering class.—Of landowners.

Fustian cassimere ..Kinds of cloth.

Epergnes, commods ..**sofas.**—Articles of domestic use. (Epergnes are ornamental stands for large dishes, chiffoniers are ornamental cupboards)

Howel-and-Jameses.—A large retail firm of merchants in London.

Glut.—Over-supply.

I say, you were appointed If there is overproduction it is the duty of the government to apportion wages to work, and make an equitable distribution.

Money coins .....gallows ropes.—*i. e.* the good, workman to be paid his wages and the wicked man to be hanged.

Shores of the Dead Sea.—See chapter 3 of Book III.

We take the Heavens .. . at all.—Sarcastic. The landowners are parasites, they do not produce anything.

Certain fox brushes nailed... mailed up there—The landowners say that the only thing they produce is the branches made from the tails of the foxes they have hunted down, and which are put as a trophy.

Melton Mowbray.—"Is a hunting centre in Leicestershire"

Mountains of those of your heaped.... to eat—The idle aristocracy is proud of the fact that it eats so much drinks

so much, and consumes so much of cloth and all other things. It prides itself on the rapidity with which it swallows things (like ostriches and cormorants).

Are not your filthy mills.—In the 19th century the noblemen still looked down upon the manufacturers. They thought of the industrialists as filthy moneygrabbers putting up filthy smoky, factories on the fair fields they rented from them (the nobles).

Here is the ultimate rock basis of all corn laws.—*i. e.* The Corn Laws take their stand finally upon this fact.

If we chose to grow ......*i. e.*—If we decide henceforth to grow only that much corn as would suffice for our own needs, and converted the rest of our land into game preserves.

Gneiss Rock.—A species of stratified rock composed of quartz, feldspar, and mica.

Doggerbank.—A sand bank which is a good fishing ground.

Trident.—i. e. if I could carry a threepronged, scaptre like that Neptune, God of the Sea.

You affright me—By your proprietory airs and your argument that you are doing good to others by allowing wheat to grow at all.

Paras 5—8.—*Mammonism is bad, but this idle Aristocracy is worse. The man who works is any day better than the idler. What will all the legal deeds of possession avail the idler when the day of reckoning comes? Let him be warned betimes and "retire three days" to bed to ponder.*

Millo-cracy.—The rich owners of the Mills.

Old-parchments.—The old documents which secure to the idle rich their estates and wealth.

Anomaly.—Irregularity; that which is abnormal or deviating from the rule.

They are young.—As compared to God's creation (and hence they will not avail when opposed to the divine laws).

Our heart's wish is save thee.—If the nobleman remains a parasite upon society he must needs be pulled down one day by a revolution or some other agency.

Somnambulist state.—State of sleep-walking.

CHAPTER 8

UNWORKING ARISTOCRACY

Introductory Remarks.

This chapter continues the theme discussed in the preceding chapter. Carlyle examines more closely, the pretensions of the Unworking Aristocracy. The latter claim that they are the masters of Land, that they made the Land of England. Carlyle tells them emphatically that it is not they who have made the land of England, but it is true that they possess it and that possession makes them the governing class. Being governors the duty devolves upon them to govern well; they cannot sit aside and let men perish. These noblemen not only do no help, but they actually make mischief. The working Aristocracy will be forced into reforming themselves. There is no such hope of the fox-hunting aristocracy which is surely marching to an abyss.

How can a man be a nobleman who lives luxuriously but refuses to work, refuses to attend to his responsibilities? True nobleness consists in valiant suffering for others and not in a slothful making others suffer for us. True noblemen in all ages have been toilers, martyrs, and sufferers. The legal deeds confirming a nobleman in his hereditary possessions are not the supreme thing in the Universe. There are laws of nature anterior to and more

powerful than deeds. And if the landowner misbehaves he will be pulled down by the eternal forces.

As for Corn Laws and such other enactments they will have to be repealed whether the Unworking aristocracy agree or not. But the passing of such laws and maintaining of such laws are forces that are undermining the existence of the aristocracy itself. That is the thing which should be noted by the aristocrats.

If Carlyle had been living to day he would have seen the fulfilment of his words. After 1911 the Lords are no longer a dominant race in the realm. and have to bow to the dictates of the Commons.

Paras 1—6. *Land is the basis of an aristocracy. The man who possesses land automatically becomes a governor It is true that a nation's life depends upon its land In a way land is not something that one can sell to another, it is a possession of all men who have worked upon it ; is the property of God and no other's. The Unworking aristocracy forget that land is a gift of God. They say they have made it—a patent absurdity. Because they happen to possess land, the duty of true government and guidance devolves upon them They will have to answer at the judgment seat of God for every imprisoned worker.*

Aurora—The goddess of dawn.

Land belongs to these two and not to any particular individual. Carlyle speaks like a Socialist, though he does not use the modern slogan, 'nationalisation of land "

Even in the language of Fastcheap Even in the language of the commercial classes.

Is not correct—*i e.* Land has intrinsic value apart from the work done upon it.

The rudest space of country Carlyle wants to prove that land has intrinsic worth apart from the work man do upon it. So he takes this instance : Suppose there is a

country like England not at all cultivated, and the English nation settle upon it without any other possessions except what they have inside themselve (their natural endowments), the rude land would still be of great value to them.

On the other hand—if there be no land and only a skilful nation, nothing could come out of ("On the wing" is a Miltonic phrase.)

Inarable. Incapable of cultivation : unploughable.

Metalliferous, carboniferous.—Metals and coal producing.

Moist with the sweat......*i. e.* Fresh from the hunting field.

Ye are gods, that can create soil.—Ironically said.

St. Stephen's. The place where the Parliament met.

You stand in the front-rank of the accused.—The aristocrat will be held responsible, by God, for the misery of the poor worker.

Paras 7—8. *The worst thing about the Corn Laws is that they are a sign of the degeneracy of the Governing class. If this class does not reform itself and abolish laws it will be surely destroyed. Let it beware while there is time.*

Is independent altogether...... The economic effect of the Corn Laws is nothing compared to the fact that they show the rottenness and mischief-instinct of the aristocrats.

For no Anti-corn-Law League yet asks.—But a time (of Revolution) will come when it will do more; (It will then pronounce the doom of the present governing class.)

Ark of Deliverance. Perhaps an allusion to Noah's Ark. (If the noblemen do not want to be engulfed in a flood, let them build up such an Ark while there is time).

And sit obstinately burning the planks. *i. e.* the Governing class is pursuing a suicidal policy.

Para 9—11. *The Working Aristocracy are culpable. and they require to be reform d. That is allright. but what about the Unworking Aristocracy, the owners of the soul of England? This pasasitic, pampered race must find its duties and do them. otherwise it will have to be abolished. The Working Aristocracy will reform themselves, pushed forward by several forces and agency, but the unworking aristocracy is blind and obstinate a d it is rushing towards a sure abyss. It does not take a lesson even from the French Revolution, and what happened to the aristocrats.*

Freest trade in Corn, total abolition .... The demands made by the manufacturers.

Quarter-Sessions.—Court of Justices of the Peace held once a quarter (The Justices of the Peace would be from the landed gentry, of course.)

That a class of men entitled——say. *i. e.* That such a parasitic and pampered race of men was never seen (Did Carlyle know anything about the imbecile Maharajas and Nawabs in India ?).

It will case to be seen......*i. e.* it will be abolished.

Hippocratic look.—Hippocrates was a famous Greek physician. Hippocratic look is the expression of a man's countenance immediately before death. (Carlyle tells the aristocrats that they appear gay and healthy, but in fact they are on the point of dying).

Kentish Fire—"A prolonged and ordered salvo of applause. or demonstration of impatience and dissent, said to have originated in reference to meetings held in Kent in 1828-9 in opposition to the Catholic Emancipation Bill" (*Oxford Companion to England Literature*).

Mene, Mene.—The handwriting on the wall which

warned Belshazzar that his end was near Daniel interpreted Mene, Mene to mean : "God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it.' (So also the days of the English aristocracy are numbered.)

This was in 1789—Carlyle is referring to the French Revolution which was largely the outcome of the oppression of the poor by the unfeeling aristocracy.

Humau of Meudon Tanneries,—This ghastly story is related as one of the facts of the French revolution.

Paras 12—13.—*No one can call himself a nobleman who is not really noble, who does not suffer for other, A man who lives in luxury, and does not work is not a noblemen. Hercules was a hero because he performed twelve labours An Aristocracy is an aristocracy only when it assumes the post of difficulty, and of danger.*

Chandos clauses—were clauses inserted in the Reform Bill at the instance of Lord Chandos, by which the landlords secured the franchise for all their relatives and kinsmen living upon any one farm.

Il faut payer de saevie"He must pay with his life".

Czar of Russia—This story of working as a labourer is told of peter the Great.

Descend then.—Carlyle appeals to the English aristocrat to remove hunger and ignorance for the land of his birth, and if need be, to sacrifice his life in the attempt.

Piepowder—Trumpery.

The Aristocracy is answerable.—In God's court the noblemen will have to answer for non-performance of the heavy responsibilities devolving upon them by reason of their superior position, *Apparitor* is a court officer).

Paras 14—17. *Parchments or legal tdeeds are vener-*

able, but they will not save the aristocrat from condign punishment in the Court of Nature. The Aristocracy has already suffered some punishment, more is in store for it. Corn-Laws are only a side issue they will have soon to go. But an ari tocracy that made and maintained these laws will have a terrible reckoning to pay, and that is the thing to be noted.

Benedict the Jew. See Chapter 4 of Book II.

Then there is free payment, and an ana omist subject—— *i. e.* Not only does the deficient class institution pay its debt by dying, but it is furthermore useful in furnishing an object-lesson in the laws of Nature" (Hughes).

Reform Bills. These measures successively did away with the power and privileged position of the English aristocracy.

Speaking about things finished.... Carlyle says that the Corn Laws are as good as gone, why then dilate upon them ?

The trade of Anti-Corn-Law—tragic one Carlyle says that the lecturers employed by the Anti-Corn-law league have still to go about and do propaganda work but in reality the Corn Laws are as good as dead, and those lecturers are dealing with matter for tragedy i. e. the death of a tyrant).

At a damage—See Chapter 5 where Carlyle says :

"If I were the Conservative Party of England——I would not for a hundred thousand pounds an hour allow those Corn-Laws to continue".

CHAPTER 9

WORKING ARISTOCRACY

Introductory Remarks

This Chapter is addressed to the Working Aristocracy, that is, the manufacturers and industrialists. Carlyle finds fault with them in this that all their attention is focussed on making money by underselling their rivals. He tells them, "Let inventive men cease to spend their existence incessantly contriving how cotton can be made cheaper ; and try to invent, a little, how *cotton* at its present cheapness could be somewhat *justlier* divided among us". The philosophy of Supply-and-Demand, Competition, *Laissez Faire*—which guides the industrialists is all wrong ; it is a Gospel of Despair. The one care of the Working Aristocracy must be to do honest work. They must believe in the spiritual laws, and know that men are not Patent-Digesters, possessors of a stomach merely, but they have something in them which is vastly more important, namely the soul.

The various troubles from which industry was suffering were due, according to Carlyle, to the wrong policy of Mammon worship, and the unheroic philosophy of Profit-and-Loss. The Working Aristocracy, themselves, laid the blame at the door of such iniquitous laws as the Corn Laws, and outside competition. Now suppose the Corn Laws were abrogated, a temporary period of commercial enterprise was sure to follow, but if in that period the same unspiritual outlook continued, and industrialists cared only for profits, disaster would come speedily—disaster from which there could be no salvation. As for outside competition, expanding population, and such problems, the surest way to meet them was to work honestly, the gods would take care of the rest. The main thing was to revive the old enthusiasm, self sacrifice, and the Christian spirit of preferring the good of the soul to an income of so many thousands a year.

The noteworthy feature of this chapter is Carlyle's

famous prophecy: "Yes, were the Corn-Laws ended tomorrow—this paralysis of industry will pass away. We shall have another period of commercial enterprise". It came literally true, and very soon after the publication of Carlyle's book. It is also true that this prosperity was only for a "Space of Years." England, as the rest of the civilised would are again in the throes of unemployment and "enchantment." The question is, was the happy interval between Carlyll's time and our own days "the last" paroxysm of commercial prosperity? Is England doomed henceforth? Have Carlyle's words any significance for the present generation of Englishmen?

Paras 1—4. *The Working Aristocract of England is in a bad position now, mainly because it is given to Mammon worship. These men attribute their misery to cut-throat-competition from the continentals and such other things. Their whole attention is given to the problem of underselling other nations, whereas it should be devoted to the problem of just distribution of goods. A great nation cannot take its stand upon Laissez—Faire and supply and Demand philosophy. It should take its stand upon honest work. Then the difficulties of expanding population foreign rivals, etc. will soon disappear.*

Getting itself "strangled......Dilettantism." Reference to Corn Laws and other measures (passed by the landowners) with "strangled" industry.

Asinie. Ass-like. (stupied).

Were it even on compulsion......*i.e.* If the manufacturers do not give up worship of wealth, if they refuse to attend to the welfare of the workers, they should be compelled to do so even by threatening them with death.

Depend on selling. Goods cheaper than other people.

Do you make cotton cheaper.— This is 'what Engliands to say to other nations. (But will England say it, to Japan, for instance ?).

Gnomes. Dwarf spirits living inside the earth and guarding its treasures.

Slaves of the lamp. The allusion is to the story of Aladdin (in *Arabian Night's Entertainment*) who had a magic lamp by rubbing which he was able to requisition the service of a genius to perform his biddings.

Cotton Fuzz The fluff or down which floats about in the air of cotton mills

Somewhat justlier divided .....A problem before us, too.

Even with Dilettante partridge-nets .. out of it ? Carlyle says that the manufactures have made themselves so detestable because of there money-grabbing nature, and their indifference to the state of the workmen), that no one would mind if they were abolished even though they suffered intense pain and that the hands of an equally detestable race ——the race of the landowners.

Bursten—Bursting with excess of money.

Wheels and pinions, boblins, straps and billy rollers—Part of the machinery in cotton mills

Paras 5—6. *The philosophy of Laissez-Faire and Supply and Demand is a gospel of despair. It takes for granted that man is simply a Patent Digester. Suppose the Free Trade policy were pursued and Corn Laws abrogated, there must be an era of commercial prosperity. But that brief space of time will be followed by inevitable disaster and destruction, if in the meanwhile the industrialists do not act differently from their present behaviour, that is, they do not recognise the existence of a soul in every man.*

Man is a Patent Digester—Man is a machine for digesting freely everything that can be put into it, and it has got a *patent* (*i. e.* an exclusive official privilege or charter) to do so.

Will soon have nothing to digest—If every man is intent

only on grabbing whatever he can get, the supply will soon be exhausted.

Thou of the shotbelts, see thou forbid it not—Carlyle is asking the shotbelt (huntsman-landowner) to abolish Corn Laws and other measures interfering with Free Trade, and give a chance to the manufacturer to have his own way.

Those paltry, worse than—Mammonish canting- In strong terms Carlyle condemns the swindling methods adopted by landowners (Corn Laws, slidingscales) to keep up their rents, He says that they are greater swindlers than even the Mammon-loving industrialists.

Let us all know that we have yet done nothing—Carlyle says that suppose the manufacturers had their own way, and there was Free Trade, things would not improve permanently unless the manufacturers attended to spiritual laws (*i. e.* cared for the welfare of the workers).

There is nothing yet ended—For the evil lies deeper than the Corn Laws

We shall have another period—England did have an era of commercial prosperity within a few years' time of the writing of these lines.

A precious and thrice-precious pace of years—Carlyle appeals to the manufacturers to utilise the era of prosperity in self-reform and alleviating of the distress of the poor workers.

Paroxysm—A fit ; convulsive effort.

We shall then be relatively as we are.

(The abrogation of the Corn Laws will be a temporary good only and not a permanent care of the ills from which England was suffering. In that period of temporary prosperity England must put its house in order).

Paras. 7—9. *The working Aristocracy must remember*

that Supply and Demand is not the one law of nature. There is a higher gospel, as shown in the Christian religion. The soulless Profit-and-Loss philosophy must give way to the religion of enthusiasm. self-secrifice, and worship of the divine.

Man Macedonia—In the Bible, it is related that the Apostle Paul saw in a dream a certain man of Macedonia, who said to him, 'Come over to Macedonia and help us ! So he went on a mission amongst them.

Emporium—A place to which goods are brought from various parts for sale.

Silent were all these from any whisper of such demand—Carlyle sacs that all noble things are done not on the principle of supply and demand or as a piece of bargaining, but for the sake of duty only. No one wanted a reward for propagating the Christian religion, and if anybody had wanted it, not all the material wealth of Eldorados and the imagined Paradises of Moslems would have been able to fulfil that demand.

Ah, me into what waste latitudes—Carlyle says that humanity has travelled in the passage of time to a strange tract of land (the 19th century) where every thing is waste and parched Men have no life in them, they sit enchanted, and the only thing they can do is to swallow things (like ostriches) and make fures or clothes (like the beavers).

Not so painful hideous to the inner sense as that brutish godforgetting Profit and Loss Philosophy.

Carlyle traces the root of all misery in England to the short-sighted selfish philosophy of Profit-and-Loss. He thinks that all other evils are but manifestations of this grand error, and that they are outward blemishes only, whereas the inward disease is this Philosophy which is accepted by all Englishmen as the gospel of their existence.

Moliere—A great French philosopher and scholar.

Sinai Thunder—The thunders of God. The Bible gave Mount Sinai as the favourite abode of God.

No tie will bind if it be not that of Tyburn—*i.e.* Men will not be afraid of divine justice, but they will fear only earthly courts which condemn the criminal to be hanged at Tyburn.

I, for one, decline living as a Patent Digester—Carlyle would prefer that he and the rest of the creation be destroyed to living in a world where men deny the existence of God and the Soul, and believe only in the stomach, in manufactures, and fashionable dilettantism.

CHAPTER 10

PLUGSON OF UNDERSHOT

Introductory Remarks

Plugson of Undershot is a respectable cotton manufacturer, who keeps his account books in perfect order, and employs a number of men in his concerns paying them their wages strictly according to contract. He goes occasionally to Church, and thinks he has done his duty to every body when he has paid his men, kept his books, and made his visit to the Church. To this man Carlyle addresses himself thus : My friend, you are not doing your duty. You are simply worshipping Mammon. You are a Captain of industry, you have other duties to your men beside the payment of contract-wages. Know that all this money has placed you in a position of responsibility, and so, have got show chivalry to those below you. Even in the rude Middle Ages, when fighting was the order of the day, men evolved a noble chivalry out of fighting. There have always been two kinds of fighters, one the Bucanier who is out for self-aggrandisement and the lust of battle, (of which Howel Davies and Napoleon are examples), and the other the chivarlous knight who fights nobly for

truth and justice, according to the code of honour, and who does not end his duty with a battle, but carries it forward to peaceful settlement and order, like William the Conqueror. You are today in the place of these fighters, for you are a Captain of Industry You should not limit yourself to making your Hundred Thousand pieces of money, but you should carry your aim forward, and tell your workmen that you will take care of them and look to their comfort, that you will treat them as human beings, creatures with souls, and not so many machines which carved money you for a pittance of three and six pence daily wages. Then will you be truly chivalrous, a true Kinght and Captain ; hither to you are only a Bucanier, a naked egoist a greedy vulture. Rise above the mean notion that cash-payment could be the union bond of man to man.

Paras 1—4. *Cash payment cannot be the supreme bond between one man and another. Men lay a flattering unction to their soul, in the shape of supply-and-Demand philosophy or some such other philosophy, in order to cover their naked egoism and vulturous greed ness. But our Mammon-worshippers, our respectable manufactures, our Plugsons of Undershot, who keep the r ledgers allright and to make a balance-statement of work done and wages paid, and occasionally go to Church and think their duty done, should realise that cash payment is not the union-bond of man to man. There is a higher Gospel than cash Gospel, which must be followed.*

Carried on by cash payment alone—Carlyle says that all men are brethren, the bond between them is made by God, and not by the fact that one of them pays wages, and the other receives it. The employers of labour should not think that their duty to their workmen ends with the payment of marketwages, i. e. wages fixed by the law of supply and demand and principles of competition.

For man's philosophies are—i. e. Man makes his philosophy so as to justify the things he does in practice.

Presentable when they are done—*i. e.* Justifiable ; Apparently righteous.

They are the sure, and even swift, forerunners of great changes – they are the harbingers of revolutions.

When it begins to rave—When it begins to make such insane philosophies.

Destines, mothers of the Universe—Reference to Fates.

They thereupon... ..devise some comfortable kind—When the Ideal perishes and men become selfish and greedy, they justify their actions (or lay a "flattering unction to their soul") by devising some comfortable philosophy of "wine and walnuts" kind, that is of a shallow nature, like the talk that goes on at the conclusion of a dinner (when wine and walnuts are masticated in a ruminating manner).

Pangs of dissolution ..aware.—These wine-and-walnuts philosophers go on masticating and ruminating, and suddenly the blow that destroys them falls upon them.

His Grace of Castle Rackrent. A manufactured name to describe the typical noble landlord, intent on extorting the maximum rent from poor tenants.

Does he think that the Land Aristocracy——long to live. When landowners—noblemen forget the high responsibilities of their position, and become simply auctioneers, meanly extorting the highest sums possible from their tenants, their destruction is near. They will not be tolerated (A nobleman must be generous and giving, because he is a nobleman).

Or that sliding-scales will increase the vital stamina of it. The noblemen will not add to their vital strength by adopting such expedients as that of the sliding scales.

Plugson. In St. Dolly Undershot again a manufactur-

ed name. to typify any rich business-man who thinks only of his profits and never of the morality his business or the welfare of his workers.

Are written on the iron leaf by the "Moving Finger" of which Omar Khayyam speaks.

Did you never——glance into your New Testament. Carlyle advises Plugson not to be a conventional church goer but to read his New Testament and the Four Gospels of St. Matthew, St. Mark. St. Luke. and St. John: and see whether Christ has preached a cash Gospel or quite the reverse.

In Plugson ledgers. There is one set of figures, in Heaven's books the figures are differert. The two ledgers do not tally.

Ought to have long sincetaught. Carlyle dismisses the Duke of Castle Rackrent as a hopeless person a man of no sense. It is not expected of this stupid man that he will understand the divine Gospel. But Plugson, a man of common sense, must realise that his duty ends not with cash payment, that he has other duties, too, to perform to his workmen before his debits can be paid.

Paras 5—11. *All human things require an ideal to keep them fresh, and away from putrefaction. All that is wanted now is to cast out the brute-god. Mammon and place a beautiful spirit, an Ideal, in the body social and politic of England. In the rude Middle Ages a brute thing like fighting was turned into a beautiful thing like chivalry by the presence of an Ideal, a spiritual entity. There are fighters and fighters. There are Bucaniers and Chactam Indians who care not for the righteousness of their cause, men like Howel Davies and Napoleon intent on murder and pillage, and there are fighters who are brave kinghts and chivalrous men, like William the Conqueror, who divided land among his men and brought forth order. Both these classes of fighters are intent upon fighting, but how different*

is their ideal! Now Plughson who makes hundreds of thousands of pounds must cease to be a brute fighter, he must become a Captain of industry. He must not only make a dash at cotton, but also care to cover the bare backs of his workman. Phugson must cease to be a bucanier.

How did a chivalry ever come out of—such an ugly evil thing as fighting till death.

Hallucintions—Delusions.

Appears the imperishable—Carlyle has already talked of the doctrine that Right is Might.

Chactaw—A savge tribe of Americans.

Caliban—the deformed and ugly character is Shakespeare's Tempest.

It is a kind of Quintessence of Labour—Carlyle regards the place of fighting to be pre-eminently a place of Labour only it is labour of highly concentrated order "to do or die."

Here too thou shalt be strong...justice—Carlyle considers these qualifications to be common to all noble men whether they be fighters or engaged in peaceful avocations.

Howel Davies—A great buccaneering pirate.

St. Helena—The island where Napoleon spent the last six-years of his life, a captive in the hands of the English. Carlyle regards these last six years of agony as compensating his earlier years of "bucaniering."

Scalps in a wigwam—The Red Indians used to cut off the scalps, (i. e. top of the head) from vanguished opponents and hang them as trophies in their wigwams (tents).

Even thy own host is all in mutiny—Carlyle warns the manufacturer that his workmen are about to rise in mutiny against him. They are shivering in cold with bare backs, and since their employer has thought of his cotton only, and not of their backs, they are bound to go on a strike and paralyse his industry.

William the Bastard—William the Conqueror was the bastard son of Robert III, Duke of Normandy, by Arletta, a tanner's danghter.

Taillefers—A name given to William's soldiers.

Orthoepy—Correct pronunciation of words.

Three and sixpence—Three shillings and sixpence, the daily wages of the spinners.

Dees indeed aquit him—Because he has paid them wages according to their contract.

Paras 12—15. *What victory was to the feudal fighters money is to the moderns. Money works miracles, but it also nearly extinguishes moral sense in a great many people, With all these millions sitting hungry and shivering, a man has other obligations too, beside that of paying money wages. The matters are so delicate that only the great valiant men must be put in charge of Labour. Friend Plugson must ceases to be a bucanier and turn a knight.*

The other half———is showing the virtues of generosity, and fellow-feeling.

Extinction of moral sense. Commercialism or love of money makes a man insensible to his moral responsibilities. He cares only for *legal* responsibilities.

Is least of all mine. "He means, of course that money is a social trust."

Dead wigs—The wigs worn by the Judges.

Methinks Westminster cannot begin too soon. Carlyle wants laws to be made immediately which should compel the monied manufacturers to perform obligations to workmen and to society over and above the payment of contract-wages.

And to a certain approximate extent put into practice. Carlyle wants the legislature to convert the *moral* obligations of Plugsons into *legal* obligations as far as possible.

A man by the very look——promise nothing. When we see a man whose countenance pleases us, we expect great things of him. Why should we not expect great things of the man who has big bank-balance, who has a huge rent-roll (of income derived from his estates) ?

Absurd windy persons. Like Plugson.

Duces. Leaders (Latin).

CHAPTER II

LABOUR

Introductory Remarks

This is easily the best-known chapter in *Past* and *Present*. Readers of literature who have not gone through Carlyle's book are yet familiar with the glowing paean to labour beginning with the confident assertion, "For there is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness in work. The whole chapter may be summarised in those well-known words, 'Work is worship'. Carlyle has already told us that men should not expect to be happy in this world, nor would they try for happiness. Their efforts should be to attain to *blessedness* ; here he tells us that, true blessedness lies in work : Blessed is he who has found his work ; let him ask no other blessedness."

The chapter closes with a fine apostrophe to Columbus whom he addresses as "Brave Sea-Captain, Norse Sea

King——Columbus, my hero, royallest Sea King of all." Carlyle's pen portrait of Columbus, (his ideal worker), ranks with his portrait of Abbot Samson as one of the two most vivid portraitures of personality and figure in the book.

Paras 1—5. *There is a perennial nableness, and even sacredness in work. The old gospels of "know thyself" are exploded, now the latest gospel is "know thy work and do it." A man grows to full stature only in work. The earth itself would be reduced to chaos if it did not work, if it did not revolve perpetually. A man who does not work impedes Destiny in its business with him, even as the absence of a revolving wheel should impede the work of a potter. Man's true blessedness is in work. That knowledge only is useful which is got by working. Action alone can abolish doubt and bring certainty.*

Benighted—Literally overtaken by night, involved in darkness, intellectual or moral.

In Idleness alone is there perpetual despair—That is why Carlyle has hopes of the "Working Aristocracy" but not of the "Unworking Aristocracy."

Has no other way of cultivating us save making us work. (By work we develop our latent powers).

Amorphous botches—'Shapeless failure'.

A human soul that would rest is like the piece of clay that would not revolve on the wheel, and so cannot be fashioned into anything whatsoever.

How, as a free-flowing channel......work drains off the marshy swamps in a man's existence and makes his current of life run in a clear stream.

Hypothesis—A preposition assumed for the sake of argument; a theory to be proved or disproved by reference to facts.

Doubt of whatever kind, can be ended by Action alone—Man cannot arrive at certainty in respect of anything unless he has worked upon it, and found it to be this or that in deed.

Paras 6—9. *Think of men like Sir Christopher Wren, true, persevering, patient workers. No impediments can stand before them, no opposition. Every noble work is at first impossible, but by silent work it becomes possible. There is something religious in work. Look at the brave Sea-Captain, Norse Sea-King, Columbus. Against what odds did he not triumph ! Neither winds, nor unknown wastes of water, nor mutiny of men could repress him. He kept-silently on, and discovered a new world.*

There and elsewhere not at all—Reference to Work.

Sir Christopher Wren—the achitect of St. Paul.

Nell Gwynn Defender of the Faith—Reference to Charles II. ("Defender of the Faith") who kept Nell Gwynn as his mistress.

Hodmen—Mason's labourers.

(Carlyle points out that Sir Christopher had to work with very unpromising material, and amid difficulties. The king and the bishops were stupid, the officials were unimaginative, the masons were mutinous, the labourers would not work ....But he overcame all the obstacles).

Architectonics—Pertaining to architecture.

If he constrain her not—*i. e.* If he did not work upon her.

Must be spoken to..... Sir Christopher Wren had got to work for the collection of funds for the building of the Cathedral.

Gideon—The Bible Character Gideon was dying of thirst, and spread his fleece outside his tent to see whether it would catch any dew.

It will keep its word—It will devour him.

Columbus—The discoverer of America.

Nurse Sea-King—Carlyle compares Columbus to the ancient ViKings, the brave Norse Sea-Kings.

Behind thee—in Spain, where many officials were against Columbus.

Unpenetrated veil of Night—Reference to the Atlantic Ocean and the undiscovered Continent of America.

Ursa major—The constellation of the Great Bear.

Cockle skiff—A boat as fragile as a cockle, a kind of sea-shell.

South-wester—Gale from the South-West.

CHAPTER 12

REWARD

Introductory Remarks

Carlyle repeats the text of the last Chapter—Work is Worship—and after pointing out the greatness and sacredness of all work, especially of that work which attacks stupidity and ignorance wherever it be found he makes an onslaught on the fashionable ilder, and says that he has no religion. Then he tackles the problem of the reward of labour. What adequate reward can there be ever for work ? A "fair day's wages for a fair day's work" is of course the minimum demand of a worker, if he is to live at all. But no cash payment can be a recompense for his work. The true worker will work for the sake of work, he will not sell his work. Even as no sum can pay a poet for his divine poetry, so no amount of wages can be a sufficient reward for the worker. He expects his reward from the Unseen powers and goes about

his work silently. The worker must be a kind of missionary. He must rejoice in this that his work is a religious operation, that it is making madness, into sanity, choas into order. Just now Labour is encased in Mammonism, but it is a god imprisoned, and will be released in time to come. There is great hope even in the vulgarest Plugson, just because he is a Master-Worker and he cannot spin his cotton without a great deal of work. Only he should be taught by precept and example that Mammonism is not the essence of his existence.

The proper epic of the modern times is not "Arms and the Man," not "Shirt frills and the Man," but "Tools and the Man," The great reward of Labour is going to be this that it is going to overshadow all other aspects of man's life on earth.

Paras 1—5. *Work is Worship. The business of work is to make order out of choas. The best thing work can do is to banish stupidity and ignorance. Ii is God himself who is commanding men to work. A toiler should not complain of his work, for that is what consecrates his life, and it is that which has consecrated the lives of gods and heroes. One monster is there in the world, namely the idler. For him God is a Lie. Man is a Lie, Life itself a lie.*

Spinning Dervishes—a fanatical sect of Africa.

Folded webs—Cloth pieces.

Church titles and Shovel Hat—Reference to the profession of a clergyman.

Talfourd-Mahon Copyright—The Tolfourd Mahon Copyright Bill was introduced by Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd in 1834 and later passed as remodelled by Lord Mahon in 1842.

Smite wisely—whether you are a first or an author or a judicial officer, strike against ignorance and stupidy, (and hold up the torch of knowledge).

Work while it is called to day...man can work—From St. John,": "I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work."

Kepler and Newton—Types of great scientists.

Agony of bloody sweat—Reference to the crucifixion of Jesus Christ.

Fellow Workmen—Carlyle calls the saints and heroes fellow-workmen of the humblest manual labourer. Essentially they are one and the same band, work being the link between them. The manual worker labours with the sweat of his brow, others labour with the sweat of the brain (intellectual work), of sweat of the heart, while the greatest of all the workers (Christ) worked with the sweat of blood (to save humanity from perdition).

Spartan—"The Spartan characteristics, to which the adjective in modern use refers, were simplicity, frugality, courage, discipline, and brevity of speech," The Spartan mothers were very patriotic.

With it, my son, or upon it—i. e. He was either to return carrying his shield in victory, or it was to be used to carry home his dead body. To lose one's shield in battle meant dishonour.

Who art thou—Carlyle is addressing ascion of the Unworking Aristocracy whose boast it is that he lives a luxurious life and does not work at all.

One monster there is in the world—Carlyle regards the idle man as an unnatural or abnormal creature. He is some oddity or monstrosity, and a blot on the creation.

Old Samuel—Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Except on "public occasions"—Reference to the fashionable idler who never does any work save to make

a little fuss on public occasions when there is some "function".

Ye scandalous persons who produce too much—The lazy landowners in England laid the blame of England's woeful condition at the door of the working industrialists. Complaining that they were producing too much of cloth and other goods.

Paras 6—12 *As for the weges of work, while the minimum demand of workers must be "Fair day's wages for a fair day's work," it must be realised that their true wages can be paid only in Heaven. Money wages cannot compensate work. The brave man has to give away his life in work, he has to make sacrifice, and he has not to look for wages. No divine piece of work, poetry or other, can be paid for with money. The worker should have the consolation that he is doing worship, and let him silently do his work. From silence comes strength and blessedness, and by silent work is chaos turned into cosmos, and madness into sanity. The worker must work in the spirit of a religious missionary, and not for wages. Work done in a non-missionery spirit leads to disturbances and semblances.*

Is the most unrefusable demand—If you want to keep the worker alive for the purposes of working.

Owen's Labour-Bank—Established by Robert Owen (1771-1886) a social reformer. By marriage with the daughter of a philanthropic mill-owner he was enabled to put his ideas into practice, and he laboured to teach his workpeople the advantages of thrift, cleanliness, and good order, and established infant education.

I answer for thee deliberately—Carlyle has already told us that man should neither except nor desire to be happy.

The brave man has to give his life away—This paragraph is an impassioned plea for self-sacrifice.

Let the price be Nothing......All for it !—The man who

gives away everything without an equivalent at all is master of everything in the universe.

Burns said to Thomson, his publisher, when the latter sent him five pounds by post.

Money for my little piece. A man should have that much which keeps him alive, but he should not seek wages or reward.

A small poet every worker is—for every worker's imagination bodies forth the form of things unseen.........

Delf platter—Delf is a contraction for Delftware, a kind of earthenware originally made at Delft, Holland.

If he looks to the Seen Powers—i. e. If he looks only to the wages men will pay him.

But as a Deceptivity, a sham-thing—Workers, who care only for wages, turn out bad work which is Deceptivity and a sham-thing.

Though printed......twentieth edition : what is all that— If an author writes his books with a view to "wages," his book will never be a true book, even if it bring him tons of money, and be reprinted twenty times. (The worth or true value of a thing depends not upon the wages it brings to the worker, but upon this whether the worker has lovingly sought to give a concrete expression and body to that which was nonexistent before, in the visible world).

Thou must descend to the Mothers, to the Manes, and Hercules like—Hercules went down twice to the nether world; once to bring that dog Cerberus that guards the portals of Hell, and nextly to restore the faithful Alcestis to her husband. (*Manese* is the lower wor ld where live the *manes*, the tutelary spirits of departed persons *Mothers* refers to the the ancient cult of Matres, tutelary divinities.)

Festive Lubberland—Lubber means a lazy, clumsy fellow, hence, festive lubberland means merriment of lazy fools.

Acheron—Rive in Hades, means "the river of woe."

Make thee lean for many years—because of hard toil.

Se tu segui tua stella—"Inferno XV, 55, Brunetto, Latini, is the speaker. If thou followest thy star thou canst not fail to reach the glorious port" (Hughes).

Eccovi Foum One of Carlyle's favourite quotations "Behold the man who has been in Hell" was said of Dante as he passed by, with his melancholy and lean figure.

Eurydice the wife of Orpheus.

Bigger lath-and-plaster See chapter I of Book III.

Black and white Surplice. One of the minor points of argument in the church was as to whether the clergy should wear black or white robes.

Stuffed hair and leather Popes......For this and other references in the paragraph see the preceding chapters.

If they work not as in a great Taskmaster's eye. Carlyle has taken the phrase from one of Milton's famous sonnets God is the great Taskmaster.

Paras 13—16 *Labour is still a slave to Mammonism, but even in its present captive condition it is still a positive good. The vulgarest Master-Worker has the making of a good man in him. As for those Master Workers who are not vulgar, but noble, they are the hope of England at present. These master workers have to employ thousands of men, and show much tact and resourcefulness. They have to depend upon themselves, and it is wrong for the state to smother them by Corn Laws and other restrictions. They should be taught by precept and example that Mammonism is not an*

essential thing in God's creation, but an execrescenee only. After all, the future rests with Labour, and the theme of the modern epic is "Tools and the Man", and not "Arms and the Man."

Industrisl Work. Labour.

The rational soul of it not yet awakened. Labour is yet dumb and works by instinct. It is not able to reason out its programme.

Labour is not a devil. *i. e.* Labour, in itself, is a positive good.

Antacus like. Like Antaeus, a mighty wrestler whose strength was invincible only as long as he remained in contact with Earth.

Who are not vulgar men. *i. e.* who have money but who have not the vulgarity or mean-mindedness that accompanies money.

What a force of silence ......Plugson must have so much tact.

Civil List. The amount paid to the sovereign for his household expenses.

Goulburn-Baring Budget. Goulburn and Baring were the two contemporary Chancellors of Exchequer.

He has to pick his supplies......His dexterity alone—*i. e.* He has to be resourceful enough to find money for his enterprise.

There will be dry. . . . .to do it—Reference to the many jealous people and rivals and enemies who will be only too glad to hear of Plugson's downfall.

He exclaims at present...I will not fail—Carlyle says that at the present time all that the industrialist wants is to shake off the strangling hold of the dilettante landowner

who is seeking to crush Industry by unjust Corn Laws. Once this grip is removed Plagson will be able to have a brisk business.

No, I would fling......help this man—Carlyle has often expressed his preference for "Working Aristocracy."

That Mammonism......a god like one—*i. e.* That the main object of labour is not to make money, for money is only an accident, and not a welcome accident, too. The industrialist must transcend the sordid greed of money and labour for the sake of a nobler end—for the blessdeness of work itself and the opportunity to do good to thousands and thousands.

A Demon—A devil.

CHAPTER 13

DEMOCRACY

Introductory Remarks

One of the remarkable features of the age in which Carlyle lived was the rise and growth of Democracy. Everyone talked of Equality and Liberty. But Carlyle did not believe in Democracy or the rule of the people, nor did he believe that all men were equal and that it was the inherent right of an individual to be free in his actions. Carlyle had firm faith that there were some gifted people heroes, who should govern the rest of mankind, and that the greatest joy and duty of the mass of mankind was to obey these Heroes. In this chapter Carlyle preaches his doctrine in emphatic terms. He does not shut his eye to the tyranny of rulers, but his justification is that life is not a may-game, that there must be oppression, but that as long as a master (Cedric) provides food and shelter for his slave (Gurth), things will be tolerable. He does not propose to give liberty to all men ; the only liberty he would allow to the generality of mankind is the liberty to be compelled to walk in right paths by enlightened and well-meaning dictators. Such a type of enlightened despot Carlyle finds in William the Conqueror.

Carlyle knows that the trend of the times is throughly in favour of Democracy, and that the very Tailors, whose business it is to perpetuate distinctions among men by their garments are turning in favour of equality. He considers these signs to be very ominous, for they betoken Atheism, and lack of Hero-Worship. Men by their very nature and endowment are unequal, and it is absurd to let every man exercise a tiny share in the government of the country. The governors have to be the chosen few, and it is their wisdom which should prevail, and not the wishes of the stupid majority. Carlyle believes that Democracy, in its logical extension, will mean No-guidance at all. Men should try to substitute true governors for false governors, but they should not be idiotic enough to ask everybody to take part in the governments. That will be no government, it will be the negotion of guidence and rule. With Democracy England, will come to be in the position of these chattering apes by the Dead Sea Under sham-Heroes and valets England will go to perdition.

In his attack on Democracy Carlyle has of course attacked the slogans of Victorian democratic movement, chief of them being the cry of *Lai sex Faire* or' let alone policy. Carlyle thinks that "let alon'e means suicide, for men are ever to be led and guided and if government does not interfere with what the governed do, and does not set them on the right path, it is abdicating its chief function. The *Laissez-Faire* politicians are more reprehensible, in his opinion, than the be benighted Africans, who at least do not allow a stranger to die in their midst without doing something for him.

Carlyle's views on Democracy have sufficientlv discussed and criticised in various places in this commentary.

Paras 1—6. *The policy a Laissez Faire has led us into trouble. It is high time that we took up the question of organizing Labour. In all ages there have been toilers who have been oppressed by other. But it is in one age that*

the lot of the toilers the most miserable In past ages at least this much was done for the toilers that they were not left to themselves under the mistaken notion of Laisseze Faire, and they were not the unpitied victims of starvation and disease. Even in darkest Africa they do not allow a stranger to die of neglect and laissez faire.

Do not take note of that. Do not take notice of the fact that the proper of this world is now "Tools and the Man"

Are fast solving themselves... .. Carlyle wants Government to abandon the let-alone policy and solve the pro blem of Labour before them, else the problem will solve itself, but of course in a very unpleasant fashion.

While the hours yet are. Before it becomes too late to tackle these problems.

Laissex faire. Carlyle has condemned the let alone policy repeatedly in this book.

We have upper, speaking classes. Carlyle condemns the frivolous inane talk of the noblemen, and hints that their governing is on a par with their speech.

Life was never a May-Game of men—Carlyle wants to say that in all times the vast majority of mankind have had to lead a life of hard toil and oppression.

Villani. Villeins, Serfs (half slave, half-free) in feudal times.

Bordarii. Inferior Villeins.

En Sachsen ....."Hengist's call to his men to attack the Britons" (Hughes).

Is heavy with such details Carlyle, with his historical sense, cannot blind his eyes to the fact that the lower classes have been treated brutally by the upper clases, in all ages. Still he will not support a democratic form of government.

Fire-Chariot of Pain. "And it came to pass, as they still went on and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder; and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into Heaven." (2 Kings).

Phalaris-Bull. Phalaris, king of Arigentum in Syracuse; used to have his victims burned to death inside a great brass figure of a bull.

Revolts of Three Days. Certain current political disturbances of the French Capital.

Are really unexampled. and so they give rise to revolutions and riots.

Never before did I hear...... Carlyle wants to say with emphasis that never before the 19th century was there such hard-heartedness. There was always some lord, some lady, some Priest, to take care of the destitute. But in the era of *Laissez-faire* no one takes care of another, save by cash payment.

Black Dohomey. In Africa.

Mungo Park. African traveller (1771-1805). He told his adventures in *Travels in the Interior of Africa* (1799).

Paras 7—12. *Gurth was a thrall of Cedric, but Cedric took care of him and deserved to be his master. Now there is no slavery and we have liberty all round. But it is only liberty to die by starvation. The true liberty of a man is his right to be compelled to go on the right Path by a wiser man. The bravest and best have got a divine right to rule. Take the instance of William the Con queror. He was the true Aristocrat, the governor,and how wisely did he conquer and did he rule! He would not have tolerated that nonsense of Corn-laws. Because we have no such governors as Willam the Conqueror we are having terrible revolutions. That is Nalure's way to cast out baseness and confusion, and bring in her aristocracies, her best, even by forcible methods.*

Gurth—This illustration has already been given by Carlyle. Carlyle admits that Gurth was a slave and by no means in an enjoyable condition. But Gurth was sure, at least, of getting food, shelter, and protection from his master. Nowadays men are free and slaves of nobody, but they have no such assurance of safety and comfort as Gurth had. The liberty they have got is the liberty to die by starvation *Boscage* means thick foliage or woodland).

Founders of what we call Aristoracies—Carlylean Heroes.

Their divine right—to "boss" over the rest of mankind.

Tancred of Hauteville—"A French ruler noted for his strength and firmness.

A Stern Ruler——therefore is called in—William the Conqueror put an end to Saxon rule in England.

Hereward the Wake, a Saxon patriot fought against. William the Conqueror, and gave him much trouble. He lived in the Fen Counties.

Earl Waltheof—Another Saxon noble of the North. who first opposed, then submitted, to William the Conqueror, but was finally beheaded as a traitor by William. After Waltheof's condemnation William laid waste the whole of the North side.

A fact which outweighs a thousand—William might have been a tyrant, but he at least stamped out thieving and lawlessness.

Would have tolerated—that lazy landowners should crush cotton manufacturer by unjust Corn Laws.

Which deserve strangling—William the Conqueror would have crushed the lazy Joe-Manton and not the industrious Plugson.

Par la splendeur de Dieu—"By the splendour of God" an oath favourite with William the Conqueror.

Paras 13. *Everyone talks of Democracy in these days, but it is really something equivalent to Atheism, for it despairs of finding heroes. Even the Tailor, the upholder of class distinctions, is talking of Equality. The fashionable coat now is one which looks like the peasant's. When the very tailor verges towards Sansculottisn, is it not ominous ?*

Democracy—"A form of government in which the supreme power is vested in the people collectively, and is administered by them or by officers appointed by them."

Wahngasse of Weissinchtwo—"Hallucination street" in the city of "Nowhere," (Name of place where Professor Teufelsdrockh, the supposed hero of *Sartar Resartus* lived).

Mein Lieber—my dear.

His Excellency the Titular......Quacks—His Excellency the Quack.

Sumptuary Laws—Laws of expenditure, desuetude, disuse.

Cheruscan—Primitive German tribe.

A loose wide poke. Teufelsdrockh is supposed to complain that Democracy has reverted to the dress of primitive times.

From zenith – of aristocractic fashion.

Nadir—of democratic coarseness.

Stultz—A German name used to represent a tailor.

Significant of much—Because he represents society in general.

Sedan and Huddersfield—Sedan in Germany, and Huddersfield in England, are centres of cloth-making industry.

That where ranks do...enforced—The surest way of distinguishing various gradations in Society is by difference in their respective dress. If every one dress a like it shows that no distinction of high and low exists, are equal.

Sinking his taper flame...... down most—'In classical mythology Sleep and Death were twin brethren, children of Night'' (Hughes).

Paras 18—24 *Men talk of oppression, and clamour for liberty. It is really their own sensual appetites that enslave them, their vanity, dilettantism, and mammonworship. It were a mercy to cure a man of the tyranny of these despots, and the application of force in this cause would be a mild surgery. Democracy, with its ideal of giving every man a share, however infinitesimal in the election of the governing body, is not going to confer liberty upon the people, save perhaps liberty to die of starvation. The result of a liberty will be the establishment of all evils possible in society. It is allright to cast off the oppression of Mock-superiors, but the liberty that means No-guidance is not going to do any good. That liberty will be the harbinger of conflagrations and despair. Men will be like those chattering apes by the Dead Sea, oblivious to the call of Prophecy. Unless England learn to revernce its Heroes and ask guidance of them. England will cease to exist among the nations. Man without soul, is but a brute, however advanced he become in mechanical contrivances and material production.*

Windsor Georges—Twe jewels in the insignia of the Order of the Garter.

Franchiser—*i. e.* The democrat.

Porter pot , Beer glass.

Heavy wet—Thick liquid

Scoured—Polished. "Beer and porter (stout) are drunk out of polished pewier mugs."

Perking up thy poor talk into crotchets—Reference to the inane talk of the dillettante.

Had proper schoolmaster—vouchsafed thee—If only some superiors had whipped sense into you.

Who rises early and site late—to make more and more money.

Fill himself with the east wind—Erom Job. 15 "Should a wise man utter vain knowledge, and fill his belly with the east wind?" To gaine what is emply and unsubstantial.

Wardmotes—Ward councils.

Palaver Deliberations ; Durbar

Pococurantism—Indifferent-ism.

Beau Brummelism——Dandy-ism, Bean Brummel being a well-known dandy of the eighteenth century (1778 1840).

The smallest item of human slavery......Carlyle says that the overthrowing of incompetent rulers is all right, but that is a very small thing is to find the able governor. Democracy may bring No-government, but it will not give good government.

Who knows if not by conflagration—Do we not see that democracy has landed Europe into Dictatorships and violent revolutions ?

Gaslighted Histrios—Actors before the footlights.

Father of Quacks – The Devil.

Stuffed clothes-suits..... **parts of men**—Reference to the saying, "Nine tailors make a man",

Succedanea—Substitutes.

CHAPTER 14

SIR JABESH WINDBAG

Introductory remarks

Carlyle has his fling here at the clever parliamentarian (the product of modern democracy), the man who can talk much, get himself advertised in papers, but who is unable to guide the country rightly. Him he compares to the able Governor of the type of Cromwell, and says "O Windbag my right honourable friend, in very truth I pity thee." And he pities the country which entrusts the reins of government to men of this kind.

This chapter is a continuation of the adverse remarks made by Carlyle against Democracy (in the preceding chapter).

Paras 1—2. *In the last five centuries England has never had another governor to compare with Oliver Cromwell. Oliver believed in a God he carried his life in his hand, and though he was called to public life when he was advanced in years, he proved himself a hero at all point, the ablest man of England, the king of England.*

Because he had found...country—Cromwell did not succeed in making England a Christian country. England was not prepared to go Christian (Reference to the reaction against Cromwell and Puritanism after the death of Cromwell, and beginning of a period of licentiousness and atheism.)

No volunteer in public life. Cromwell did not thrust himself forward in public life, he was called to rule by the pressing need of the country.

Ballotted—Chosen by the nation as if by ballot voting.

Paras 3—6. *Contrast Cromwell with Sir Jabesh Windbag the politician without principles, who is such a clever Parliamentarian, but who is no guide at all of the State,*

Cromwell knew how to govern, Sir Jabesh knows how to get himself in the Papers. The one works for eternity, the other wants to keep himself in office for five years. Who would not pity Windbag ? He cannot make anything, and mere newspaper paragraphs will not guide him in an enterprise. He will have temporary applause, but Posterity will make no note of him.

Windbag.—They very name is significant.

Facing-both-Ways.—This character is derived from Bunyan.

Cagliostro—Name showing imaginary worthless Italian nobleman.

Which he believes only at Church on Sundays.—Where he goes just to obeserve conventions.

Locker of Davy Jones—Davy Jones is a sailor's name for the supposed evil spirit of the sea. Brewer says that "He's gone to Davy Jonh's locker" is the nautical way of saying that a messmate is dead and has been buried at sea.

Five years of office—The Parliament would be dissolved after five years, and he would go out of office.

Paragraphs—in the newspaper.

Vamped up. Vamp is the upper leather of a boot or shoe. The vamp means to patch old with new.

On the swelling tide he mounted——Carlyle is expressing the jubilation of Sir Jabesh when he found himself praised in the newspapers.

Extra-forensic—"Outside the courts of Justice.

Posterity.........own Windbags—In every age there are more Windbags, why should then anyone take notice of a deceased Windbag.

Similitude here may be rendered as 'simile' or freely 'a myth'

Il s'en appelaient—"To whom will thy appeal." The answer was "To posterity."

Then the remark *came* "*No, Mr.* a *thousand times* no! that is different matter."

CHAPTER 15

MORRISON AGAIN

Introductory Remarks

At the conclusion of Book III Carlyle reverts to the old question of the possibility of finding a specific remedy against the ills from which England was suffering. He had told us that no "Morrison's Pills" could be had to work such a miracle. At the same time he told us that the whole trouble was that England had come to be atheistic, irreligious, and that all would be well if England became religious and believed in God. In this Chapter he expands his previous statements. He tells us that the religion he recommends to us is not a ritual. Religion consists in following the eternal laws of God, in recognising that man has a soul. This religion is a reawakening of one's self within, and not an administering of an external dose.

Ritual and liturgy are anathema to Carlyle, but one liturgy he does believe in : that of Praying by Working. Even in the most ordinary work, say washing, there is Worship. The Chinese Emperor, who is the Pontiff of his nation, recognises the sanctity of work, and practical Hero Worship, and his country is freer from revolutions than the European countries. In Europe, too new teachers like Goethe have been expounding true religion.

Paras 1—11. *O Liberal! I am not preaching superstition or fancticism to you. All that tell you is to believe in God, and not to invent a God. Like Henry of Essex keep moral conscience of Inner Light alive and shining. Religion*

is no Morrison's Pill to be gulped down. Rituals and liturgies do not make religion. Religion is a belief in unseen powers and not the stupid life of a brute, the life of materialism and mechanical progress. Obedience to the eternal Laws of God is religion. These laws may not be writen on stone tables, but they are written on the Azure of Infinitude. Disobedience of these laws is attended by such phenomena as the French Revolution. The final penalty of irreligion is Eternal death. It is not necessary that you invent a new religion, you already know what duties you have to perform. Only do not be a pastard. Know that religion is a reawakening of your own self from within.

O Advanced Liberal *i.e.* one who believes in utmost democracy and desires large changes in the social and political order.

Have not lately met with any man who had less notion. Carlyle disclaims all intention on proposing a new religion or asking Englishman to change their present creed of Christianity (the thirty-Nine articles—)

Fanum. Faith ; **creed.**

The numerous long placard-poleds—on which advertisements are put up.

Fancy a man...... Carlyle says that apparently it is a fanciful notion that the cure of riots and political dissensions could be that very simple and orthodox thing—belief in God.

Is but an inconsiderable sandgrain ...... as is vividly shown in the popular books of Sir James Jeans, Eddington and others.

Saint—Simonism. See the general Introduction Jacobinism means the creed of the extreme revolutionary.

Might draw tears......... because of its extreme fatuity·

Kircherean visual spectra —— optical appearances produced by the method of Kirches ; i. e. illusions.

Fetishism "Belief that services of a spirit may be appropriated by the possession of his materials embodiment. The term described a phase of the magicoreligious life of negro Africa and aboriginal America".

Juturna "Juturna was an Italian Goddess of fountains, and especially of a healing spring by Lavinuim.

Sooty Manchester .....**Abysses.** Even the great smoking factories of Manchester are not all in all. They stand on an infinite unseen basis.

Salem. A type name for sacred city.

Carlton Club, A high-class club which still exists in London, and still is political in nature.

Faust The great drama written by Goethe.

Eternal Temple. St. Paul spoke of men's body and spirit as the temple of God.

Azimuths—"Quarters of sky"

The cruellest Portent-ten centuries—The French revolution fascinated the imagination of Carlyle so much that he wrote a history of it.

Flebile Luddibrium......"Lamentable mockery"

Thou hadst one chance, thou will never have another—The Hindus hold another belief Carlyle thought our one earthly existence to be a brief interlude between two Eternities.

Do one of them—Carlyle always exhorted his readers to do the one duty nearest to them, and said that other duties would reveal themselves immediately afterwards.

Norse. Belief was that only those who were brave

and died in battle, and not in comfortable beds, went to Heaven to live and feast with the Gods. The others—the dastards or cowards—were condemned to the nether regions of Hela i. e. Hell. (Odin was the chief of Norse Gods. Carlyle believes that originally he was some great Hero, and that he was subsequently deified. Here he makes him the teacher of Norsemen.)

The resusciatation of old liturgies...hopless—Carlyle condemns both the revival of old worn out liturgies as well as the invention of new ones. He does not believe in a formal liturgy at all.

Stylitisms. A stylite was a saint or fakir who, by way of penance, passed all his time on the top of a stone piller.

Paras 12—19. *But one liturgy always remains unexceptionable, that of Praying by Working. There is Worship in Work, the cathedral of such a worship being the Dome of Immensity. There can be Worship in mere Washing. Do they not say, Cleanliness in next to Godliness? In China three hundred millions consider their Emperor to be their Pontiff, and follow a worship whose symbol is the symbol of work—a Plough. This Pontiff and his men do ancestor-worship religiously a practical form of hero worship, and they are not troubled by Revolutions. In our poor Europe, too, new voices have risen preaching the old old religion. Goethe is such a teacher, teaching by literature. Read his Mason-Lodge the grand Road-song and marching song of our times.*

The old Eastern Sages. Have laid great insistence upon the performace of ablutions and cleanliness of the body.

Strauss. A German Scholar.

Fuliginous Operative—"Soot-covered workman".

What "duty" can you prescribe. to starving workmen.

Pontiff-High prist.

A religious belief of certain laws – "The elaborate ritual of the Emperor's daily life was laid down in many volumes at the 'Board of Rites' in Pekin. The coronation, the beginning of a campaign, the national sacrifices, and even unimportant actions like a tour of pleasure to Tartary could only be performed according to a code of meticulous procedure." (Hughes).

Visit yearly the Tombs of their fathers. Reference to the ancestor -worship prevalent in china.

Bonzes, Talapoins......Reference to chinese industries. "Souchong" is a fine sort of black tea.

Goethe. The greatest of German writers, and the teacher of Carlyle.

Wise Man—Goethe.

BOOK IV
HOROSCOPE
Argument of Book IV.

Carlyle puts forth in this Book, an impassioned and well reasoned plea for a Chivalry of Labour. The future lies with Labour, with "tools and the Man, and if we are to learn any lesson from the Past we must quickly set about organising labour on the lines of the feudal aristocracy of the twelfth century. Then we had got a double aristocracy : the aristocracy of the brave nobles' and the aristocracy of the wise priests. Now we must have the aristocracy of brave, wise, and unselfish Captai ns of Industry. Instead of temporary contracts there must be permanency of contract between the workers and the employers. The workers should belong to the Captains of Industry, and the captains must consider these workers to be a part and parcel of themselves, *i. e* the relations subsisting in the feudal times, between the overlord and the vassal, must again be reproduced under modern condi-

tions. When Carlyle sees the efficient redcoats of military gaurds doing their watching and killing work in these times, even he has no hesitat ion in saying that could we again organise our social work we could have efficient regiments for sanitary work, educational work emigration work and such other works much needed in these times. The landed gentry must be crued of their idleness, otherwise a revolution would turn them out from their estates, bag and baggage. Carlyle sees only in Labour the hope of the Future, and he is sure that if there be a Chivalry of Labour, on the twelfth century model, the present bribery and corruption, hunger and social neglect, would soon give place to an organised, beneficent and cooperating body of people welded into a living society.

CHAPTER I

ARISTOCRACIES

Introductory Remarks

Carlyle has a fling at those philosopical historians who think that the past ages were dark ages. He points out the noteworthy feature of the past, namely the existence of a double aristoracy, the aristocracy of the brave nobles and the aristocracy of the wise priests, and wants us to establish the new Aristocracy, the Industrial Aristocracy ; on the model of the feudal aristocracy. Since the new Epic is *Tools and the Men* and not *Arms and the man*, let us set about the grand reformation – the establishment of the new Aristocracy. Carlyle has the sense to admit that when he talks of an Aristocracy he does not want a Lama Aristocracy, such as prevails in Tibet.

Paras 1—4—*Foolish people misconceive the Past as a period of darkness and discord, and it is nothing strange to them that in their own time there should be so much misery and chaos. But it is not true that men have always lived by hypocrisy and quackery. Our own times are a departure from heroism of the past ages.*

Defaced – Destroyed the face or appearance of it.

Your Norman Conquerors..... how !—Carlyle explains that the heroic souls of the past have been misrepresented through the haze of so called "philosophical history." We think the Normans to be devils and vultures, and we regard heroic priests like Becket who allowed themselves to be killed for the sake of their principles; as selfish and hypocritical men.

Policy, Fanaticism—We dismiss those brave souls with a cheap sneer by saying that their actions were inspired by policy, fanaticism *etc*.

The Dog, to gain his private ends—From Goldsmith's *Elegy on a Mad Dog* (we regard William and Beckets to be like that Mad Dog).

A godless century—Carlyle says that we have become disbelievers in God, our eyes perceive nothing but Godlessness even in devout people and devout ages.

Whereby indeed it becomes sufficiently natural—We say that since the world has always been evil and Godless, it is natural that we must have the same thing in our times.

The frightfullest to disbelieve in is this—According to Carlyle the Past is a Bible which everyone can read. It shows, according to him, God's working everywhere in the Universe. They who read this Bible wrongly, or disbelieve it, are great sinners and infidels, and they must be punished, if not by being burnt at the stake as in old times, at least by being commanded to hold their tongue, and not to speak nonsense.

The Dryasdust Philosophism ....Nightmare Dream—Carlyle says that the past ages were allright. It is our own times, the sceptical 18th century, and our Godless 19th century, which are a blot upon God's creation and which will afterwards be remembered as a horrible *Nightmare-Dream*.

Teaching by example. The definintion of history according to some historians was "Philosophy, teaching by example." Carlyle did not believe in these defini. tions.

The period of Ignorance. The period before the Prophet of Islam.

Paras 5—17. *We should learn one lesson at least in our present misery, namely, that Europe requires a real Aristocracy, a real Priesthood such as it had in the Middle Ages. Then there was Aristocracy of the Brave and the Aristocracy of the wise. Historians have been in an error regarding these Kings and priests. These brave Kings did not endure knaves and dastards, that feudal Aristocracy was no imaginary one. Those governors did the work of governing, and did not merely eat their wages and sleep, as now. In those days a Pandarus Dogdraught had no chance of being elected to office. As for the priests, see Anslem Archbishop of Canterbury defying the King of England and proceeding to Rome to make an appeal. How everyone on the way crowded round him and knelt to receive his blessing ! The rapacious Duke of Burgundy too, was tamed by a sight of that pious figure. However, in these days, we do not want a Lama. Aristocracy such as the one that prevails in Tibet. We want the new industrial Aristocracy to suit our own times.*

Pontiff-King. A ruler who is the head both of state and religion.

Gregarious. Social or living in flock and not individually.

Luther, Knox. Leaders of Reformation in Germany and Scotland, respectively.

Anselm, Becket. Samson. Great priests in the middle Ages.

The revers will be found......i. e. the nobleman will be more powerful than the priest. (Carlyle believes in

the rule of the *Brahmin*, rather than the rule of the *Kshatriya*.

Every where, while so much has been forgotten—Reference to the fact that the Lords and their palaces will be found in every part of England.

More touching still. Is it to find that in every village in England there is a priest, a church, and all the paraphernalia of worship.

Speaking Man. The priest (who delivers the sermon).

Contrast. The priest with the lazy landowner.

Could he but find the point again. Could he but preach the true gospel again.

Satanos. Or Saten.

Original Sin——Reference to the doctrine that we as descendants of Adam and Eve, are tainted with the original sin these two committed when they ate of the Tree of Knowledge in disobedience of God's command.

Will he discover our new real Satan. Carlyle wants the priests to tackle the new sins of our modern society —— sins of drunkenness, ignorance, idiotic laws ......

William Conqueror, William Rufus——A catalogue of the Norman and Plantagent kings of England who ruled England in the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

These Viceking—The feudal nobles.

Quilting—i. e. Govering in which Truth or Facts is wrapped up.

When there is no king in Israel—From Judges, 17 "In those days there was no King in Israel, but every man did that which was right in his own eyes."

How much of it is now done by them—Carlyle complains that in these days the land aristocracy get all the rents and the income which their predecessors get, but they do not perform those functions of soldiering, policing. and governing.

We raise fifty two millions—one twenty fours part—Carlyle says that the noblemen pay only $\frac{1}{24}$ the taxes collected by the state (52) millions of poundh a year). And yet these landed aristocrats complaits of the peculiar burden they have to bear by reason on their being landowners.

Oliver Redivius—Oliver Cromwell returned.

Phantasms could not yet walk——Tailorage—Reference to the fine clothes worn by 19th century noblemen without, and their hollowness within.

Pandarus Dogdraught—A name coined by Carlyle to denote a modern mercenary fashionable nobleman "Pandarus" is a character in Chaucer's *roilus and Cressida, a* nobleman who is the uncle of Cressida and yet arranges that Troilus should meet her and make her his mistress.

It was felt that the arch satanas———Pandarus—In the twelfth centry vicious, mercenary nobleman would not have been tolerated. They would have been consigned to the "Devil."

As no French population now venerates..... Voltaire—Reference to the tremendous ovations received by Jean Jacques Roussean and Voltaire from the people of Paris.

Schnuspel—Charles Dickens.

Per os Dei—"By the mouth of God," an oath.

In truth, could your divine Anslem...This para is important as it contains an admission on the part of Carlyle that he does not want the country to be ruled in all things

by chaning priests. He does not want the priests to direct secular affairs.

Grand Lama--The pontiff-king of Tibet, the incarnation of Divinity for his worshippers and subjects.

Pope Gregory VII carried on a long feud with Emperor Henry IV to assert the claims of the ascendancy of the spiritual power (or the power of the Church) over the temporal power.

Behold there are yet other immeasurable Sacrednesses—There are a good many worldly affairs which it is not the business of the priest to tackle, but which it is the duty of the secular power to control and guide. A list of some of these is given.

Becket spilt his life. He was assassinated inside the Cathedral by the friends of the king, as Wallace, the National hero of Scotland, was Slain in London by his English Captors.

Paras 18—22. *Our Epic is now "Tools and the Man" so we cannot exactly prophesy the Future. We can however have some outline of the programme before us, for we can learn from the past, all life being a continuous whole. We are sure that in the ensuing Industrial aget there must be an organisation and an aristocracy. But what an aristocracy will it be ! not the aristocracy of brass-collars, but a new aristocracy to suit these democratic times. This reformation must come out at once if we are to get rid of our social misery.*

Life tree Igdrasil,——The old Norse conception of all human life as a tree with its numerous branches and off shoots i. e. Life is one continuous whole, and so the Future will issue from the Past and the Present.

Splendour of God——will have to unfold itself—If the Future i. e. the Age of Industrialism, is to get properly organised, it must have a God-element in its constitution (as the twelfth century. Feudalism had get), it must not forget God (as we in the Present have done).

But what an aristocracy—Carlyle says that the new industrial aristorcracy will of course differ from feudal aristocracy. There will be no brass-collars in demoratic times, but there will be other forms and modes of distinction between the lord (Captain of Industry) and his serf (the worker).

It is of importance that this grand reformation had begun—Carlyle says that England is in dire need of the new industrial organisation and aristocracy if it has to get rid of hunger and disease. No time should be wasted on such silly and extraneous issues as the Corn Laws. Such laws should be scrapped at once and a clean slate and wide room given to Labour to begin its grand work.

CHAPTER 2

BRIBERY COMMITTEE

Introductory Remarks

This Chapter is a commentary on the Report presented to the House in Commons of 1835 by a Select Committee on Bribery. This Report showed "that common and open bribery and intimidation were carried on after, as well as before the Reform of 1832, and by every class of persons with the means of influencing others. The proportion of marketable votes in town constituencies is estimated by the witnesses at about a fifth. The remedy suggested is usually the ballot, but the evil is spoken of in a tone of fatalism. Of the means of direct bribery the commonest was the 'refreshment ticket', an order on an innkeeper for food, which was saleable like a promissory note, and which the candidate redeemed for money at a safe interval after the election. A Statute directed against the abuse was passed in 1892." (Hughes).

Carlyle asks what will these Legislators do, who get elected, not because they are fit to be members of Parliament but because they have a long purse. Necessarily their speeches and actions must be canting, hollow and selfish ;

they must be a set of Pandaruses. Such M. P's will not be heroes, they will be flunkeys. He blames the voters equally as the legislators, and says that no reform can come until we put an end to bribe abilities in ourselves.

Paras 1. *The Bribery Committee have told us that bribery in elections cannot be put down. So whatever the theory of representative government and elections be, in practice we shall get legislators, not those that are worthy, but those that have long purses. These legislators will, of course, leave their veracity lying on the threshold when they enter Parliament. These corrupt Parliaments will have to be sent away by some Chartist risings, some Cromwell. How much is our whole life vitiated in these days! We cannot prevent bribery in the Parliament, the governing body, itself!*

It seems, then—that henceforth only those can be members of Parliament who can spend money and be frankly corrupt, and unprincipled.

Our theory——In theory there must be no bribery in elections, in practice bribery is rampant everywhere.

Who has left his veracity......threshold—i. e. A legislator who is elected through bribery will of course legislate only falsehoods, so he must promptly be unseated.

Heavens, what an improvement——Carlyle says that it would be an improvement on the existing methods of election if men were to be elected from various constituencies according to particular price to be paid for election from that particular borough. Then there would be the question of riches only, there would be no corruption and bribery.

Length of purse...and desire......them—A man, who has no other qualifications for membership of Parliament save this that he has money and wants to be an M. P, is of course a dummy legislator whose value is equal to zero.

But if such a man is made to add fraud to his other qualifications, he will not be a harmless dummy, he will be a source of mischief and danger to the State. His value will be less than zero.

Belial and Beelzebub,——'The forces of Hell.'

Some armed Cromwell......Reference to Cromwell's dramatic dissolution, (in 1653), of the Long Parliament, with the words "Take away that bauble," referring to their mace of authority.

Mammonism—Pursuit of money is the only real or true activity of our times.

Paras 6—10. *The responsibility for this corruption must rest on the voters too and on those of us who set a bad example to these voters. Why should Pandaruses be admitted by us to all select clubs and drawing rooms ? So the fault is with us : "It is we that vote wrong." Of course it is hard for the poor voter, tempted by the promise of money, to resist the tamptation of being bribed. It matters little to him whether it is Bigmarole who is elected or Dolittle, as neither of them will care for his interests. The first step in the purity of elections will be this that we put an end to bribe-abilities in ourselves.*

Or legalise it—See paragraph 3.

It is we that vote wrong——by honouring vicious men.

Visibly to all persons he is of the offal of creation... If, because of his wealth, we honour Pandarus and take him into select circles, knowing that he is the scum of creation, why should not poor voters follow our example and give their votes to the greatest rascal provided he can pay them money !

Prepense—Deliberate.

Why should an indigent discerning Freeman not sell his his vote and get money which he badly needs.

Destructive—i. e. Radical or extremely liberal.

Neither Regmarole nor Dolittle. Will care at all for the welfare of the poor elector. So why should he not give his vote indiscriminately to the man who gives him the highest price ? (Rigmarole is the radical or liberal who makes much fuss ; Dolittle is the conservative who is for the existing order).

The death leprosy' attacked in this manner ......somewhat—To put an end to bribery and corruption there must be laws passed against bribery, and men must reform themselves and steel themselves against temptaion, removing bribe ability from themselves.

CHAPTER 3
THE ONE INSTITUTION
Introductory Remarks

Carlyle considers in this Chapter what should be done in the space of ten or twenty year's respite which he knows England will get when the Corn Laws are abrogated. The precious interval of prosperity must be well utilised, but how ? He takes his cue from the one institution he finds still existent in England in a state of utmost strength and organisation, namely the redcoats or the House Guards and other military regiments. Mankind knows how to create an organisation for the purpose of effective killing. On the model of this one splendid institution regiments must be formed for other purposes than killing, for purposes beneficient to the workmen at large. In this connection Carlyle mentions three remedial measures : there must be Bills passed constituting a sanitation service in order to make the life and abodes of the workmen free from smoke and disease; there must be a teaching service which must look to it that every workman is educated ; and thirdly there must be an emigration service to render it easy for every willing worker to find a career in the colonies and in foreign lands. Carlyle knows the conser-

native nature of Englishmen, but he says that if a prime Minister of England bravely addressed himself to the task of organisation of labour, and amelioration of the condition of the labouring classes, he would meet with a ready and fine response.

Carlyle shows a statesman like insight in this Chapter. The three remedial measures suggested by him were all deemed to be necessary, and they have been prolumgated since. But the results have not been quite such as Caryle visualised. The problem of Labour has still to be solved.

Paras 1—6 *When the Corn Laws come to be abrogated, England will have a ten or twenty years' respite from social misery. In that precious interval some new life and healing must be found, for there will be no second respite to be counted on. The pressing problem now is the Organisation of Labour. Parliamentary talks and debates, however fine in themselves, do not seem to achieve much in this direction. There are too many complications in the Government machinery to make for brisk business. Would that a brave Prime Minister cauld address himself to the great dumb struggling heart of England, He could be sure to get round him unparalleled support and local co-operation.*

But Will again...travel forward—i. e. the social misery of the present times will again appear (unless in the mean while some radical improvement is effected).

In "free countries" —like England.

Ixion—"In Greek legend, a king of the Lapithoe who was bound to a revolving wheel of fire in the infernal regions, either for his impious presumption in trying to imitate the thunder of heaven, or for boasting of the favours supposed to have been conferred on him by Hera, Zeus having sent a cloud to him in the form of Hera, and the cloud having become by him the mother of the Centaurs" (Brewer).

Kilkenny Cats—It told of the cats of Kilkenny in

Ireland that they fought with **each other till all of both** sides were destroyed, and nothing at all left.

Spinning Dervishes of Turkey. were a conical cap and a clock.

And none of the alertness for getting on with business— Carlyle is condemning the excessive talk in the Parliament, and the complicated machinery, which impede quick despatch of business.

Lay-figures—Dummies.

Self-motive man—Man who is moved by a force within him.

Mother of Dead Dogs—This phrase "occurs at least eight times in Carlyle's letters and books, and means either the Thames, or some limbo of unfruitful saying or doings". (Hughes).

Division list—The list of members who vote on either side during a division in Parliament.

Paras 7 -12. *Look how efficiently these redcoated men, the Horseguards, do their duty. They are the only reality, the only institution left standing. They are well organised for their function of keeping order and killing their opponents. Justice is so ill organised that one would rather forego his claim than go to a court. Nor is Religion or organised in a better way. But the organisation of the fighting service is so splendid that it fills one with hope that other services could also be similarly organised, say an Emigration service, or a Teaching service. Government cannot exist without the soldier, and consequently the soldier is a reality. See how forty disciplined soldiers can disperse huge mobs. Why not have other organisations, but for different purposes ?*

Redcoated man. In the 19th century soldiers were redcoats, now they wear *Khaki*.

Saccarium-tallies. Treasury list. The phrase pertianed to the taxes in Joceline of Brakelands' time.

Ship-moneys, coat-and couduct moneys. Kinds of taxes.

Tall Lifeguardsman. Tall men are selected for the regiments of the Lifeguards.

Riding Sentry. At Whitehall.

The man in horeshair wig ..The barrister who appears for you in a court of law.

He of the horeshair wig is a sort of failure. i. e. The institution of justice is not a "reality."

He of the Shovel-hat. The priest of the red coat, the soldier.

Willam of Ipres. Commended Flemish mercenaries in the reign of Stephen.

Catapult has given place...... Carlyle says that battle weapons have changed from age to age, but the English soldier has retained his efficency and organisation throughout.

Persuasive Sergeants. who recruit men to be soldiers, and drill them.

Ninety thousand. The number of troops in England in Carlyle's days.

It is incalculable......Caryle is struck with admiration, how out of a very unpromising and miscellaneous rabble (apprentices, weavers.....), the splendid fighting regiments of soldiers are formed, by continual drill and fine organisation.

Multiform regged losels......treadmill. Carlyle saves that the men who are recruited into the army would ordinarily be idlers, scamps and rascals, fit to be sent to jail at one time or the other.

Let no man despair. If Government could drill

rascals into fine soldiers why can it not undertake another organisation ?

United-Services club. Social club in London for the members of the army and the navy.

Governments .... could not have existed. If there were no soldiers, no Government could exist, so they have got to organise an army.

Who, poor men, have a hard enough battle......France was the traditional enemy of England. Carlyle says that instead of fighting with poor Frenchmen who had worries of their own, soldiers should be employed in killing falsehood, ignorance etc.

Jean Paul—Jean-paul Richter, German writer, wrote his books in great poverty. Carlyle quotes eleswhere Richter's statement. "The prisoner's allowance is bread and water ; but I had only the latter."

Corporalship . Grades of command in the army. The The cat-o' nine tails was an instrument of whipping.

Spitalfields—There had been some labour trouble in this industrial District.

Fourth Easte—

One sees Orgainsms enough in the dim huge Future—Besides the army there will be several other organisations in the time to come, chief among them an organisations Press.

Paras 13–20. *There is at least need of sanitary service to provide hygienic living for the workmen, an Education service to abolish ignorance, and an Emigrant service to take workmen abroad and settle them, if they be willing. The English legislature is conservative in spirit, but this new epoch demands new remedial measures, and it is the business of an editor to bring these things to the notice of the public.*

That Legislative interference......are indispensable— That a let-alone policy will not do. The Legislative must interfere in the interests of the workmen.

Aediles—Magistrates of ancient Rome who had charge of the public buildings, and sanitation of the city.

Southwarks..... Saint Gileses, notorious slum areas.

A right Education Bill...... Posterity has passed both Sanitary and Education Bills. After 1870 Education is compulsory in England.

Western Lands—America, Australia.

Purchasing new webs......i. e. furnishing extra markets for English industries.

Could raise within the year. A huge military budget.

For another Six Thousand years. It was thought that the world had been created six thousand years ago (in 404 B. C.)

Who guiltily refused to trade—Reference to the War with China, in 1840, because China referred to allow the British to trade with China. It is stupid of Carlyle to say that China was the guilty party, China had every right to close its ports against the British, especially as the later were dumping opium upon the poor Chinese.

Mycale—A promontory in ancient Iona, the place of the Pan-Ionic Festival which united all the twelve Ionian cities.

Arriving ....to the "Season" here—Carlyle's wish has been realised. London is the meeting place of all the descendants of the Anglo-Saxon race.

Antipodes—Reference to Australia and New Zealand.

Fourteen hundred year ago—Reference to the invasion of British by the Anglo-Saxons in the 5th century.

In the Long Parliament—In the days of the Civil War.

Horologue—Any instrument for telling the time.

Seven Sleepers—A legend of early christianity. Seven noble youths of Ephesus, in the time of the Dacaian persecution, were shut in a cave and walled in by their persecutors. But by divine means, they were made to fall asleep, and their lives were preserved for two centuries.

A **Certain Editor** – Carlyle.

Tailors Hell—"A place under a tailor's shopboard in which shreds and pieces of cloth, cut off in the process of cutting out clothes, are thrown and looked upon as perquisites." (Hughes).

CHAPTER 4

CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY

Introductory Remarks

Carlyle asserts, herein, emphatically, what he has said in another place, namely that Mammonism, must go, and a Chivalry of Labour substituted. The Captains of Industry must have another relation with their subordinates than that of cash payment. They must link the workmen to themselves by a bond of brotherhood. The Master Workers have done so much to banish chaos from the world, let them undertake now the further task of forming themselves into a gallant Chivalry of Work.

Paras 1—7. *Mammonism will have to go, and a nobler ideal substituted for it. The Master Worker should aim at being a noble Master rather than a rich Master. The Leaders of Industry must be true Captains chivalrous, nobles, and not bucaneers. They must bind their men to themselves by the bond of love, by links of brotherhood, and not by the bond of cash payment. These Captains of industry must take a leaf out of the book of the Feudal Baron.*

Bubble-periods—Reference to the commercial cries in England in 1825 and 1836

Gore—Blood.

Sacred-Months—"The names given to the month during which the Charists proposed a 'national holiday' or general strike.

As the others did—Reference to the feudal barons who made their vassals united to themselves in a bond of loyalty.

Chelsea Hospital—An institution for old soldiers and military pensioners.

Are indispensable for a hired fighter—Even as permanent provision is made for the soldier, so some permanent provision will have to be made for the workmen, if they are to work in that same loyal, contented manner, as the soldiers do their work of fighting.

Mercenaries—Those who serve solely for hire.

Isolation is the sum-total—No man wants to be neglected and left to himself. That is the greatest misery to him.

Ice-place—Of the Czars of Russia.

Paras 8—11. *Ye workers must awake and become true warriors. The future Epic of the World rests with you. Workmen will not henceforth be hired labourers. They will not be a mob but a firm regimented mass with real captains over them. Mammon will not be their God. It will not be difficult for you who, have done already so much, to organise a Chivalry of Labour.*

World hosts—Workmen all over the world.

Gigs and flunky respectabilities—With the respectability of a gig (carriage) and flunkey (uniformed attendant).

The waste cotton-shurb-long useless—Carlyle says that the Leaders of Industry, who have to their credit such marvellous achievements in the manufacturing line, should not find it impossible to do the difficult job of organising a Chivalry of Labour.

Aegir—The Norse god of the Sea ; Thor, the thunder God.

Firehorses—Reference to railways and other inventions of the 19th century.

Sons of the far East—"Indo Europeans".

CHAPTER 5
PERMANANCE
Introductory remarks

In this chapter Carlyle enunciates the one broad principle to be followed in the organisation of a Chivalry of Labour. It is this, that workmen should not be engaged on the principle of Temporary contract, but on the principle of Permanent contract. Civilization has done away with nomadism, so must we do away with temporary contracts, be they month-long Contracts for year long contracts. Then there will be no mutinies, no strikes ; the bond between the workmen and master-workers will not be a money-wages band. The principal of Pernanence of contract has been found beneficent in various places in Feudal System, in Marriage System and others. When the relationship between a horse and its rider is permanent, why not the relationship between a Master Workman and the Worker ? As a matter-of-fact, it is advisable that the Worker should be given a permanent interest in the enterprise of his master.

Paras 1—5. *As a preliminary to Chivalry of Labour the principle of Permanent contract must supersede the Temporary contract. Civilization grew out of nomadism by giving up temporary abodes in favour of settlement into permanent*

quarters, and by substituting life long marriages for casual relationships. Month-long contracts are inadvisable even with house-servants. What loyalty what affection can result from such contract systems? Gurth was hired for life to Cedric, and Gedric to Gurth. Englismen busy themselves with Anti-slavery Movements, but what to they do for the sixty thousand valets in London alone who are yearly dismissed by their masters, and do not get anything to eat! Mr. Chadwick's printed sheet shoes how it pays a manufacturer to be good to his workmen and treat them not as hired lobourers but as members of his family. Then there will be no mutinies or strikes. The employer must not care only for his profits.

You do not hire the mere redcoated——years. Soldiers are recruited for life, and they have an assured future. So too workmen should be recruited for life, and freed from worry for the future.

Nomad. One of a tribe that wanders about in quest of a game, or of pasture for their flocks.

Lives not in wheeled houses. but in permanent quarters.

Lif long marriage contracts. Civilised men have marriages which last for a life time (except in America) as contrasted with the savages who have casual relationships in this respect.

Month-long contracts do not answer well. Neither the master nor the servant is happy. Both of them are distrustful of each other.

O Anti-Slavery convention——Exeter Hall. Reference to the meeting convened in Exeter Hall to put down slavery.

Quashee. A stock name for the typical negro slave or house servant.

Yellow-coloured Free-labourers. English labourers,

apparently free and not slaves, but who cannot get permanent employment, and have become yellow or pale with anxiety and toil.

It is to thee that I would given it. and not to the negroes.

Quashee. it must be owned. is hitherto ——next to no sense in him—The negroes in Haiti (West Indies) were given independence in 1803, but they did not prove their fitness for freedom and self-rule. Their ruler ("Duk of Marmalade") was incompetent.

There is more thought and heart—Carlyle compares the English workman to the negro in brainpower and emotional strength.

Robespierre—Carlyle mentions Robespierre as a type of the theorist, the idealistic revolutionary.

Avecton——embetter—And your Supreme Being commences to trouble us pastboard, trumpery imitation.

Mr. Chadwick—Secretary Poor Law Board and the inaugurator of Sanitary Reform. He was responsible for the poor Laws Commissioners. Report in 1822.

Friend prudence—Quakers addressed each other as "Friend' and often christened their childern by such names as, clendence', 'Mercy', etc. soirees. 'At Homes'.

Paras 9—6. *The time is ripe for the application of the principle of Permanence of Contract. Let the principle that binds two wedded persons, and a horse and its rider, be applied to industry Permanence of relations is a more precious thing than wealth; it is a blessed thing. It should be possible even, to give the workman a permanent interest in the enterprise of his master; that does not mean that workmen should dictate to their master or have a joint vote with him. The master must be a despot, only he should be a just Despot.*

Ye foolish Wedded Two—Carlyle points out the beneficent working of the principle of Permanence in married life. A foolish husband and wife quarrel, but because they know that they are permanently united, they make up the quarrel and come to an agreement. If theirs were a temporary or a casual relationship there could be no concord, no loyalty between them.

If we do but wait—And are not eager for a shifting and a change.

Sam-Slicks—Type of roaming pedlar.

To grant his workers permanent interest—i.e, to make them partners or profit-sharers in the industrial concerns of their masters.

A Seventy-four—A warship. So called because it carried seventy four guns. Naturally there is strict discipline without discussion in the navy, plebiscite, opinions secured by reference to the mass of the people.

Make your Despotism just as in the Feudal aristocracy of the 12th century.

CHAPTER 6
THE LANDED
Introductory Remarks

The theme of this chapter is one which Carlyle has often discussed, namely the English landed nobility. He wants them to learn a lesson from revolutions else where, and reform themselves in time if they are not to be extirpated for their idleness, unjustice, and inanity. He holds up to them for an example the Duke of Weimar, the patron of Goethe, who has an income less than what some of them have, but who performs his duties bravely and wisely. Carlyle admits that here and there among the English nobility there are splendid exceptions, like Ashley, but the mass of English nobles do not do their duty. If the

English nobles continue to live their life of epicureanism and isolation no one would revere them. Carlyle closes the chapter with a firm faith in hero worship, his one remedy for all evils, and says that Independence does not mean obeying no superior,— rather the reverse ; the independent man spurns only the sham hero.

Paras 1—*The landed noblemen is also a worker and has splendid tools to work with. But he has become lazy, he does not work. He is content to be a parasite. If he does not take a warning in time, some revolution will forcibly awaken him to the fact, of life. The nobleman looks graceful, refined, he has traditions of bravery bahind him and therefore it is a pity that he has become lazy, and impervious to spiritual ideas. The English landed gentry should learn from the example of Duke of Weimar, the patron of Goethe. The Duke has less income than some of the English Dukes, but how much nobler is he than they. The Aristocracy must be the Best and Bravest, but the English aristocracy have their soul asphyxied. There are some exceptions, no doubt just like Ashley. These are retarding the destruction of their Order, by their noble work.*

With such tools—Reference to the money and prestige of the landowners.

Three hundred thousand pound—Annual income of an English nobleman.

I have eaten it...—The English nobleman believes that God gave him all that income to be eaten away be himself, his family, his servants, and his horses and dogs.

Ignavia—"Spirit of ignorance."

He is a great thing—Carlyle admires the noble bearing and refinement of the aristocrat. It is therefore a greater sorrow to him that the aristocrat should be an encumbrance, and not a help to the nation.

Dignified reticinces——Reference to the polish and

courtesy and refinement of the aristocrat. There is no loudness or gaudiness in him.

Choke-damp –"The poisonous gas which gathers in coal mines after an explosion.

Moses and all the Prophets address him in vain St. Luke : "And he said unto him, if they hear not Mose and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

Has he not thick headed ignorant boors—The landowner can do great deal of useful work by taking care of his farmers, educating them, reforming them.

Can he do nothing for his Burns——Carlyle says that one of the clear duties of a nobleman is to be a patron of a Fine Arts, and of gifted poets and artists.

Duke of Wiemer—A German Landowner. Carlyle drew many of his illustrations from German litrature and society.

Wieled, Herder, Schiller, Goethe. Great German writers in the 19th century.

Katerfeltoes, Before ; hangers-on.

Cases to be a fable. And becomes a fact.

Is not the saddes of sights. Because the idle nobleman is a sadder sight still.

Ashley. A Land-owner for whom Carlyle had more than common respect.

Abdiel. The angle who refused to join Satan in the revolt against God. Milton speaks of him in the *Paradise Lost as* "Among the faithless, faithless, faithful only he".

Euthanasia. A painless death.

Order. Of the landed Aristocracy.

Paras 8–12. *It is a poor life indeed to be an epicurean and do no work. Men cannot live in insolated dignity as these gods of noblemen want to do. Society is bound by the reverence of each one to his superior, for heroworship is the ministry of humanity. What reverence will be paid to these aristocrats ? Independence does not mean throwing off allegience to your superior, but means sweeping out the tailor made superiors.*

To sit idle aloft——Carlyle does not fancy the life of the aristocrat who cares only for his ease and dignity, does no work, and mixes not with the crowd. He may have the best upholsterers to furnish his palace, and the best French chiefs to prepare his meals. But he will therby, have no real dignity or comfort.

Werter blowing out his existence. Werter or Werthe, the hero of Goethe's *Sorrow of Werter*, "falls in love with Charlotte, who is betrothed to Albert, and gives himself up to a few weeks' happiness, while Albert is absent. Then he tears himself away. Albert and Charlotte are married, and despair gradually comes over Werther, who finally takes his own life".

It is simply the highest expression...... *i. e.* Everyone wants affection or sympathy of his fellow human beings. Werter wanted the highest sympathy, the sympathy of love, but each one of us wants the affcetion and sympathy of our fellow-creatures.

Thersites. An ugly, impudent and poor Greek.

Independence. The spirit of Independence and unrest that was arising among the masses of the time.

No grand Turk himself... Carlyle says that the Sultan of Turkey, who styles himself Brother of the Sun and moon, and is an Independent and despotic monarch, considers himself as nothing before Prophet Mahomed

(who is so poor that he wears a cloak of his own cluting or patching, but who is a true prophet, in communion with God, and can look with thundering anger and dignity at sin and worldly pomp). Carlyle writes of prophet Mahomed in *Heroes and Hero-Worship* : "One hears of Mahomed's beauty ; his fine sagacious, honest face——I somehow like too that vein on the brow, which swelled-up black when he was in anger ; like 'the *horse-shoe in Redgauntlet*—They record with just pride that he would mend his own shoes, patch his own cloak."

"Show the dullest clodpole"......From *Sator Resartus*.

CHAPTER 7

THE GIFTED

Introductory remarks

Carlyle speaks in this chapter of the gifted, the Men of Genius, who are the inspired gift of God. They care not for money ; a guinea is to them an important coin. They are the born Kings of the world—the greatest of them all being Jesus Christ. Carlyle wants the Captains of industry, who have taken the place of feudal lords, to honour and reverence these geniuses, and not make the mistake of trying to hire them or threaten them. Incidentally he remarks that Men of Letters too might become a chivalry as soon as they evolve enough **nobleness in themselves.**

Paras 1—6. *It is certain that in the time to come the sovereignty of labour, the chivalry of labour, is going to be established. But the Captains of Industry must follow in the footsteps of those feudal captains : they must not care only for their scalps (guineas), but for nobleness wherever they find it. If they do not do so, and they remain Mammon worshippers, their Order will be extirpated. Let Captains of Industry recognise it that there are gifted souls to whom guineas do not matter. These are the elect of the world. Let not the Cotton-Lord think that he can make any of these*

gifted once his slave by means of money wages or promotions. Nor will threats or even capital punishment deter these gifted ones from doing their duty. The life of these men is a struggle, and not a Mag-Game. The sould of these men lives in solitude, but their heart goes out in pity to their fellow creatures whom they seek to serve. The Captain of Industry must know that these gifted one are their true Kings, and not hired servants. Let them fear and obey such souls.

The Man Principle will, by degrees......supreme. i. e. There will be a Chivalry of Labour established.

Cliffords, Fitzadelms—Noblemen in the feudal times.

To see fuliginous. deformity—*i. e.* To see only smoke and machinery, and men working like slaves.

Other souls. The gifted souls, the Man of Genius.

The ommipotent guinea ....guinea. To others the guinea (now the Almighty Dollar) may appear allpowerful, but to the gifted souls money is like dirt, having no power.

Corn-Law Lord—The Unworking Aristocracy, *Cotton Law Lord*, the Working Aristocracy.

Anaxarchus. A philosopher who followed Alexander in to Asia. He was ultimately slain by being pounded to death in a stone mortar.

Pandemonium. Abode of demons, or the place in Hell (in Milton's *Paradise Lost.*)

Deep calls for him unto Deep. "Deep called unto deep at the noise of the waterspous" (*Psalms, 42*)

Infect him not with they own delusion—i, e. Do not make him forget the eternal varieties of life ; do not make him run after wordly gews gaws.

Three-inch pattens—like "High heels" worn by fashionable ladies.

Leather and prunella—The reference is to Pope's well-known couplet.

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow ;

The rest is all but leather and prunella.

Prunella—A plant which was widely used in the manufactures of certain medicines.

Oh, if in this man—Carlyle says it is a happy thing that the gifted soul, the Man of Genius, combines mercy and sweetness to his strength and genius. (Otherwise he would work havoc in the world). The man of genius is angry only with hypocrites and tailored quacks.

Paras 7—9. *who is a man of genius ! The highest Man of Genius was Christ, and He was crowned with a crown of throne. The man of genius is the inspired son ! He is gift of God, and not a cheap thing to utter soothing commonplaces and please all and sundry. A counterfeit man might descent to such trivialities and care for applause and patronage, but not a true man of genius. The Men of Letters too may become a Chivalry in course of time, as soon as their is nobleness in themselves for that.*

Maceanas. Was the patron of Roman poets, Virgil and Horace. Carlyle applies the name sneeringly to moneyed millowners who comfort themselves with the belife that they are patrons of learning and genius, but who do not know what a Man of Genius really is.

The Highest Man of Genius—Jesus Christ.

Rubrics—Directions for conducting of divine service, in red, inserted in liturginal book.

Dalmatic—Wide-sleeved loose long vestments with slit sides worn by deacons and bishops on some occasions,

and by kings and emperors especially at Coronation.

So says John Milton in The Reason of Church Government. He the God-inspired, is to twang harps for thee—The moneyed man thinks that with his money he can buy the gifted poet and ask him to sing songs such as will satisfy his mammonish and sensual appelite. (" Scrannel pipes" is taken from Milton's *Lycidas*. Land of Cockaigne means "Cakeland" or "an imaginaty Land of idleness and luxury".)

Saul—First king of Israel. He made several insane attempts on the life of David, who had been elected to succeed him. At last the music of David prevailed, and Saul became sane again through the influence of sweets music.

Gold-plated escutcheoned diplomaed. Signify one and the same thing, namely false extrinsic worth (through certificates and diplomas), and not intrinsic worth.

THE END